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ITALY, FROM A TRICYCLE.

"They are a couple of far-country men, and, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage."



AN ITALIAN TANDEM.

WE staid in Florence three days before we started on our pilgrimage to Rome. We needed a short rest. The railway journey straight through from London had been unusually tiresome because of our tricycle. From the first mention of our proposed pilgrimage, kind friends in England had warned us that on the way to Italy our tricycle would be a burden worse than the Old Man of the Sea. Porters, guards, and custom-house officials would look upon it as lawful prey, and we would pay more to get it to Italy than it had cost in the beginning.

Our first experience, at the station at Holborn Viaduct, seemed to confirm their warnings. We paid eight shillings to have the tricycle carried to Dover, and crossing the Channel, we paid five-and-sixpence more, and the sailors told us condolingly we would have an awful time of it in the custom-house at Calais. This, however, turned out a genuine seaman's yarn. The tricycle was examined carefully, but to be admired, not valued. "*C'est bien fait, ça!*" one guard declared with appreciation, and others playfully urged him to mount it. To make a long story short, our friends proved false prophets. From Calais to Florence we only paid nine francs freight and thirty-five francs duty on entering Italy. Unfortunately we never knew what might be about to happen, and it was not until the cause of our anxiety was safe in Florence that our mental burden was taken away.

But here were more friends who called our pilgrimage a desperate journey, and asked if we had considered what we might meet with in the way we were going. There was the cholera! But we would not go near the stricken provinces, we told them. Our road, they persisted, lay through valleys reeking with malaria until November at least. We would not reach these valleys before November, was our reply. But did we know that we would pass through lonely districts where escaped convicts roamed abroad, and in and out of villages where fleas were like unto a plague of Egypt, and good food as scarce as in the wilderness? Perhaps it was because so little had come of the earlier prophecies that we gave slight heed to these, and on October 16th, the third morning after our arrival, we rode forth, *sans* flea-powder or brandy, *sans* quinine or beef-extract, right into the jaws of death.

The *padrone* who had helped us with our baggage, and Mr. Mead, the one friend who foretold pleasure, stood at the door of the Hotel Minerva to see us off. The sunlight streamed over the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, and on the beggars on the church-steps, and on the cabmen who good-naturedly cried "*Niente vettura!*" (No carriage for you), as we wheeled slowly on, crossing the Via Tornabuoni, by the Palazzo Strozzi, to the crowded Ponte Vecchio, by the Via de' Bardi, through the Borgo San Jacopo along the Lung' Arno,

and then around with the twisting tram-tracks through the Porta San Frediano, and out on the broad white road which leads to Pisa. Here, at the very start, the "luggage-carrier" swung around from the middle to the side of the backbone, and made necessary a half-hour delay at a blacksmith's shop just beyond the city's gate. Had either of us known the Italian word for wire, the delay might have been shorter, and elaborate pantomime was necessary to make our meaning clear. Then the proprietor of the shop took the matter in his own hands, unstrapped the bags, and went to work with screw-driver and wire, while the entire neighborhood, backed by passing peddlers and tram-drivers and citizens, pronounced the tricycle "*bellina!*" (beautiful) "*un nuovo cavallo!*" (a new horse), "*una tranvai!*" The blacksmith, when he had fastened the luggage-carrier securely and loaded it again, was so proud of his success that he declared "*niente*" (nothing) was his charge. But he was easily persuaded to take two or three francs to drink the Signore's health. After this there were no further stops.

Our road for some distance went over streets laid with the great stones of the old Tuscan pavement, between tall gray houses, with shrines built in them, and those high walls which radiate from Florence in every direction and keep one from seeing the gardens and green places within. Women, plaiting straw, great yellow bunches of which hung at their waists, and children greeted us with shouts. Shirtless bakers, their hands white

with flour, and barbers holding their razors, men with faces half shaved and still lathered, and others with wine-glasses to their lips, rushed to look at this new folly of the *forestieri*. On the steep up-grade just outside a town, we had a lively spurt with a steam-tram, the engineer apparently trying to run us down as we were about to cross the track. After this we rode between olives and vineyards where there were fewer people. There was not a cloud in the sky, so blue overhead and so white above the far hill-tops on the horizon. The wind in the trees rustled gently in friendliness. Solemn, white-faced, broad-horned oxen stared at us sympathetically over the hedges. One young peasant even stopped his cart to say how beautiful he thought it must be to travel in Italy after our fashion. All day we passed gray olive-gardens and green terraced hill-sides, narrow Tuscan-walled streams, dry at this season, and long rows of slim, straight poplars,—white trees, a woman told us was their name. Every here and there was a shrine with lamp burning before the Madonna, or a wayside cross bearing spear and scourge and crown of thorns. Now we rode by the fair river of Arno, where reeds grew tall and close by the water's edge, and where the gray-green mountains rising almost from its banks were barren of all trees save dark stone-pines and towering cypresses, like so many mountains in Raphael's or Perugino's pictures. Now we came to where the plain broadened and the mountains were blue and distant. Mulberries the peasants had stripped



IN THE SUNLIGHT.



OVER THE PONTE VECCHIO.

of their leaves before their time, but not bare because of the vines festooned about them, broke with their even ranks the monotony of gray and brown plowed fields. Here on a hill was a white villa or monastery, with long, lofty avenue of cypresses; there, the stanch unshaken walls and gates of castle or fortress, which, however, had long since disappeared.

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Later in the afternoon, with a turn of the road, we came suddenly in view of Capraia, high up above, and far to the other side of the river; so far, indeed, that all detail was lost, and we could only see the outline of its houses and towers and campanile, marked against the whitish-blue sky. And all the time we were working just hard enough to feel that joy of



A STREET BARBER.

mere living which comes with healthy out-of-door exercise, and, I think, with nothing else.

Sometimes we rode, meeting no one and hearing no other sound than the low cries of a cricket in the hedge and the loud calls of an unseen plowman in a neighboring field. Then an old woman went by, complimenting us on going so fast "*senza cavallo!*"—without horse; and then a baker's boy in white shirt and bare legs, carrying a lamb on his shoulders. But then, again, we were passed by wagon after wagon, piled with boxes and baskets, poultry and vegetables, and sleeping men and women, and with lanterns swinging between the wheels;—for the next day would be Friday and market-day, and peasants were already on their way to Florence. There were peddlers, too, walking from village to village, selling straw fans and gorgeous handkerchiefs.



THE NUNS' VEHICLE.

Would not the signora have a *fazzoletto*? one asked, showing me the gayest of his stock. For answer I pointed to the bags on the luggage-carrier and the knapsack on J—'s back. *Sicuro* (of course), he said. We already had

enough to carry. Would the signora forgive him for troubling her? And with a polite bow he went on his way.

We came to several villages and towns,—some small, where pots and bowls, fresh from the potter's wheel, were set out to dry; others large, like Lastra, with heavy walls and gates, and old archways, and steps leading up to crooked, steep streets, so narrow the sun never shines into them; or like Montelupo, where for a while we sat on the bridge without the farther gate, looking at the houses which climb up the hill-side to the cypress-encircled monastery at the top. Women were washing in the stream below, and under the poplars on the bank a priest in black robes and broad-brimmed hat walked with a young lady. But whenever we stopped, children from far and near collected around us like so many flies about a honey-pot. There were little old-fashioned girls, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads in womanly fashion, who kept on plaiting straw, and small boys nursing big babies, their hands and mouths full of bread and grapes. If, however, in their youthful curiosity they pressed upon us too closely, polite men and women, who had also come to look, drove them back with terrible cries of *Via, ragazzi!* (go away, children!), before which they retreated with the same speed with which they had advanced.

Just beyond Montelupo, when a tedious up-grade had brought us to a broad plateau, a cart suddenly came out a little way in front of us from a side road. A man was driving, and on the seat behind, and facing us, were two nuns who wore wide flats, which flapped



THE BAKER'S BOY.

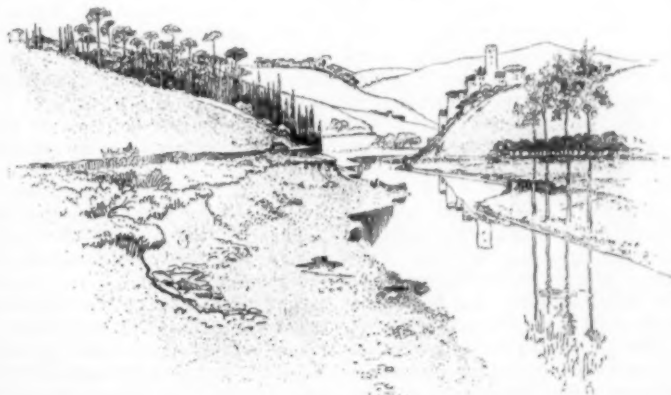


OLIVE-TREES.

slowly up and down with the motion of the wagon. When they saw us, the younger of the two covered her face with her hands as if she thought us a device of the devil. But the other, who looked the Lady Abbess, met the danger bravely and sternly examined us. This close scrutiny reassured her. When we drew nearer she wished us *buona sera*, and then her companion turned and looked. We told them we were pilgrims bound for Rome. At this they took courage, and the spokeswoman begged for the *bambini* they cared for in Florence. We gave her a few sous. She counted them quite greedily, and then—but

not till then—benevolently blessed us. They were going at jog-trot pace, so that we soon left them behind. "*Buon viaggio*," the Abbess cried, and the silent sister smiled, showing all her pretty white teeth, for we now represented a temptation overcome.

We put up that night at Empoli. The Albergo Maggiore was fair enough. The only drawback to our comfort was the misery at dinner of the black-eyed, blue-shirted *cameriere* at our refusal to eat a dish of birds we had not ordered. He was very eager to dispose of them. He served them with every course, setting them on the table with a



A PERUGINO LANDSCAPE.



LASTRA.

triumphant cry of *Ecco!* as if he had prepared a delicious surprise. It was not until he brought our coffee that he despaired. Then he retired mournfully to the kitchen, where his loud talk with the *padrona* made us fear their wrath would fall upon us or the tricycle. But later they gave us candles, and said good-night with such gracious smiles that we slept the sleep which knows neither care nor fear.

It was good to be in the open country again, warming ourselves in the hot sunshine. The second morning of our ride was better than the first. We knew beforehand how beautiful the day would be, and how white and smooth the road lay before us. The white oxen behind the plows, and the mules in their gay trappings and shining harness, seemed like old acquaintances. The pleasant good-morning given us by every peasant we met made

us forget we were strangers in the land. A little way from Empoli we crossed the Ponte d'Elva, and then after a sharp turn to the right we were on the road to "fair and soft Siena." It led on through vineyards and wide fields lying open to the sun, by sloping hill-sides and narrow winding rivers, by villas and gardens where roses were blooming. In places they hung over the wall into the road. We asked a little boy to give us one. For the signora, J—— added. But the child shook his head. How could he? The roses were not his, he said. Sometimes we heard from the far-away mountains the loud blasting of rocks or the soft bells of a monastery; sometimes the cracking of the whip of a peasant behind us, driving an unwilling donkey. Then we would pass from the stillness of the country into the noise and clamor of small villages, to hear the wondering cries of the women to which

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MONTELUPO.

we were already growing accustomed, the piercing yells of *bambini*, who, well secured in basket go-carts, could not get to us quickly enough, and the sing-song repetition of older children saying their lessons in school, and whom we could see at their work through the low windows.

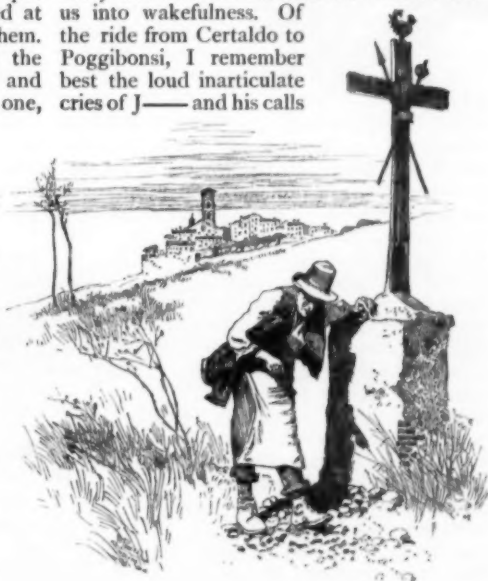
About noon we rode into Certaldo, Boccaccio's town. We went at once to a *trattoria* on the piazza where Boccaccio's statue stands. I doubt if that great man himself ever gathered such numbers about him as we did. Excited citizens, when the tricycle was put away, stood on the threshold and stared at us until the *padrona* shut the door upon them. Then they pressed their faces against the windows and peered over piles of red and yellow pears, and every now and then one, bolder than the rest, stealthily thrust his head in and then scampered off before the *padrona* could capture him. This gave a spice of novelty and excitement to our midday meal.

We spent an hour wandering through the old town on top of the hill in which Boccaccio really lived. The sun was shining right down into the streets in which the gay kerchiefs of the women, the bunches of straw at their waists, and their cornstalk distaffs made bright bits of color. Though we left the tricycle at the *trattoria*, our coming made a stir in the little place. Our clothes were not like unto those of the natives, and J——'s knee-breeches and long black stockings made them wonder what manner of priest he might be. The Palazzo Communale, at the highest point of the town, is still covered with the arms and insignia of other years, of the Medici and Piccolomini,

of the Orsini and Baglioni. Its vaulted doorway is still decorated with frescoes of the Madonna, and saints and angels. But everywhere the plaster is falling away, and in the courtyard grass grows through the bricks of the pavement, and instead of pages and men-at-arms we there saw only a little brown-faced ragged child climbing cat-like over the roofs, and a woman scolding him from below. We left the town by the frescoed gateway through

which we saw the near hills gray, bare, and furrowed, the long lines of cypresses, the stretches of gray olives, the valley below with its vineyards, and the far mountains, purple and shadowy, the highest topped with many-towered San Gimignano.

It is better not to be jocund with the fruitful grape in the middle of the day when one is tricycling. The cognac we had taken at lunch, weak as it was, and the vermouth made us sleepy and our feet heavy. I sympathized with the men who lay in sound slumbers in every cart we met. But their drowsiness forced us into wakefulness. Of the ride from Certaldo to Poggibonsi, I remember best the loud inarticulate cries of J—— and his calls



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.



WASHING-PLACE NEAR EMPOLI.

of "Eccomi!" as if he were lord of the land, to sleeping drivers. The Italian cry of the roads, rising to a high rate and then suddenly falling and ending in a low prolonged one, which is indispensable to travelers, is not easy to learn. J——'s proficiency in it, however, made him pass for a native. But often donkeys darted into ditches and oxen plunged across the road before the peasants behind them awoke. Like Sancho Panza they had a talent for sleeping. Once, after we had climbed a short but steep hill and had passed by several wagons in rapid succession, we stopped under the shade to take rest. It was a pleasant place. We looked over the broad valley, where the vines were festooned, not as Virgil saw them, from elm to elm, but from mulberry to mulberry, and up to San Gimignano beginning to take more

definite shape on its mountain-top. A peasant in peaked hat and blue shirt, with trousers rolled up high above his bare knees, crossed the road and silently examined the tricycle. "You have a good horse," he then said; "it eats nothing." We asked him if they were at work in his vineyard. No, he answered; but would we like to look in the wine-press opposite? And then he took us through the dark windowless building, where on one side the grape-juice was fermenting in large butts, and

on the other fresh grapes had been laid on sets of shelves to dry. He picked out two of the finest bunches and gave them to me. When I offered to pay him he refused. The signora must accept them, he said.

When Poggibonsi was in sight we drew up on a bridge where a man was standing, to ask him if he knew of a good albergo. He recommended the Albergo dell' Aquila. "It is good," he went on, "and not too dear. This



"NOBODY KNOWS HOW HARD WE WORK."



SAN GIMIGNANO—ON ITS MOUNTAIN-TOP—FROM THE HIGHROAD.

is not a town where they take one by the neck," and he clutched his own throat. So to the Albergo dell' Aquila we went. We had only to ride through the wide avenue of shady trees, past a row of houses, out of one of which a brown-robed monk came, to rush back at sight of us, past a washing-place surrounded by busy chattering women, and we were at the door of the inn.

The albergo was even more comfortable than the one we had left in Empoli. The *padrona* came up with the salad, and she and the *cameriera* in a cheerful duet told us about the visit to their house of the American consul from Florence, of the hard times the cholera had brought with it for all Italy, of the bad roads to San Gimignano and the steep ones to Siena, along which peasants never traveled without bearing in mind the old saying: "All' ingiù tutti i santi ajutano; ma all' insù ci vuol Gesù." ("Going down hill, call upon the saints; but going up one needs still higher powers.") Before long I—joined in the talk, and the duet became a trio. Never had I been so impressed with his fluent Italian. Even the *padrona* was not reader with her words than he with his. When I spoke to him about it afterwards, he said he supposed it was wonderful; he had not understood half of it himself.

Though we left Poggibonsi in the beginning of the morning, a large crowd

which we looked forth upon mountain rising beyond mountain,—some treeless and ashen gray, others thickly wooded and glowing with golden greens and russets, and still others white and mist-like, and seeming to melt into the soft white clouds resting on their highest peaks. All along, the hedges were covered with clusters of red rose-berries and the orange berries of the pyracanthus. The grass by the roadside was gay with brilliant crimson pinks, yellow snapdragons and dandelions, and violet daisies. Once we came to a vineyard where the ripe fruit still hung in purple clusters from the vines, and where men and women, some on foot and others on ladders, were gathering and filling with them large buckets and baskets. At the far end of the field white oxen, their great heads decorated with red ribbons, stood in waiting. Boys with buckets slung on long poles were coming and going between the vines. In all the other vineyards we had passed the vintage



ON THE ARNO—NEAR EMPOLI.

had been over, so we waited to watch the peasants as, laughing and singing, they worked away. But when they saw us, they too stopped and looked, and one man came down from his ladder and to the hedge to offer us a bunch of grapes.

The only town through which we rode was Staggia, where workmen were busy restoring



A SIENNESE CHARIOT.



JUST OUTSIDE OF FLORENCE.

the old tower and making it a greater ruin than it had ever been before. It is a degenerate little town, and its degeneracy, paradoxical as it may sound, is the result of its activity. For its inhabitants have not rested content like those of Certaldo with the mediaevalism that surrounds them. They have striven to make what is old new by painting their church and many of their houses in that scene-painting style which to-day seems to represent the art of the people in Italy. Often during our journey I saw specimens of this vile fashion,—houses with sham windows and shutters, churches with make-believe curtains and cords,—but nowhere was it so prominent as in Staggia.

Beyond Monteriggione, whose towers alone showed above its high walls, the road began to wind upward on the mountain-side. It was such a long, steady pull that we gave up riding and walked. Our machine was heavily loaded and not too easy to work over prolonged up-grades. Besides, we were not time nor record makers, and we had the day before us. We were now closed in with woods, and occasional openings showed near mountain-tops covered with downy gray grass and a low growth like heather, and here and there were groups of dark pines. For an hour at least we were alone with the sounds and silence of the mountains. The wandering wind whispered in the wood, and black swine rooted in the fallen leaves, but of human life there was no sign. Then there came from afar a regular tap-tap, low at first, but growing louder and louder, until, as we drew closer to it, we knew it to be the steady hammering of stone-breakers. There were two men at work in this lonely pass, and as we stood talking to them two more came from under the chestnuts. These had guns on their shoulders, and wore high boots and the high-crowned conventional brigand hat. Ever since we had left Florence we had seen at intervals in the fields and woods a notice with the words, "*E vietata la bandita*," which we had interpreted as a warning against the bandits or

convicts, for whom our Florentine friends had prepared us. These men were harmless, however, and later we learned that the alarming signs merely forbid the trespassing of sportsmen.

A mile or two farther on the road began to go down again, and we were glad to be on the machine after our walk. We could see to the bottom of the hill, and there was no one in sight; J— let go the brake. Those who understand the delights of down-grades will sympathize with our pleasure in the mountains near Siena. But when our pleasure was at its fullest, and the machine was going at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, and neither brake nor back-pedaling could bring it to a sudden halt, a man drove a flock of sheep out from the woods a few feet in front of us. When we reached them only the first had crossed the road. Of course, all the rest had to follow. They tried to go on right through the wheels, but only succeeded in getting under them, setting the machine to pitching like a ship in a heavy sea. But I held on fast. J— stood on the pedals and screwed the brake down, the little wheel scattered the sheep like the cow-catcher of an engine, and we brought up in the gutter. Before we had stopped J— had begun a moral lecture to the shepherd.



Once beyond the woods we came out by fields where men and women were at work, their oxen whiter than any we had yet seen by contrast with the rich red of the upturned earth. In olive-gardens peasants were eating their mid-day meal, men with white aprons, women with enormous Siennese hats, and dogs and oxen all resting socially together. By the roadside others were making rope, the men twisting and forever walking backwards, a small boy always working at the wheel. Scattered on the hill-tops and by the road were large red-brick farm-houses, instead of the white ones we had seen near Florence.

It was noon when we first saw Siena, and we were then at the very walls. In the old



NOONTIME.

12



A STRAW-PLAITER.

days it was always said, "More than her gates, Siena opens her heart to you!" But the heart of a *gendarme*, the representative of his city, was shut against us. When we rode through the gate he bade us descend. To our "Perchè?" he said it was the law. Oh the vanity of these Sienese! Through the streets of Florence and over the crowded Ponte Vecchio we had ridden undisturbed, but in this mountain town, which boasts of but two hacks, and where donkeys and oxen are the only beasts to be frightened, we must needs dismount. So we two weary pilgrims had to walk along the narrow streets, between the tall palaces, while tanners in red caps, and women in flowered, white-ribboned *fiesta* hats, and priests and soldiers stared, and one man, with a long push-cart, kept close to us like an evil genius in a dream. He was now on one side, and now on the other, examining the wheels, asking endless questions, and always getting in the way. At all the street corners he hurried on before, and with loud shouts called the people to come and see. Then he was at our heels again, shrieking his loud, shrill trade cry into our very ears. J—— as a rule is not ill-tempered; but there is a limit to all things. The stupid sheep, the watchful *gendarme*, and now this plague of a flower-peddler brought his patience to an end,

and on our way through the town he said much in good plain English which it was well the citizens could not understand.

Even pilgrims of old, on their way to Rome, sometimes tarried on the way in castle or village. We could not pass through Siena, discourteous though her first welcome had been, as we had through smaller and less fair towns. So for a day or two we put away our tricycle, and the "cockle-shells and sandal shoon" of our pilgrimage. We went to a *pension*, one at which J—— had staid before, and which he liked. I admit it was better in many ways than the inns in which we had hitherto slept and eaten. There was carpet on the floor of our room, and in it easy-chairs and a lounge. There were elaborate breakfasts at one and still more elaborate dinners at six, and there was always a great plenty, as the Englishwoman who sat next me, and who, I fear, had not always fared so well, said when she urged me to eat and drink more of the fruit and wine set before me. But we both thought regretfully of the dining-rooms with the bad prints on the walls, and the more modest dinners of our own ordering. I think, too, we had found more pleasure in the half-understood talk of *padroni* and *camerieri* than we did now in the elegant and learned conversation of our fellow-boarders, for they were all, it seemed, persons of learning and refinement. There was the retired English major-general who sat opposite, and who had written a book, as he very soon let us know. He recognized us as Americans before we had opened our mouths to speak, and gave our neighbors at table reminiscences of travels in Spain with Mr. Fillmore, the ex-President; he said he well knew Mr. Marion Crawford, the talented novelist, and his uncle, "dear old Sam Ward"; he had counted among his best friends Bayard Taylor, "as you remember I have said in my book," he added. Then there was the elderly English lady traveling abroad with her daughter, who "has just taken up architecture." And there was the Swedish lady, who could talk all languages, speaking to us in something supposed to be English, and who was as eager in her pursuit of food for her body as for her mind. I count the way in which she greedily swallowed the *vino santo* in her glass, when our host passed around the table the second time with his precious bottle, one of the wonders of my visit to Siena. It was pathetic too to see her disappointment when he turned away, just before he reached her, his bottle empty. And there were still others who knew much about pictures and palaces, statues and studios, and no doubt we might greatly have profited thereby; but we liked it better upstairs, where

we were alone and there was less culture. Our window overlooked a high terrace in which marigolds and many-colored chrysanthemums were blooming, the gardens of the Piccolomini Palace full of broad-leaved fig-trees and pale olives, and the wide waste of mountain and moorland stretching from the red city walls to the high, snow-capped Apennines on the horizon. All the morning the sun shone in our windows, and every hour and even oftener we heard the church-bells, and the loud, clear bugle-calls from the barracks, once a monastery, whose mass of red and gray walls rose from the near olives. They say it snows in Siena in the winter-time, and that it is cold and bleak and dreary, but I shall always think of it as a place of flowers and sunshine and sweet sounds.

But best of all were the hours when we wandered through the town, up and down dark alley-ways and flights of steps, under brick arches, along precipitate, narrow streets where we had to press close to the houses, or retreat into an open door, to let the wide-horned oxen pass by with their load; now coming out at the very foot of La Mangia, on the broad, sunny Piazza; now by the tanneries, where little streams of brown water trickle down towards the washing-place at the foot of the hill, and where the walls are hung with dripping brown skins, probably just as they were when the little Catherine, her visions already beginning, and Stefano walked by them and towards home in the fading evening light, from a visit to the older and married sister Bonaventura. One hour we were with the past in the shadowy aisles of the Duomo, where Moses and Hermes Trismegistus, Solomon and Socrates, Sibyls and Angels looked up at us from the pavement, and rows of popes kept watch from above the tall black and white pillars, while in the choir beyond priests chanted their solemn psalms. Next we were with the present in the gay Lizza, under the acacias and yellow chestnuts, by flower-beds full of roses and scarlet sage, and walls now covered with brilliant Virginia creepers; and out on the fort above to see a golden sky, and the sun disappearing behind banks of purple, golden-edged, and red clouds, and pale, misty hills; while from every side came the voices of many people, of soldiers in the barracks, of women and children under the trees, of ball-players in the old court below,

and of applauding lookers-on lounging on the marble benches.

There are no Spendthrift Clubs in Siena now, nor any gay Lanos, like him Dante met in the "Inferno." But there are still laughter and song loving Sieneese, who, in their own simple fashion, go through life gathering rose-buds while they may. It seemed to me a very pretty fashion when I saw them holiday-making on Sunday afternoon, peasants, priests, officers, townspeople, all out in their Sunday best, and when on the Via Cavour, near the Loggia, I met two wandering minstrels singing love-songs through the town. One played on a mandolin which hung from his neck by a wide red ribbon, and as he played he sang. His voice was loud and strong and very sweet, and like another Orpheus he drew after



BY THE RIVER.



AMONG THE VINES IN TOCCANE.

him all who heard his music. His companion sold copies of the song, printed on pink paper, gay as the words. He went, bowing and smiling, in and out of the crowd, and when the first singer rested he, in his turn, sang a verse. There was with them a small boy who every now and then broke in in a high treble, so that there was no pause in the singing.

Wherever we went that afternoon, whether by the Duomo or out by the Porta Romana, on the Lizza or near San Domenico, we saw large written posters, announcing that at six in the evening there would be, at No. 17 Via Ricasoli, a great marionette performance of the "Ponte dei Sospiri." Apparently this was to be the event of the day, and to it we determined to go. When a little before the appointed hour we came to the Via Ricasoli, I half expected to see a theater ablaze with light. What we did find, after much difficulty, was a low doorway on the ground floor of a many-storied palace, and before it a woman by a table, lighting a very small lamp, to the evident satisfaction of half a dozen youngsters. Over the open doorway was a chintz curtain. Behind it, darkness. This was not encouraging. But presently a woman with a child came to buy tickets. One of the group of youthful admirers was then sent up and a second down the street, and after they had come back with mysterious bundles, another lamp was produced, lit, and carried inside, and the first two of the audience followed. It was now five minutes of six, so we also bought our tickets, three soldi, or cents, for each, and the curtain was drawn for us. A low, crypt-like room with vaulted ceiling; at one end two screens covered with white sheets; between them a stage somewhat larger than that of a street Punch, with a curtain representing a characteristic Siense brick wall inclosing a fountain; several

rows of rough wooden benches, and one of chairs;—this was what we saw by the dim light of one lamp. We sat on the last bench. The audience probably would be more entertaining than the play. But the humble shall be exalted. The woman on the front row bade us come up higher. The small boy, who acted as usher, told us we might have two of the chairs for two soldi more. The ticket-seller even came in, and in soft, pleading tones said that we might have any place we wanted; why then should we choose the worst? But we refused the exaltation. The audience now began to

arrive in good earnest. Five ragged boys of the *gamin* species, one of a neater order with his little sister by the hand, two soldiers, a lady with a blue feather in her bonnet and her child and nurse, two young girls,—and the benches were almost filled. Our friend the ticket-seller became very active as business grew brisk. She was always running in and out, now giving this one a seat, now rearranging the reserved chairs, and now keeping the younger members of the audience in order. Her manner was gentle and insinuating. *Ragazzini*, she called the unruly boys who stood up on the benches and whistled and sang, so that I wondered what diminutive she gave the swells on the front row. This was amusing enough, but our dinner hour was half-past six. J—— looked at his watch. It was a quarter past. The ever-watchful keeper of the show saw him. "Ah! the signor must not be impatient. Ecco! the music was about to begin." Begin it did indeed, to be continued with a persistency which made me fear it would never end. The musicians were two. A young man in velveteen coat and long yellow necktie played the clarinet, and another the cornet. They only knew one tune, a waltz, I think it was meant to be, but that they gave without stint, playing it over and over again, even while the ticket-seller made them move from their chairs to a long, high box by the wall; and when a third arrived with a trombone they let him join in when and as it best pleased him. When we had heard at least the twenty-fifth repetition of the waltz, had looked at the scuffling of the *ragazzini* until even that pleasure palled, had seen the soldiers smoke *sigaro Cavour* after *sigaro Cavour* so that the air grew heavy with tobacco-smoke, and had watched the gradual growth of the audience until every place was filled, our patience was

exhausted. Behold! we said to the woman with the gentle voice, it was now seven. The play was announced for six. Was this right? In a house not far off every one was eating, and two covers were laid for us. But here we were in this dark room in our hunger, waiting for marionettes whose wires for aught we knew were broken! She became penitent. The signorini must forgive her. The wires were not broken, but he who pulled them had not come. There was yet time. Would we not go and

it. It was rather funny to see the villain of the piece after an outbreak of passion, or an elegant long-haired page in crimson clad, after a gentlemanly speech, suddenly vault over it. I could not discover what the play was about. Besides the two above-mentioned characters, there was a puppet with a large red face and green coat and trousers who gave moral tone to the dialogue, and another with heavy black beard and turban-like head-dress and much velvet and lace, whom I took



A GAME OF BOWLS—A DISPUTED POINT.

dine and then come back? She would admit us on our return.

And so we went and had our dinner, well seasoned with polite conversation. The ticket agent was true to her word. When we reappeared at her door, the curtain was pulled at once. In the mean time the musicians had been suppressed, not only out of hearing but out of sight. The room was so crowded that many who had arrived during our absence were standing. Indeed, by this time there must have been at least five francs in the house. All were watching with entranced eyes the movements of four or five puppets. The scene represented an interior which, I suppose, was that of the prison to one side of the Bridge of Sighs. That it was intended for a cell also seemed evident, because the one portable piece of furniture on the stage was a low flat couch of a shape which, as every one who has been to the theater but never to prisons knows, is peculiar to the latter. It was impossible to lose sight of it, as the *dramatis personæ* made their exits and entrances over

to be a person of rank. As they came in and out by turn, it was impossible to decide which was the prisoner. With the exception of the jumps over the couch, there was little action in the performance. Its only two noticeable features were: first, the fact that villain, page, moralist, and magnate spoke in exactly the same voice and with the same expression; and, secondly, that they had an irrepressible tendency to stand in the air rather than on the floor, as if they had borrowed Mr. Stockton's negative-gravity machine. The applause and laughter and rapt attention of the audience proved the play to be much to their liking. But for us inappreciative foreigners a little of it went a great way. As nothing but talk came of all the villainy and moralizing and grandeur and prettiness,—which may have been a clever bit of realism of which the English drama is not yet capable,—and as there was no apparent reason why the dialogue should ever come to an end, we went away after the next act. The ticket-seller was surprised at our sudden change from eagerness



MONTE OLIVETO.

to indifference, but not offended. She thanked us for our patronage, and wished us a *felice notte*.

With the darkness the gayety of the town had increased. In the large theater a play was being performed by a company of amateurs. We looked in for a few minutes, but found it as wordy as that of the puppets. In a neighboring piazza the proprietor of a large van, much like those to be seen in country fairs at home, was exhibiting a man, arrayed in a suit of leather with a large brass helmet-like arrangement on his head, who, it seemed, could live at the bottom of the sea, along with Neptune and the Naiads, as comfortably as on dry shore. *Ecco!* There was the tank within where this marvel could be seen,—a human being living under the water, and none the worse for it! Admission was four soldi, but *per militare e ragazzi*—for military and children—it was but two! So it seems that the soldiers, who abroad are to strike terror into the enemy, at home are ranked with the young of the land, since like them their name is legion! There were about a dozen in the crowd, and, all unconscious of the sarcasm, they hurried up the steps and into the show, while an old man ground out of a hand-organ the appropriate tune of *O que j'aime les militaires*.

But dramas and shows were not the only Sunday evening amusements. The *caffés* were crowded. Judging from the glimpses I had into little black cavern-like wine-shops, another Saint Bernardino is needed to set makers of gaming tools in Siena to the manufacture of holier articles. And more than once,

as we walked homewards in the starlight, we heard the voices of the three minstrels singing of human passion in the streets where Catherine had so often preached the rapture of divine love.

We left Siena the morning after the marionette exhibition. On parting, the major-general said if we expected to pass through Cortona he would like to write a card of introduction for us to a friend of his there, an Italian who had married an English lady. Cortona was a rough place, and we might be glad to have it. He had forgotten his friend's name, but he would run upstairs and his wife could tell him. In a minute he returned with the written card. We have had many letters of introduction, but never one as singular as the major-general's. As he knew our name even less well than that of his Cortona friends, he introduced us as an "American lady and gentleman riding a *bicycle!*" Only fancy! as the English say. Our parting with him was friendly. Then he stood with Luigi and Zara until we disappeared around the corner of the street.

What a ride we had from Siena to Buonconvento! This time the road was all *giù, giù, giù*. It was one long coast almost all the way, and we made the most of it. We flew by milestone after milestone. Once we timed ourselves: we had made a mile in four minutes. The country through which we rode was sad and desolate. On either side were low rolling hills, bare as the English moors, and of every shade of gray and brown and purple. Here rose a hill steeper than the others, with a black cross on its summit; and here, one crowned with a group of four grim

cypresses. Down the hill-sides were deep ruts and gullies, with only an occasional patch of green where women were watching sheep and swine. Once we came to where three or four houses were gathered around a small church, but they were as desolate as the land. We heard voices in the distance, but there was no one in sight. When on a short stretch of level road we stopped to look at this strange gray land, the grayer because dark clouds covered the sky, we saw that above the barrenness the sun shone on Siena, and that all her houses, overtowered by the graceful Della

exclaimed, "but you frightened me!" He laughed, however, and whipping up his donkey rattled after us as if eager for a race, talking and shouting all the while and until we were out of hearing. One or two peasants passed in straw chariot-shaped wagons, and once from a farm-house a woman in red blouse and yellow apron, with a basket on her head and a dog at her heels, came towards us. It was at this same farm-house we found the first Didymus we had met on our pilgrimage. We had stopped, as we had a way of doing when anything pleased us, and he had come out to



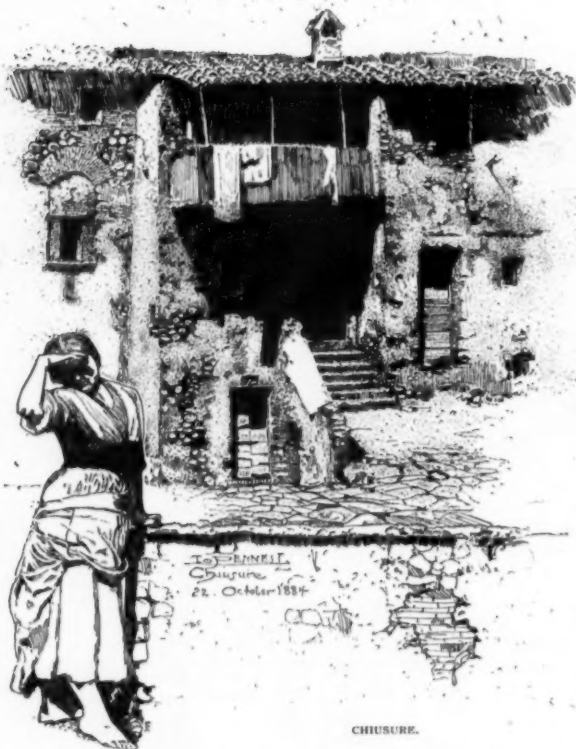
INTERIOR OF MONTE OLIVETO.

Mangia and the tall Duomo Campanile, glistened in the bright light.

About five miles from the city the desolation was somewhat relieved, for there were hedges by the roadside, and beyond, sloping olive-gardens and vineyards. Poplars grew by little streams, and sometimes we rode under oaks. On the top of every gray hill, and giving it color, was a farm-house, rows of brilliant pumpkins laid on its red walls, ears of yellow corn hung in its loggia, and gigantic haystacks standing close by. There were monasteries too, great square brick buildings with tall towers, and below, spire-like cypresses. Now and then flocks of birds flew down in front of the tricycle, or large white geese came out from under the hedge and hissed at us. For a few minutes a man driving a donkey-cart made the way not a little lively. He did not see us until we wheeled by him. Then he jumped as if he had been shot. "Dio!" he

have a better look at the *travvai*. And how far did we expect to go to-day? he asked. To Monte Oliveto, we told him, for, like pious pilgrims, we thought to make a day's retreat with the monks there. "To Monte Oliveto! and in a day, and on that machine!" and he laughed us to scorn. "In a week, the signore had better say." Later a stone-breaker's belief in us made some amends for the farmer's contempt. We were riding then. "Addio!" he cried, even before we reached him.

Before we reached Buonconvento the sun came out and the clouds rolled away. It had rained here earlier in the morning. The roads were sticky and the machine ran heavily, and trees and hedges were wet with sparkling rain-drops. There is an imposing entrance to the little town, a pointed bridge over a narrow stream, with a Madonna and Child in marble relief at the highest point, an avenue of tall poplars with marble benches set between, and



CHIUSURE.

then the heavy brick walls blackened with age, and the gateway, with high Gothic arch decorated with the Sienese wolf, above which, however, weeds wave in the breeze. Inside, the town seemed much less fine.

The fact that we were going to Monte Oliveto annoyed the *padrone* of the mean little inn we at last found. The monastery is a too successful rival to his albergo. Few travelers except those who are on their way to Monte Oliveto pass through his town, and few who can help it stay there over night. His list of the evils we would have to endure was the sauce with which he served our beefsteak and potatoes. But when he had said the worst he became cheerful, and even seemed pleased when we admired his kitchen, where brass and copper pots and pans hung on the walls, and where in one corner was a large fire-place with comfortable seats above and a pigeon-house underneath. But when we complimented him on the walls of his town, Bah! he exclaimed, of what use were they? They were half destroyed. They would be no defense in war times.

He was right. The walls, strong by the

gate, have in parts entirely disappeared, and in others houses and stables have been made of them. It is on the open space by these houses that the men have their playground. They were all there when we arrived, and still there when we left. Young men, others old enough to be their fathers, and boys were, each in turn, holding up balls to their noses, and then, with a long slide and a backward twist of the arm, rolling them along the ground, which is the way Italians play bowls.

We had so much difficulty with the road to Monte Oliveto, and saw the monastery from so many sides, that I began to feel as if we were the answer to the riddle I had so often been asked in my childhood, the

mysterious "What is it that goes round and round the house but never gets in?" Soon the sun set behind the hills, and the sky grew soft and pink. We met several peasants bearing large bunches of twigs on their heads. There were one or two shrines, a chapel, and a farmhouse, in front of which a priest stood talking to a woman. But on we went without resting, J— pushing the machine, and I walking behind, womanlike, shirking my share of the work. The road grew worse until it became nothing but a mass of ruts and gullies washed out by the rain, and led to a hill from which even Christian would have turned and fled. But we struggled up, reaching the top to see the gate of the monastery some sixty or seventy feet below. Finally we came to the great brick gateway which in the dull light, for by this time the pink had faded from the sky, rose before us a heavy black pile, beyond whose archway we saw only shadow and mystery. As we walked under it our voices, when we spoke, sounded unnatural and hollow. On the other side the road wound through a gloomy grove of cypresses, growing so close together that they hedged us about with im-

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penetrable darkness. Once several silent figures, moving noiselessly, passed by. Had we, by mischance, wandered into a Valley of the Shadow of Death?

The cypress-grove, after several windings, brought us face to face with the building at which we had already so often looked from the distance. Even in the semi-darkness we could see the outline distinctly enough to know we were standing in front of the church, and that the detached building a little to our left was a barn or stable. But not a light shone in a window, not a doorway was in sight. I recalled my convent experience of by-gone years, and remembered that after eight o'clock in the evening no one was admitted within its walls. Was there a rule like this at Monte Oliveto, and was six the hour when its bolts and bars were fastened against the stranger? As we hesitated where to go or what to do next, three or four workmen came from the stable. J—— spoke to them, and one offered to show him the entrance to the monastery while I waited by the tricycle. It was strange to stand in the late evening and in the wilderness alone with men whose speech I could not understand and whose faces I could not see. For fully five minutes I waited thus while they talked together in low voices. At last came words I did understand. *Ecco!* cried one, here was the *padrone*; and they all took off their hats. A dog ran up and examined me, and then a man, who I could just make out in the gloom wore a cassock and the broad-brimmed priestly hat, joined the group. *Buona sera*, he said to me. "Could I speak to him in French?" I asked. "Yes," he assented. "What was it I wanted?" When I told him we wished to stay in the monastery, he said he had not expected us. We had not written.

"But," I exclaimed, "we thought strangers were allowed to stay here."

"Yes," he answered; "there is a *pension* in the monastery; but it is for artists."

"And my husband is an artist," I interrupted eagerly, for from his manner I feared he would refuse us admission. After all, what did he know about us, except that, vagrant-like, we were wandering in the mountains at a most unseasonable hour? Indeed, when later I reflected on the situation, I realized that we must have seemed suspicious characters. At this critical moment J—— returned. His guide had led him to a small side door beyond the church. There he had rung and rung again. The bell was loud and clear and roused many echoes within, but nothing else. The guide, perplexed, had then led him back. I told him with whom I was speaking, and he continued the conversation with the *padrone*.

Had they talked in Italian only or in French, they might have understood each other; but instead they used a strange mixture of the two, to their mutual bewilderment. If this kept on much longer we would undoubtedly spend the night in the open air. In despair I broke in, "But, *mon père*, cannot we stay this one night?"

"Certainly," he said, dropping all Italian, which fortunately he knew I could not understand. "That is what I was explaining to *monsieur*. You can stay, but of course we have nothing prepared. We will do our best."

If he had said he would do his worst, provided we were rid of the tricycle for the night; and where we might sit down, we would have been thankful.

The bags were unstrapped and given into the care of one of the men, a place was made for the machine in the stable, and then we followed the *padrone* or *Abate*—for this was his real title—to the door where J—— had rung in vain, and which he opened with his key. Within it was so dark that we groped our way through the hall and a small cloister. Then we came to a flight of steps where, at the bidding of the *Abate*, as if to reassure us that we were not being led to secret cells or torture chambers, the man carrying our bags struck a solitary match. By this feeble light we walked up the broad stone stairs, and through many passage-ways, not a sound breaking the stillness but our steps and their loud echoes, to a door where the *Abate* left us, and at the same time the match burnt out. But the next minute he reappeared with a lighted taper, and at the end of the hall opened another door, lit a lamp on a table within, and showed us four rooms, which, he said, were at our disposal. The beds were not made, but they would be attended to immediately. He had now to say Office, but at nine supper would be served. Here was a very comfortable solution to the mystery into which the massive gateway had seemed to lead. The Valley of the Shadow of Death had turned out to be a Delectable Land!

It was still more comfortable later when, his Office said, the *Abate* came back and sat and talked with us. Now he could examine us by a better light, I think he concluded we were not dangerous characters, probably only harmless lunatics. However that may be, after half an hour, when the supper-bell rang, and we started off for the refectory, again by the light of his taper, we were the best of friends. The long corridor, thus dimly seen, seemed interminable. We went down one stairway, to find the door locked against us, then up and down another. Here the light went out, leaving us in a darkness like un-

to that of Egypt. The Abate laughed as if it was the best of jokes. He took J——'s hand and J—— took mine, and thus like three children we went laughing down the stairway, and along more passages, and at last into a long refectory, at the farther end of which was a lamp, while a door, to one side of that by which we entered, opened and a second monk in white robes, holding a lighted taper, came in, and when he saw us made a low bow. As there were no other visitors, we were to eat with him and his brother monk, the Abate said; and then he gave me the head of the table, asking me if I were willing to be the Lady Abbess.

If we had been two prodigals, he could not have been kinder than he was, now he had given us shelter. If we had been starving like the hero of the parable, he could not have been more anxious to set before us a feast of plenty. Nor would any fatted calf have been more to our taste than the substantial supper prepared for us. We must eat, he said. We needed it. He had seen us coming up the hill as he talked with a peasant by the roadside. But monsieur was push-pushing the machine and looking at nothing else, and madame was panting and swinging her arms, staring straight in front of her; and before he had time we had passed. We must drink too. The wine was good for us. We must not mix water with it. It was Christian; why then should it be baptized? The white brother spoke little, but he never allowed J——'s plate to remain empty. When the meat was brought in we were joined by Pirro, a good-sized dog with no tail to speak of, and Lupo, an unusually large cat, and his numerous family, who all had to be fed at intervals. But even while Pirro jumped nimbly into the air after pieces of bread thrown to him, and Lupo scratched, and his progeny made mournful appeals to be remembered, and we talked, I looked every now and then down the long, narrow table to where it was lost in deep shadow. The cloth was laid its entire length, as if in readiness for the banished brothers whenever they might return. I would not have been surprised then to have seen the door open to admit a procession of white monks, all with tapers in their hands. The Abate must have realized that to a stranger there was something uncanny in his dark, silent, deserted monastery, and his last word as he bade us good-night was that we were to fear nothing, but to sleep in peace.

The days we spent at Monte Oliveto were golden days. For we not only slept there one, but several nights, and the Abate declared we could remain as long as we might care to. Nothing could be more melancholy and wild

than the country into which we had come. It is the most desolate part of all that strange desolation which lies to the south-east of Siena. The mountain on which the monastery is built is surrounded on every side but one by deep, abrupt ravines. Behind it rise higher mountains, bare and bleak and gray like gigantic ash-piles, and on the very highest peak is the wretched little village of Chiusure. The other hills around are lower, and from the road by the convent gateway one can see Siena, pale and blue on the horizon, and southward, over the barren hill-tops, Monte Amiata. But Monte Oliveto is a green place in the midst of the barrenness. The mountainsides are terraced, and olives and vines grow almost to the bottom of the ravine.

The first morning the Abate took us to see the frescoes representing the life of St. Benedict, painted on the walls of the large cloister. I will be honest and confess that they disappointed me. I doubt whether the artists were very proud of them. Luca Signorelli, before he had finished the first side of the cloister, gave up the work, as it is not likely he would have done had he cared much for it. Sodoma, when he took his place, was at first so careless that the then abbot took him to task, but the artist calmly told him more could not be expected for the price that was paid him. Certainly with neither were these frescoes a labor of love, and this one feels at once. One wonders if this could have been the same Sodoma who painted the St. Sebastian in Florence, and yet there is more beauty in his pictures than in those of Signorelli. But what I cared for most were his portraits of himself, with heavy hair hanging about his face, and wearing the cloak the Milanese gentleman, turned monk, had given him, and of his wife and child; and the pictures of the raven and the other pets he brought with him to the monastery, to the wonder of the good monks.

It is a pity every one cannot look at these frescoes with such loving, reverential eyes as the Abate. He had shown them probably to hundreds of visitors; he had seen them almost every day for the many years he had been at Monte Oliveto; but his pleasure in them was as fresh as if it dated but from yesterday. He told the story of each in turn,—of how in this one the great St. Benedict had set the devil to flight, and how in that he had by a miracle recalled an erring brother; and once he pointed to a palm-tree in a background. Sodoma, he said, had seen and admired a palm in the garden of the monastery, and so, after his realistic fashion, had painted it in just as he had his pets. That very tree was in the garden still. He would show it to us if we liked.

There never was such another garden! It

is close to the large brick house or palace by the gateway, where in old times lay visitors were lodged, and beyond which no woman was ever allowed to pass. It is small, but in it the monks only raised the rarest trees and plants. Here grew the precious herbs out of which in the pharmacy whose windows overlook the quiet green inclosure, they prepared the healing draughts for which people came from far and near. The pharmacy is closed now. There is dust in the corners and on the quaint old chairs. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling. But brass scales are still on the heavy wooden counter, and pestle and mortar behind it, and glass retorts of strange shapes in the corners and above the doors. Majolica jars, all marked with the three mountains, the cross and olive-branch, the *stemma* of the monastic order, are ranged on the brown shelves, many of the large ones carefully sealed, while from the small ones came forth strange odors of myrrh and incense and rare ointments. As in the refectory, everything here is in order for the monks when they return. But they will find more change in the garden below. The rare plants, the ebony and the hyssop, the cactuses and the palm, which made me think even less of Sodoma's frescoes than I had before, the pomegranates and the artichokes, are all there. But weeds grow in the paths, and by the old gray well, and in among the herbs; roses have run riot in the center of the garden and turned it into a wild tangled growth. To us it seemed the loveliest spot in Monte Oliveto. The hours spent in it were like a beautiful idyl of Theocritus or Shelley. I hope if the monks ever do come back that, while they throw open the windows of the pharmacy and let the light in again upon the majolica and the dark wood-work, they will leave the gates of the garden locked. It is fairer in its confusion than it ever could be with weeded paths and well-clipped bushes.

The Abate took us everywhere,—through the empty guest-chambers of the palace to the tower, now a home for pigeons; through the monastery, with its three hundred rooms with now but three monks to occupy them; its cloisters, for there are two besides the large frescoed one; its *logge*, where geraniums and other green plants were growing; its great refectory, beyond the door of which fowl or flesh meat never passed, and which is now used no longer; and its library, at the very top of the house, where rows of white vellum volumes are ready for the students who so seldom come. Then he led us to the church, where there are more altars than there are monks to pray before them, and a wonderful choir with inlaid stalls; and in and out of

little chapels, one of which contains the grotto where blessed Bernardo Tolomei, the founder of the order, lived for many years after he came to the wilderness, while another was the first church used by the brotherhood, and the Virgin with angels playing to her on harps and mandolins, above the altar, was painted long before Signorelli and Sodoma began their work. Then there was the lemon-grove to be seen, where the Abate filled our pockets with the ripe fruit, and the wine-press to be visited, where men were filling small casks from large butts and then carrying them off on their shoulders to be weighed and stored above. We had to taste the wine, and I think it, together with the sunshine and the flowers, must have gone to my head that morning and staid there so long as I was at Monte Oliveto, for everything about me seemed to belong less to the actual world than to a dreamland full of wonder and beauty and sometimes of pathos.

It was the same in the afternoon, when the Abate had gone about his work,—for he is a busy man, like the centurion with many under him,—and J—and I wandered alone over the gray hills up to Chiusure. Life with its hardships must be real enough to the people of this little village. We saw melancholy figures there, old hags of women, with thin white hair and bent almost double under heavy bundles of wood, toiling up steep stony streets with bare feet, and others crouching in the gloom opposite open doorways. Even the little priest, who, in his knee-breeches and long frock-coat and braided smoking-cap with tassels dangling in his eyes, was humorous enough to look at, was pathetic in his way. For, after he had shown us his church with its decorations, poor as the people who worship in it, and offered us a glass of wine in his own parlor, he spread on the table before us some broken pieces of glass easily put together, on which a picture was painted. Was it of value? he asked, so eagerly that he told without further words the story of wants but ill supplied. He was willing to sell it, but he did not know what it was worth. Could we tell him? No, we could not, we said, for we really knew nothing about it, though we feared the hopes he had set upon it would never be realized. And then sadly he gathered together the pieces and put them away again in their newspaper wrapping. It was more cheerful outside the gateway. There, in the late afternoon, the gray olives by the way were more clearly defined against the sky, and the gray ravines below more indistinct. Beyond, the hills, now all purple and soft, rolled away to the horizon and to the brilliant red sky above. One or two lights were lit in

distant farm-houses, and once we heard a far-off bell. Before us the white road led by one green hill on whose top was a circle of cypresses, and in its center a black cross, as in so many old pictures.

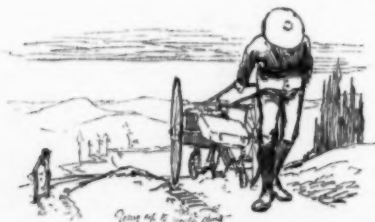
But the strangest part of this dream-life was the friendship that sprang up between us and the monks. I would not have been more surprised if St. Benedict and Blessed Bernardo had come back to earth to make friends with us. It was not only that the Abate acted as our guide through the monastery. This he does for every visitor who comes, since the Government took possession of it and turned it into a public art gallery and *pension* for artists. But he came to our room early in the morning to drink his coffee with us, and in the evening, after he had said his Office, for a little talk. And when we had finished our supper we sat together long over our wine, talking now in French, now in English now in Italian, and occasionally understanding each other. Like all good fellows, we too had our jokes. But the Abate's favorite was to tell how he had seen us coming up the mountain, monsieur push-pushing the *velocipede* and madame puff-puffing behind him. Even Dom Giuseppe, the other monk,—the third was away,—relaxed from the dignity with which he had first met us, and took part in the talk and the laughter. Unreal as seemed these late suppers in the long refectory in the dim light, with Pirro forever jumping after choice morsels while Lupo and his family growled with rage

and envy from under the table, we strayed even farther into Wonderland the second day after our arrival, when both monks went out for a ride on the tricycle along the mulberry walk and by Blessed Bernardo's grotto.

The last day of our stay a number of visitors arrived—a priest from Perugia, two nuns, and two English ladies. They were not expected, and dinner had to be prepared for them. The Abate is never pleased when guests come without giving him warning. When we met him in the refectory a little after twelve, we could see his patience had been tried. We must pardon him for being late, he said, but he had had to find something to eat for all these people. Were they to dine with us? we asked. No, indeed, was his answer. They were not members of the community. This confirmed our doubts as to whether we might not be monks without our knowing it; for the first morning the Abate had given us a key of the great front door by which we could let ourselves in at all hours, without any ringing of bells or calling of porters, so that we felt as if we belonged to the convent. These visitors were the thorns in his present life, the Abate continued, and we were his roses. He introduced us to the Perugian priest, who might possibly, he said, be of use to us in Perugia. The latter almost embraced J—in his protestations of good-will, and came running back several times to press his hand, and say in a French of his own invention that we must call often during our stay in his city.

(To be continued.)

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.



IN EXILE.

SOME day I may retake the road
To Dreamland's sweet oblivion,
Though now I keep my bare abode
In streets my late companions shun.

To nooks below the greenwood tree
They call and call; in sweet disguise
Of bloom and song they beckon me,
And lure me in each maiden's eyes.

But nights they leave their haunts and throng
About me. When my tasks are done—
Some day—I'll put them into song,
And find my happy country won.

L. Frank Tooker.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "Friend Barton's Concern," etc.

XX.

A STAR IS HIDDEN.

THE low black aperture of a tunnel facing the valley and the sunset gave entrance to the underground territory of the Eagle Bird. Work was still going on in that portion of the mine not under dispute. All night and all day, at recurrent intervals, the figure of a miner appeared at the tunnel's mouth, pushing a loaded car along the tramway to the dump. He came out at high noon, when the sky glowed incandescent behind the blackened boles of the pine-trees, or when the shadow of the range lay half across the valley, or when the shadow had climbed the darkly wooded slopes opposite, and above it the loftiest peaks were entering solemnly into the glory of the sun's down-sinking. The miner was still coming and going, the roll of the car on the iron track was still heard, when the stars twinkled sharply in the long strips of sky between the pine trunks, and darkness, that all day lurked within the tunnel, stalked forth and possessed the land. The roll of the wheels, the clank of the bolt as the car reared on its axle, and the dull crash of the avalanche of earth and stones that followed, were sounds that could be heard a long way off in the stillness of the wood.

These were the sounds by which Babe knew when she had reached the end of her journey. She heard them first about sunset as she approached the mine by the trail from the pass. She had gone the long way round. Once only she had stopped to rest at the little ranch at the foot of the pass, where the woman was still baking pies in the outdoor oven for her wayfar- ing customers. Babe was not a customer. She had merely stopped to ask the way and the number of miles to the Eagle Bird mine, where, she told the woman, she had a brother employed as a miner. Seeing that she looked tired, and mistaking the expression of her face for that of physical suffering, the woman urged Babe to sit and rest awhile, and pressed her kindly to eat and drink. Babe gratefully accepted a glass of cool milk and consented to put in her pocket a piece of bread which she could not force herself to eat. The woman's questions, and fixed though not unfriendly

observation, troubled her, and shortened her rest. When she came at last within sight and sound of the mine it was still so light that she did not venture beyond the thin shelter of the wood. She lay down upon the ground to make herself less conspicuous. Slowly the shadows crept from the ground upward to the tree-tops, and a single star showed in the deepening blue. There were others in the sky, but this one only Babe looked at, as with her head low on her arm she rested and waited for darkness. Presently she saw a light at the dump station — other lights appeared in windows or moved about among the dark buildings.

The moon was an hour or more high. Babe started up, aware that she must have fallen asleep at the foot of the tree where she lay. She returned to the trail by which she had come, and followed it past the tunnel and up the steep and dusty path to the high-stoooped house built against the hill, which she had decided must be the dwelling of the superintendent. Here Mr. Newbold's daughter would be lodged, if she were living at the mine. Babe made no inquiries to assure herself of the fact. One or two men (seated on the steps of the miner's boarding-house) looked at her curiously as she passed, but she was questioned by no one.

An irregular pile of lumber was stacked close to the side of the superintendent's house; deep shadow filled the space between. Babe crept in over the boards, and climbed to a place where she could look into a bright, uncurtained window of the parlor. The room was empty. A lamp burned on the center-table and chairs were pushed out of their places. From the sound of voices talking, Babe concluded that the recent occupants of the room were now assembled on the piazza outside. She rose up cautiously and was groping her way forward for a better view, stepping lightly along the tiers of boards, when Bode- win and Josephine came to the end of the porch and leaned side by side on the railing above her. The moon shone full in their faces. Both were gazing upwards, their eyes fixed upon one spot in the heavens.

Babe looked up at the same place in the sky, but saw nothing more than the moon, nearly half full, and close to her shadowed side a small, bright star. It was this star

Josephine and Bodewin were watching, for from its position that night they knew it must be near its occultation by the moon. As the distance lessened imperceptibly between it and the undefined arc of shadow approaching it, the star seemed to throb and flash, red, gold, and sapphire, as if it were panting to its extinction. If anything could have made those two, standing in the light of heavenly bliss, as it seemed to Babe, more hopelessly far away from her, it was this mysterious, rapt attention fixed upon some object which to her had no existence. At first she thought they might be taking some silent vow together, but then she heard Josephine speaking, in a clear, even voice.

"It is only a little star, but we have looked at it so long it seems the only one in all the sky. Has it a name, do you know?"

"I think it is Antares," Bodewin replied.

"Antares," Josephine repeated, dwelling on the vowel syllable with satisfaction. "The occultation of Antares!—How imposing it sounds. And I suppose all the world is watching it with us to-night."

"We are the only watchers in this part of the world, I fancy," said Bodewin—"except Hillbury perhaps," he added sadly. His heart swelled with the pain of love unspoken. Josephine's white-clad shoulder was nearly touching his arm. If he were to put it out and draw her to him it might change both their lives forever. Yes, and it might ruin his. Why should he not speak to her, at least, and take his answer for life or death? There was not an atom of his flesh that did not worship her. And for his better part—who had ever appealed to that as she had done? Had she not found him in a slough of moral doubt and sophistry, and shown him his duty, without question of her right, as if she knew instinctively that she was born to be his soul's mistress, and the light of his dull, purposeless life? He was trembling with the intoxicating risk of speech. Josephine's eyes were still upon the star; her hand rested on the rail. The impulse to cover it with his own was so strong that for an instant he fancied he must have done so involuntarily, for suddenly she stepped back and dropped her eyes.

"It is gone!" she said. "Did you see how at the last it seemed to leap out of sight? I am so glad to have seen it—but now let us go in."

"Oh, no—not now—stay until we see it again on the other side." And silently he resolved that before they saw the star again he would know his fate.

"It will not seem like the same star when we see it again," said Josephine, "and if it did it would only be an anti-climax—like Juliet

coming before the curtain after the death scene."

Her light, cool words confused Bodewin and gave his passion a moment's check. Josephine was leaning on her crossed arms gazing down into the shadow cast by the pile of boards. Some object moving there had attracted her attention. She had seen a head emerge, as it were, from that well of darkness—a head framed in moonlight, the shadowed face invisible. The fair head of a young woman who crouched among the boards and looked upwards in a fixed agony of attention. At the instant Josephine's eyes rested on it, the head disappeared, but that brief look thrilled her with the sensation of having long been watched by some unknown person lurking in the darkness below.

She turned to Bodewin and said softly, "Look, who is that?" pointing downwards with her white-sleeved arm. "You will see her in a moment." Again the head emerged; this time it was bent and hidden by a shawl. The moon had climbed a little higher, and the shadow which had covered Babe had shrunk away, and left her cowering form exposed. It had stolen away so gradually that, absorbed in her unhappy watch, she had not been aware of its retreat. She was plainly trapped, with the precipitous bank behind her, the heap of boards on one side, and bright moonlight illuminating her only way of escape. If she could gain the trail the dip of the ground would hide her. She rose up, desperate, and with her shawl muffling her head and face, walked out into the light.

Bodewin had not seen the girl's face, and Babe, a moment before, had been far from his thoughts, but something within him foreboded that this was Babe,—Babe unhappy and desperate,—shelterless, homeless, perhaps through her service to him. Surely the figure, the height, the movement, was Babe's as she walked out into the light.

"I think I had better see who that is," he said; "excuse me a moment——"

If he were to see who it was, there was no time for ceremony. Josephine watched him down the steps and across the moonlit space, before the slope of the hill hid him from her sight. She walked up and down the piazza alone, once or twice. She stood and listened. The dead woods were still. There were no insect voices calling. It seemed as if she could almost hear Bodewin's retreating footsteps pounding along down the trail. The rumble of a car running out from the tunnel drowned the fainter sounds. The iron rails resounded as the car traveled swiftly down the track.—Was that a man's voice calling in the woods? Now came the crash of the car-

load over the dump. Why did they stay so long at the dump-station! She waited and listened mechanically for the roll of the returning car-wheels.

Why did Bodewin remain so long away — and why, in the meantime, was that car still waiting at the dump-station! She shivered and went into the house.

Bodewin had caught sight of the figure he was in chase of as it passed the light at the mouth of the tunnel. She was running wildly; the shawl had dropped from her head, and he saw that it was Babe. Should he let her go? He hesitated; then his heart smote him for the desolate young figure flying to the woods for shelter like a hunted creature. What man has not a tenderness for the woman he suspects of a hopeless attachment to himself — and Babe must be in trouble. Perhaps she had come with an intention of asking his help, and seeing him so preoccupied with another woman, had in her mad, foolish pride flung herself away from him into the night and the forest. She should not go in that way. He had hesitated but an instant, and now followed with greater speed, — down the steep, dim slope of the woods, slipping and stumbling. She was still some distance ahead of him. Now she fell, but was up and on again faster than before. He was close upon her, had called her by name, when she turned and looked back at him, motioned him back with a gesture of her arm, and then, doubling suddenly, she flew along the unused trail across the foot of the dump. It was scarcely wider than a man's two hands. Bodewin heard a car rumbling out from the tunnel — "Babe!" he shouted. "Come back, for God's sake! A car is coming!"

She was nearly half-way across the dump. Bodewin called and waved his arms frantically to the man above. The miner was running behind his car, and the noise of its wheels drowned Bodewin's cries. He started after Babe by the same impossible path she had taken, but at that moment the car reared on its pivot, and the avalanche came. The greater mass of earth clung to the slope of the dump, but stones and pieces of rock leaped and pelted and bounded down the steep. They fell all about Bodewin, but he was not conscious of being hurt. He slid off the trail, and down among the debris below he crawled about, searching for Babe. He found her lying as she had been hurled from the path by the stone that struck her in the breast. He spoke to her as he raised her in his arms and asked if she knew him. She assented with a motion of her head.

"Is there anything you wanted of me, Babe? Tell it me now, if there is, before I go for help."

"I don't want help," she said, speaking with short breaths of pain. "Nobody can help me."

"Don't say that, Babe. Where is your hurt?"

"It don't matter," she panted. "The hurt don't matter. Come closer." She put up her hand to his face. He bent lower to hear her difficult sentences. "Say you won't tell who I am!" she whispered. "Let it be like I was a stranger to you. If Dad finds me out — he'll 'low 't I was follerin' after you. I never went back that night — I come on alone through the woods — but I never meant to give you trouble. I 'lowed to see her jest once. — Now I'm done. This is the best way out of it. — Only say you'll be like you an' me was strangers! — Strangers!" she repeated, and her voice broke from its hoarse whisper into a cry.

Bodewin shuddered. "Don't ask me that, Babe, for God's sake! That would be impossible. You don't see how useless it would be. — But, child, you are not going to die." He spoke wildly, with the horror upon him that she was dying already, and help so near. She did not speak. Her eyes were losing their expression — her breast heaved strangely, and one hand that lay on the ground moved like a wounded bird struggling in the leaves. Bodewin knew that he would give the promise. The cold sweat prickled out upon his forehead as he stooped his lips close to Babe's ear.

"We will be strangers, Babe. No one shall ever hear of you from me — not if it costs me my good name," he groaned to himself.

Still she did not speak. — Still the fluttering hand and the long, struggling respirations. — He clasped her hand. "Babe, do you hear me?" The hand closed upon his and tightened with the hold of death upon life.

THE miners off duty for the night who were lounging about the boarding-house steps, heard Bodewin's cry — as Josephine fancied she heard it, piercing the rumble of the car. They discussed the sound for a moment and then hurried down into the woods in the direction from which it came. It was a lifeless burden they carried up the hill. Bodewin walked behind it, wiping the blood from his cheek where a stone had cut him, making a slight wound. As they came out from the blackened wood, and the sky arched clear overhead, he looked up and saw Antares shining, a point of light, close to the moon's bright side. Bodewin did not yet know his fate.

Two hours afterwards Mr. Newbold sat on the piazza with a cigar which he was trying to smoke between his fingers. Josephine

walked softly up and down; from time to time she looked at Bodewin, as he sat on the steps, his head between his hands. No one had spoken for many minutes. At last Josephine stopped behind her father's chair.

"Papa, do you think I may see — her — before they take her away?"

"If you ask what I think — I have told you already — it is no place for you."

"I should think it was any woman's place," said Josephine.

"There have been women enough, Lord knows. The room was full of them till the doctor turned them all out."

Mr. Newbold's temper always suffered when his sympathies were attacked. They had just been subjected to an unusual shock. The affair, besides, was a most unfortunate one for the mine. The Eagle Bird was notorious enough already, in all unprofitable ways.

"Will they take her down to the camp to-night, Bodewin?" he asked, raising his voice a little that it might penetrate Bodewin's abstracted mood.

"Yes," said Bodewin, without looking up.

"How will they take her, do you know?"

"The undertaker's wagon, I suppose."

"Papa," said Josephine, laying her hands softly upon his shoulders as she stood behind him, "why do you let them take her away? Why not let her friends find her here, among friends?"

"What are you talking about, Josephine?"

"I am asking you not to let that young girl be taken down to the camp, for everybody to look at. She was laid here at our door; let us take care of her."

"Don't be silly, Josephine. What do you call *our door*? What have we to do with it, except to regret it as a most shocking and unnecessary accident? I don't myself understand yet how it happened." Mr. Newbold cast an irritated glance towards the motionless figure on the steps. "Besides," he continued, jerking his chair forward a little on the painted floor, "she has not been identified. No one knows what sort of a story she may have attached to her. It looks very peculiar, to say the least."

Bodewin went down the steps and walked away towards the stables. He had got his old horse back again, with the scar on his hip from Tony Keesner's bullet. He went out to him, as to the only creature who could give him comfort that night. The faithful old comrade who asked no questions, who had never doubted or disowned his friend. He felt for the bony white nose in the darkness. Baldy recognized his master's step and his touch, though he had not spoken. He greeted him with sedate whinnies, backing about in his stall

to show his readiness for a night-ride if his master required it of him.

Josephine on the piazza was saying to her father: "Papa, do you remember the cabin in the woods I told you of, that Mr. Craig saw when he was lost, — and the wonderfully pretty girl? Is this girl beautiful?"

"Remarkably beautiful, I should say, for that class of girl."

"There cannot be so many such beautiful girls in a place like this."

"She may not belong to this place."

"Papa, I think I must see her. She might be the same one, you know."

"I should think Craig would be the best judge of that. He will see her to-morrow. However, there is nothing to prevent your seeing her, if you want to, — only don't ask me to go with you."

"Is any one with her?" asked Josephine.

"I believe there are some men waiting in the office. They have put her in the next room — Reed's bedroom. By George, if I were Reed, I shouldn't half like it."

Josephine went down to the door of the office and knocked. Two or three men within ceased talking as she entered. One of them rose and laid down his cigar. This was Mr. Reed, the assayer and engineer of the mine.

"I came to see the young girl who was killed," Josephine said hurriedly, feeling half ashamed of the intention, now she was about to carry it out.

"The body is in here, Miss Newbold, — please excuse the looks of the room," Mr. Reed said politely, as he opened the door. He was about to follow her in, when she hurriedly thanked him and begged to be allowed to go in alone.

It was a small room with a low, board ceiling, painted white; the walls were merely wooden partitions, covered with hangings of a dark-red calico. Half of the room was occupied by the bed. A lamp on the floor behind it threw its shadow hugely over the wall and up on the ceiling above. In this shadow Josephine saw a motionless woman's form, partly covered by a shawl. The dust of the pass and the soot of the burnt forest were on her garments. Her travel-worn shoes were on her feet. As to her beauty there was no doubt. She lay on her back, at her fair length, her face turned a little aside showing the curve beneath the chin and the straightened line of neck behind the ear. The shadow of long lashes hid the sightless parting of the lids. Her long braids of hair, golden, with a silver light on it, were brought forward across her flattened shoulders, following the curve of her breasts and slipping out of sight between her arms and grandly sloping hips.

There was all the tacit, slumbering pride of Babe's personality in her death-pose. A princess lying in state could not have mutely commanded more respect than this victim of ill-conditions at the climax of her life's defeat.

It was impossible not to feel that some remnant of consciousness must linger here to suffer from the intrusion of a stranger's pity. It gave Josephine an almost hysterical sensation to think of the crowds that to-morrow would press around this form of sacred maidenhood, and stare at its beauty, and wonder at its history. Something that was not love nor pity, only a blind yearning of the human towards the human, across the impassable barrier, drew the living girl close to the dead. She laid her arms on each side of her, on the bed, her heart beating close above the one that was still, her breath warm on the white, half-averted face. She uttered no sound, but incoherent sobbing exclamations were struggling in her breast. The link between the lives of these two women, strangers to each other and subject alike to conditions others had made for them, was only made stronger by Babe's death.

Josephine stood awhile outside of the office door, looking out into the gray, melancholy moonlight. She saw Bodewin at a little distance, coming towards the house from the stables, walking unsteadily, with his head down. His unconscious figure seemed to bring upon her, all at once, a sense of all the unknown human misery that presses upon young lives and brings a sudden home-sickness in the midst of friends, and a pang of loneliness to the summer night. She burst into tears. Bodewin had seen her. He saw that she was weeping. He came to her quickly and took her hand in his. He knew where she had been.

"Don't cry so," he said. "There is so much trouble in this world that is worse than death."

"I know it—I feel as if there was trouble all around us to-night." She began to sob again.

"Not your trouble, I hope," he said, and then he murmured helplessly, "God bless you!" He lifted her hand and kissed it. The action startled her into stillness.

"Will you look at me?" he asked, still holding her by the hand. "Can you see my face?"—he turned it to the light.

"Yes," she said, trembling.

"Do I look like a man you could believe in, if his best friend deserted him,—if he were hunted for a villain?"

"Yes," said Josephine again.

His hand closed hard upon hers. "God bless you," he said again.

He walked beside her in silence to the steps of the porch, then he looked good-night or good-bye without speaking and left her. She saw him go back to the door of the office and sit down on the low step, in the moonlight.

"He does not know her," she said to herself; "yet, if he looks so when I am dead, I shall be satisfied."

She went to her room and lay upon her bed, in the white soft dress she had put on that evening because it was one of the dresses she had always been happy in,—and Bodewin had come home. She lay there, too miserable to light her lamp and undress herself; but at twelve o'clock the rattle of a wagon coming up the hill roused her. It stopped before the office door. Josephine sat up in bed, shuddering. She made the room light, drew her curtains close, and began hurriedly to take off her clothes. Her face was as pale as the sheets when she lay down in her bed again, leaving the lamp still burning.

She heard sounds below her window. Voices and footsteps of men, the grating of a heavy box pushed over the floor of the wagon, the click of the spring as the tail-board shut. The wagon drove away.

Bodewin walked behind it down the hill, and watched it out of sight along the dim, dusty, moonlit road to the camp.

XXI.

A MEETING IN THE WOOD.

CROWDS came and went the next day and looked at Babe, and no one spoke her name. No one came from the cabin in the wood. Mr. Craig had gone to Denver by the stage at four o'clock, before the Eagle Bird tragedy was generally known in the camp. There were two men who recognized her, but each, for his own reasons, kept the knowledge to himself. One was Harkins, who had arrived that morning by private team from the railroad terminus; the other was Hillbury. He had heard the particulars of the accident from Mr. Newbold.

"And Bodewin says he does not know her," he mused gloomily, when the story was finished.

"He does not say much of anything," Mr. Newbold replied, "but it is evident that he does not know her. It was a shocking thing for him. She was killed before his very face."

"Why did he follow her?"

"She was lurking around the house, as if she had some business she wanted to keep to herself. My daughter saw her first, crouching down among some boards close to the

parlor windows. She pointed her out to Bodewin, who was on the piazza with her. The girl ran off when she found she was discovered, and Bodewin followed her, very naturally, I think. Haven't you seen Bodewin to-day?"

"No," said Hillbury.

"Well, I'm not surprised he don't want to talk about it. He is all 'broke up,' as they say out here. Harkins is in town, I hear. Came in his usual splendor. Pete Harrison's barouche and best team ordered by telegraph to meet him at the end of the track."

"Yes, I saw his arrival."

"I suppose he has come to look up his 'affidavit men,' as Sammis calls them, for the trial."

Hillbury gave Mr. Newbold a sudden look. He wondered if that amiably discursive gentleman could be aware that he had himself received, that morning, a summons to appear, under penalty of the law, as a witness for the Uinta against the Eagle Bird.

Colonel Harkins had arrived in the morning. He had followed the stream of excitement to the undertaker's rooms and had looked at Babe, as Hillbury had looked at her, in silence. In the afternoon he ordered a horse saddled and rode away over the hills alone, to look at a "prospect" he had thought of buying for some Eastern parties, so he said. The way of his "prospect" was the way to the Keesner cabin, but before he came in sight of it he stopped and looked and listened intently, to make sure he was the only traveler in that part of the forest. While he was taking this precaution, he was aware of a horse's tread, muffled on the sodden pine-needles, but approaching distinctly from the direction of the pass. Harkins began whistling and looking about him at the trees, as if considering their value as timber. The horseman proved to be Tony Keesner,—Tony, more down-looking and sullen than usual, with a fierce spot of light in each of his narrow black eyes fixed on the distance.

"Tony is trailin' somebody," Harkins commented, quietly watching his approach.

Tony was in the mood to resent the unexpected appearance even of a friend. He transferred the gleam in his eyes from the indefinite distance to Harkins's face, without a change of expression.

"How are you, Anthony?" said Harkins, in a soft, grave voice. "How's the cabin, and how's all the folks?"

"Cabin's empty, all but Dad," Tony replied.

"What have you done with the rest of the family?" Harkins asked.

Tony appeared to swallow something hard in his throat. It might have been rage—it

could not have been tears. "They're clean gone; they lit out together las' night. I been huntin' 'em sence sun up; I been clear over the pass to Fairplay."

"You're off the scent, Tony. You're all off, I'm just from camp. Bodewin's there, sloshin' round as cool as quicksilver; and Babe is there. Tony, I've got some advice to give you and the old man, but I want to hear from you first. How did this thing happen?—You must 'a' been d—— careless."

They rode on slowly, side by side, towards the cabin, talking earnestly, Tony in quick hard sentences, dropping like hailstones in the rain of Harkins's words. As they dismounted in front of the cabin and looked about them, each uttered in his own manner his favorite formula of profanity. The corral was empty, the cabin door was shut; the young setter dog howled and leaped against the door when he heard footsteps outside, but no voice from within bade him be quiet. A scrap of soiled white paper fluttered from the crack of the door, in which it had been wedged with a splinter of wood.

Harkins jerked out the wedge and handed the paper to Tony, with the question—"Is that the old man's fist?"

Tony acknowledged his father's handwriting. It addressed him briefly, as follows:

"Tony I got word of her she aint livin I am goen down to Camp to clame the boddie."

Both men swore again, as if it were a kind of rite each felt bound to go through with, under the circumstances.

"How did he go? Has he got a horse?" Harkins asked sharply.

"Yes," said Tony, without moving his eyes from the paper in his hand. "He's took the black."

"Git after him, then, quick as you can! He couldn't have got word before noon. He's not to show himself in camp, or to open his head till I'm ready for him. Understand? Tell him if he busts up my scheme again with his nonsense I'll see every mine he's got in—and himself, too, before I'll touch one of 'em. Look sharp now! You sate?"

Harkins delivered these words in his low utterance, commanding Tony with his eyes as well as his voice. Harkins had eyes with a heavy fold of the lid projecting over them, opidian eyes, with a sluggish power in them which better men than Tony Keesner had defied to their cost.

Tony hesitated—"You understand we've got to get even with Bodewin. It ain't waitin' and talkin' that'll do it," he said.

Harkins cursed him. "Haven't I got to get even with him? Do as I tell you, or

by — I'll have the sheriff after the old man and you too. You know who you're talkin' to!"

Tony knew. He put spurs to his horse and galloped away into the woods.

MRS. CRAIG had asked Josephine to stay with her during Mr. Craig's absence, or until Miss Newbold herself left the camp with her father on their homeward journey, which was to include Denver and the trial. Josephine had gladly accepted the invitation for its own sake, and also because she wished to get away from the mine. The light comedy of Mrs. Craig's manner, her domestic confidences and foolish little household jokes, combined with her real sensitiveness and tact, were happily curative in their effect upon Josephine's excited nerves. She found herself laughing weakly, like a fever convalescent, on small occasion. It was a relief to talk about clothes, to put on her prettiest dresses for Mrs. Craig's benefit, and to experiment with her back hair at that lady's suggestions. She gave herself up to be petted and admired, as only a woman can pet and admire another woman who represents to her what her own youth has been or might have been. More than all was it a relief to hear Mrs. Craig talk about Bodewin in a frank, commonplace way which took away something of the painful mystery Josephine's imagination had surrounded him with ever since his return. Mrs. Craig laughed at the idea of anything formidable connected with his reticence about his late adventure. "My dear, Bodewin is just like those little land 'turtles,' we used to call them when we were children. We used to catch them and knock on their shells and call to them to put out their heads; and, of course, they pulled them in as tight as they could squeeze. Depend upon it, your father and my husband, begging their pardons, have been knocking Bodewin on the shell and calling to him to put out his head. I know just how Joe and Bodewin are, together; they each bring out the other's most unpleasant traits. If we could have got Bodewin to ourselves when he first returned, I am perfectly certain we should know the whole story by this time. Bodewin isn't a man's man. I don't mean that he isn't a manly man. But he was born to be led by women — into trouble, and out of it. If only one woman could get him into permanent trouble by marrying him, and so keep him out of insane and promiscuous trouble, it would be a great relief to my mind. Bodewin isn't a bit of a genius that I know of, but I always feel for him that kind of unreasoning tenderness that geniuses and willful, lovable children always inspire, — a predisposition which has no justice in it. I know that Bode-

win's wife, if he had one, would have ever so much to forgive; but she would dote on his very faults."

"Perhaps if you had ever tried —" Josephine began, and stopped, coloring suddenly.

"— Being the wife of a genius?" laughed Mrs. Craig. "Oh, my dear," she continued, with a slightly exaggerated gayety, "don't you know those little, reddish-blond men are *all* geniuses? Born to blush unseen, many of them, but that is an accident of fate." Mrs. Craig was talking recklessly, under the unwonted excitement of having another woman of surprising congeniality to listen to her. She would repent before she slept of half that she said to Josephine during the day, and then proceed to pile up more food for repentance the next day. Of two women who are intimate, as a rule, one talks and the other listens. Josephine listened and wondered a little, but was greatly amused and on the whole comforted and led away from her own unaccountable unhappiness.

Mrs. Craig was not so occupied with talking to Josephine that she did not see there was a change in her, since the early days of her visit to the camp. She was more interesting, more complicated. Has she had an experience, her hostess speculated; has she taken one of those sudden leaps of development girls of her age are subject to; or is it because she is away from home for the first time, in this exciting, consuming climate, among conditions altogether strange to her? Or is it because Bodewin never comes to ask her to ride in the valley?

Mrs. Craig was not so easy in her mind about Bodewin as she professed to be. And Hillbury, who had hitherto in her knowledge of him been the most sane and satisfactory of men, had developed an idiosyncrasy on his own account to match the general absurdity of things. He too, while hovering near them, avoided them, as if under a vow.

The quarters of the government survey were not far from the Craig cabin. Mr. Hillbury was obliged to pass its door on his walks to and from the camp, unless he abandoned the ditch-walk for the woods. He thus found frequent occasion to bow to Josephine as she sat on the steps of the porch in the morning, the reflection from the sunny walk making her dark eyes luminous under the shade of her hat, or at evening, in the glow of sunset, her hands and arms bare to the elbow gleaming white in her lap. Sometimes he yielded to a reluctant fascination, and came across the foot-bridge for a few words with her, or even took a seat on the step below her, with the half-protesting air of one who owes it to himself to resist a pleasure within reach. But he

never went in. Mrs. Craig, amused and puzzled by his cautious attitude, teased him a little with playfully reiterated invitations; but Hillbury kept his outward defenses secure against all her neighborly assaults, and the more subtly undermining influence of Josephine's repose,—a repose unlike the bright directness of her manner as he recalled his first impressions of her. Hillbury would not have permitted himself to use the word in speaking of a girl like Josephine, but it was a repose charged with passion, as electricity slumbers in still, deeply colored evening skies. She talked little, but there was a divine intelligence in her face. Her movements were softer, she carried herself less unconsciously, her very hands had a different expression. Her eyes were less widely opened, and even when they rested upon indifferent things were full of an anxious tenderness. When they rested upon Hillbury he looked away, and his blood behaved in a manner which would have interfered with the simplest scientific inquiry. Hillbury kept himself well under his own supervision, and these warnings did not escape his stern insight, but there were times when he rebelled against himself and asked himself why he had not an equal right with other men to make a fool of himself. Had he not already made a fool of himself about a man; why not then about a woman? The privilege of being inconsistent and probably unhappy was denied him by no one but himself. There were other stirrings and questionings in Hillbury's mind at this time. The unlaid ghost of his affection for Bodewin daily and nightly troubled his peace. On his way home along the ditch-walk one evening, close upon the eve of the trial, Hillbury's mind being full of that coming event, he was aware of a man standing on the foot-bridge opposite the Craig cabin, in an attitude that was painfully familiar. Hillbury approached more closely, and stopped when he had reached the bridge.

"Bodewin," he said, "may I have a few words with you?"

"Is that you, Hillbury? You know me then once more. That is kind of you."

Hillbury was not discouraged by the tone of Bodewin's words. "It is possible," he began,—and his fine accent and dispassionate manner at that moment were peculiarly irritating to Bodewin's morbid sensitiveness,—"that I may have done you some injustice in certain unhappy conclusions that have lately been forced upon me. There is strong evidence against you. I have had to admit to myself that it is very strong. But I find I have an obstinate sentiment towards you, which does not rest on evidence. It is this sentiment which appeals to you now. I hope the appeal

may not come too late. It should never be too late to acknowledge a wrong. Have I wronged you, Bodewin? You only can tell me if I have."

Hillbury waited for some sign from Bodewin. None came that could be interpreted as an answer to his appeal.

"Are you unwilling to confide in me? Do you consider the suffering you may be causing those who care for you, by a reticence that leaves such grave questions unanswered?"

"You say you have a sentiment still left for me which does not rest upon evidence?"

"I have. I have been suffering from it for many days."

"God prosper it, then, or else kill it quickly," said Bodewin rather wildly. "I have no evidence to give you."

"You have nothing to say to me, then?"

"Are you my friend, did you say?"

"Are you an honest man?"

"Hillbury," said Bodewin, in his more natural manner, "I would that all men were as honest as I am, except these bonds."

"What bonds?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"There are bonds our sins make for us; there are other bonds which come from our duties. Are you in bondage to your body or your soul?"

"Do you expect me to answer your ghostly conundrums? Wait, and they will answer themselves," said Bodewin, with a return of his bitter flippance.

Hillbury looked at him sadly, trying in vain to read the expression of his face in the imperfect light, and then went on his way, past the cabin where Mrs. Craig and Josephine sat by the fire and talked of the coming trial.

"You must be *sure* to go!" Mrs. Craig was saying. "I'll never forgive you if you don't take the trouble to go and hear Joe's speech. It is a privilege his wife is debarred from because she is also the mother of his children;—and there is Bodewin's testimony. How *strange* it is that he hasn't been near us!" she exclaimed, suddenly forgetting her caution of many days.

Josephine's sigh echoed the word as she went to the window and looked out. The water wimpled along darkly, under the bridges and past the lighted windows. Bodewin still hung over the bridge rail where Hillbury had left him. His bitterness against Hillbury was intensified by the knowledge that to him in his calm deliberateness were open all the opportunities he felt obliged to deny himself, living, as he was, in the shadow of vengeance. His bonds were heavy upon him. It was incredible to him that Babe had not been publicly recognized. It was incredible that her

father's or her brother's bullet had so long been delayed. Bodewin knew the class of men they belonged to. He knew their unappeasable pride of vengeance; whether it would take the usual form of a bullet delivered at sight or a shameful story that would pursue him with a more deadly aim, or both bullet and scandal, he could only conjecture. In the meantime there was the trial, with Mr. Craig as counsel for the Eagle Bird.

XXII.

THE TRIAL.

THE case of the Uinta *versus* Eagle Bird was called in the afternoon. Mr. Newbold came back to his hotel to dinner that evening in high good humor. Harkins had made no fight at all, to speak of. He had rested his case on the records which Bodewin was ready to prove were not the true and original ones. His lawyer had talked through his nose and put his case before the jury in a slipshod way, on what he called its merits, without giving himself the trouble to make a speech. Thus said Mr. Newbold to Josephine, playing with her coffee-spoon, and dubious as to this easy victory. This was not the way, surely, by which Harkins had won his ill-omened reputation.

Josephine dressed herself to go into court with her father on the second day of the trial, with a nervous foreboding that it was to be one of the memorable days of her life. Her traveling dress, which she would have chosen to wear for its plainness, had received hard usage in the mountains. She put on instead the black satin with a dark shimmer of beads over the front, which she had worn the evening Bodewin had been presented to her. A little bonnet of gold-colored straw inclosed the crown of her head, and was tied under the chin with black velvet strings. She was buttoning her gloves, and getting very red in the cheeks while doing it, when a servant knocked with a note for her and a message from her father that he waited for her in the ladies' parlor.

"Tell him I am coming in a minute," she said, opening the note. "Oh, wait, please; is an answer wanted to this?"

"No answer, miss," the man replied, closing the door softly.

The note was written in a masculine hand. Josephine did not remember ever to have seen before. She knew Bodewin's close, angular characters and Mr. Craig's legal scrawl. She had no other acquaintances in the town that she knew of. The words of the note were:

"If Miss Newbold would not miss a scene of peculiar interest to herself for other reasons than those connected with her father's pocket, she will not fail to be in the court-room to-day."

The note was not signed. Josephine tore it up with the sensation of having received an insult, and dropped the pieces into a tall china jar that stood by her toilet bureau. She took up a fan, somewhat too heavily perfumed, and began fanning herself absently. It was nine o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already hot in the street outside. The windows of her room were open, the blinds darkened, and the noise of continuous passing came in as she had often heard it at home, when they staid in town after the summer heats began; only, instead of the heavy jar and rattle from the pavements it was the more exciting rush of light wheels, and the pounding of hoofs on a hard, resonant road. Perhaps, she said to herself tremulously, it would be better she should not go into court that day; but could she miss this chance, perhaps the last one, of seeing Bodewin!

"What a color you have got!" her father said, looking at her as if taking, for the first time, a dispassionate view of her appearance.

"These hot strings always make my face flush."

Josephine put up her hand to the bow of her bonnet-strings, lifting her chin and letting her lashes fall.

"Why don't you wear something different?"

"This is the only bonnet I have here."

"Wear a hat, then," Mr. Newbold suggested.

"A bonnet is the proper thing, papa. It is more conservative."

"If you want to be conservative, the thing to do is to stay at home."

"I promised Mrs. Craig I would hear her husband's speech," said Josephine, blushing at her own insincerity.

"Craig can't make a speech worth listening to! You will have to write her a lot of lies about it."

"Papa, I *wish* to go. I have always intended to go, since we first talked of the case. It cannot be so very unusual, or Mrs. Craig would not have asked me —"

"Come on, then; but, by George —!" Mr. Newbold left his sentence unfinished, except by another look of rueful admiration at his daughter.

MR. CRAIG in his opening speech gave a brief history of the dispute from the side of the defense, and said the defense would prove that the records by which the mine had been sold to Mr. Newbold were copies of the true and original ones; that the record of the original

survey would be produced in evidence and sworn to by the man who made it. He continued, that they could not prove the existing record on file, to have been willfully altered, but they could prove that the plaintiff had had an opportunity so to alter it, and they could also show the plaintiff to have been the author of a measure quite as arbitrary and illegal as the altering of loosely-kept public records. They could prove that he had caused a man, traveling peaceably on the public highway, to be seized and forcibly detained out of reach of his friends, or of communication with them, at a time when that man's liberty of action was inconvenient to the plaintiff. Colonel Harkins at this point in his opponent's argument rose and left the courtroom, returning with the Keesners, father and son, preceding him, with a noise of heavy boots, to seats near his own. The elder Keesner was instantly recognized by a number of people in the courtroom. Mr. Craig had alluded to him in his speech as one of Harkins's "affidavit men," who had conveniently disappeared when the sale of the mine in his name had been accomplished. His reappearance was regarded as a sign that Harkins had something in reserve for which the unexpected feebleness of his attack had been but a blind,—an impression which made itself felt in an agreeable stir of revived interest.

Jim Keesner's long, wolfish visage looked haggard in the strong light, among faces which showed better conditions. Tony's face was not generally known, but it excited attention for its sullen, picturesque beauty. As he took his seat, his head came between Josephine and her view of Bodewin, sitting at a distance, across the room. She had only ventured to look once at Bodewin, and had not been able to guess from the expression of his lowered eyes and pale set profile what his frame of mind might be.

The Keesners had entered the courtroom with that exaggerated sense of isolation under observation which persons unused to a large assemblage of people are apt to have, appearing in one under circumstances momentous to themselves. Tony kept his eyes down, under an impression that everybody in the room was looking at him. When at length he raised them, with a forced air of defiant indifference, he met Josephine's eyes fixed upon him in wondering, startled recognition.

The expression of her face meant nothing to him. He only felt its beauty, with a shock of his savage blood as he had felt it for the first time on the rocks in the blinding sunlight of Mike's claim. He hated her for making him feel the distance between them. He hated Bodewin for being the man who had sat at

her side on the rocks and talked to her with a fullness and ease of expression which might be supposed to please women but could only excite the contempt of men.

Josephine was no longer looking at or apparently conscious of him. Since it was out of his power to produce any other kind of impression upon her, he fell into visions of how he might hurt her with brute force. How he might press the color out of her cheeks with his two hard hands and see it rushing back again with helpless tears to the proud dark eyes. He could see the shape of her arms defined by her close-fitting dress, as she sat opening and shutting her fan. He shuddered slightly and set his teeth, imagining himself crushing their firm roundness in his gripe.

Mr. Craig was closing his speech. "Gentlemen," he was saying to the jury, "what we are obliged to do is to consider the character of the plaintiff in the light of this most characteristic deed. Bear in mind, it was not done as to John Bodewin, but as to any man whom the plaintiff wished temporarily to get out of his way. Had he desired to get him out of his way permanently, doubtless means would have been found to accomplish it. If either you or I, gentlemen, should, in the peaceful conduct of our affairs, be so unfortunate as to get in the plaintiff's way, we might expect to be disposed of as summarily as our witness was disposed of. The plaintiff is well known, wherever speculation in mines is carried on, as a man whom it is not only useless but dangerous to balk in the accomplishment of his schemes. Why? Because he has no scruples that interfere with his pursuit of other men's property. He belongs to the predatory class of men. He has no responsibilities as to his future or regrets as to his past. He glories in his successful crimes. He boasts of the power he claims to have of bending even the law to his purposes. Are we preparing for him another triumph of this kind? We are Western men; we want to encourage Eastern capitalists to seek investments in the West. One way to do it will be to show them that their investments in the West can and will be protected by the West. The misfortune of one Eastern property-owner will be a warning to a hundred others. It is just such men as the plaintiff in this suit—and not many like him would be needed to do it—who run the business of legitimate mining in the West."

Another ill-omened pair of eyes had dwelt upon Josephine's face during a greater portion of the time Mr. Craig was speaking. Colonel Harkins considered himself a judge of female beauty, and decided on deliberate inspection that Josephine's charms had not been overstated by rumor. He was looking

at her when Mr. Craig unexpectedly brought forth the words, "Bear in mind, it was not done as to John Bodewin." The Colonel was not a sensitive observer, but he could not fail to see that Josephine's face turned scarlet, as if her own name had been suddenly called in court in an oratorical tone of voice. He saw that she kept her eyes upon the speaker's face with a slight knitting of the brows, while the flush in her cheek subsided, revived again, and faded into a marked paleness. "She is tender in that quarter, too.—What the devil ails the women, to take after a cold-blooded sneak who can't tell which girl he wants till he has lost them both!" The Colonel's large, light felt hat reposed on the angle of his crossed knees. A crimson rosebud rested against the silk lining of his coat-lapel. His jaws projected squarely on either side of his Napoleon III. moustache and imperial, grizzled like the short, stiff hair on his massive head. He nursed an unlit cigar between his lips, and occasionally changed it from one corner of his mouth to the other, or tipped it sarcastically upwards towards the blunt beak of his nose. He listened, with perfect equanimity, to Mr. Craig's theory of his character and exposition of his methods; this was, in fact, one of Harkins's great days.

Sammis, looking brilliantly sunburned, in a new suit of clothes, was the first witness for the defense. He testified to the burning of the Gem Saloon, where the records of the camp had been kept in the days of its infancy. To the fact that Harkins had the records in his undisturbed possession for a day and a night, and part of the following day. That the proprietor of the Gem Saloon was known to have no insurance on his property and no ready money. That, in spite of having lost everything, he was notoriously better off after the fire than before it. Sammis bore his cross-examination well; but a friend of his who remembered some suspicious circumstances connected with the fire, found, under the opposite lawyer's questioning, that he had remembered too much. Another gentleman, who testified as to the position of the boundary monuments and declared that they had been changed within the time of his residence in the camp, was brought to the verge of tears by the unsympathetic manner of the plaintiff's counsel and the confusion in his own dates. But this gentleman had escaped Mr. Craig's supervision during the morning hours and had stimulated his memory with unwise potations.

Bodewin took his place on the witness-stand in a general silence of expectation. The real contest was now understood to have begun.

He testified that he had surveyed the Uinta and Eagle Bird claims in the spring of 1877.

That he had believed Harkins to be the owner of both claims at that time, although the record of survey for the Eagle Bird was made out in the name of James Keesner.

The records of both surveys, preserved in Bodewin's note-book, were produced and sworn to by him and examined by the jury.

Bodewin was shown a copy of the present record, and swore that it was not a true representation of the two claims. He explained the points of difference, and the new record was also given to the jury to compare with the original one.

One of the jurymen asked how a change could be made in a record on paper without its being evident on examination. Bodewin replied that a new record could be substituted, giving an entirely different description of the same property, the records of the camp at that time not having been bound together, but kept loosely, each one folded separately, in a candle-box, as a former witness had testified.

Here Mr. Craig made a pause, during which the witness appeared to be slightly restless.

"Mr. Bodewin," the counsel for the defense began again, "you started to cross the range on horseback on the morning of the 5th of September?"

After a moment's hesitation, as if considering the date, Bodewin answered: "Yes."

"Was it your intention in starting on that ride to appear as a witness on this case, then called for the 6th?"

"It was."

"Why did you not fulfill that intention?"

"I was prevented from doing so."

"State the nature of the impediment, if you please."

"It was of the nature of two men, armed with pistols and rifles."

"With these weapons pointed at you?"

"The pistols, yes."

"And by these means they induced you to change the course of your journey?"

"They did."

"The inducement was sufficient, I presume."

Mr. Craig had asked his questions in quick succession, in his nervous manner; Bodewin replying in a much lower voice, with a curious, defensive expression in his heavy-lidded eyes raised not quite to the level of Mr. Craig's.

"Were these men known to you?"

"They were not."

"Had you ever seen them before?"

"I had seen one of them once before without knowing his name."

"State where on the road between here and the camp you met with this impediment."

"It was not on the direct road between here and the camp."

"Where was it?"

"It was on the trail which joins that road on the other side of the pass."

"You were then on your way to the pass?"

"No." Bodewin could not resist a pause, during which he enjoyed Mr. Craig's ill-concealed discomfiture, and then added calmly: "I had nearly reached the foot of the pass when I was overtaken by one of these men, who induced me to return with him to a spot in the timber where, he said, a man lay wounded by the falling of his horse, who had an important message for me which he would only deliver in person. I went back with the supposed messenger's messenger, by the way of this trail, found a man lying on the ground apparently helpless and in pain; I dismounted to receive his message and was then easily made prisoner."

Bodewin was answering with reckless promptness, so far as the condition of his promise would permit. If Mr. Craig, in the insanity of his zeal, insisted upon putting questions his witness could not or would not answer, he must take the consequences.

"What was the nature of that message they trapped you with, Mr. Bodewin?"

"It was of a personal nature."

Mr. Craig did not press the question, though inwardly raging at Bodewin's impertinence, and longing for an opportunity to punish it.

"Were you forcibly prevented from returning to your home and occupation during all the time you were absent?"

"That may be a matter of opinion."

"How do you mean?"

"I was constantly kept in sight by one or both of my keepers, they carrying weapons, while I was unarmed. They informed me that if I kept quiet I would not get hurt, the inference being that if I did not keep quiet, I would."

"Under these circumstances you naturally kept pretty quiet."

Bodewin did not smile at or reply to this pleasantry.

"Was Colonel Harkins's name mentioned at any time between you and your captors during the time of your confinement?"

"It was."

"Give the conversation or conversations as nearly as you can recall them relating to Colonel Harkins."

"I remember but one conversation in which his name was mentioned. I cannot repeat it word for word."

"What impression did it leave on your

mind as to Harkins's connection with your capture and imprisonment?"

"I have not said that I was imprisoned —"

"Your restraint, then."

"It left the impression that Colonel Harkins was solely responsible for both."

"Where did they run you off to?" one of the jurymen asked.

Mr. Craig interposed, saying that his witness did not wish to criminate those persons who had carried into execution the plan of his abduction, regarding them, with characteristic magnanimity, as tools merely, in the hands of a power much more dangerous than themselves.

"There is a humane breadth of view," Mr. Craig continued, permitting himself an attempt at sarcasm, which he fancied would escape everybody but the object of it, "a humane breadth of view which but few of us can boast of, which enables us to sympathize even with those who have tried to injure us, when we understand and pity their circumstances. We look upon them as injured themselves, in proportion as they are injuring us, by their enslavement to an evil influence —"

"Oh, that's all nonsense!" said the lively jurymen. "Tell us where they hid you!"

The court protected Bodewin in refusing to answer the question, perhaps because it interfered with the court's dignity for jurors to assist at the examination of witnesses; but an unfavorable opinion was inevitably formed of the witness, as a person of high moral pretensions and unaccountable reserves, whose own actions would require close watching.

This opinion prevailed thenceforward among the men who were present, but the women generally respected Bodewin for keeping his own secrets and protecting his enemies. They were predisposed towards him for other reasons that would not sound so well in statement. They liked his youthful slenderness of person, the easy way in which he wore his well-cut clothes. They observed, those who were nearest to him, that his hands, although nearly as brown as an Indian's, were long, smooth, and refined-looking. They liked his Eastern accent, his quiet answers, and the slumbering intensity of expression, impossible to define, in his heavy-lidded, grayish eyes. They hoped he would come off well on the cross-examination.

The court now took a recess.

Mary Hallock Foot.

(To be continued.)

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA. VI.

CITY DWELLINGS. II.



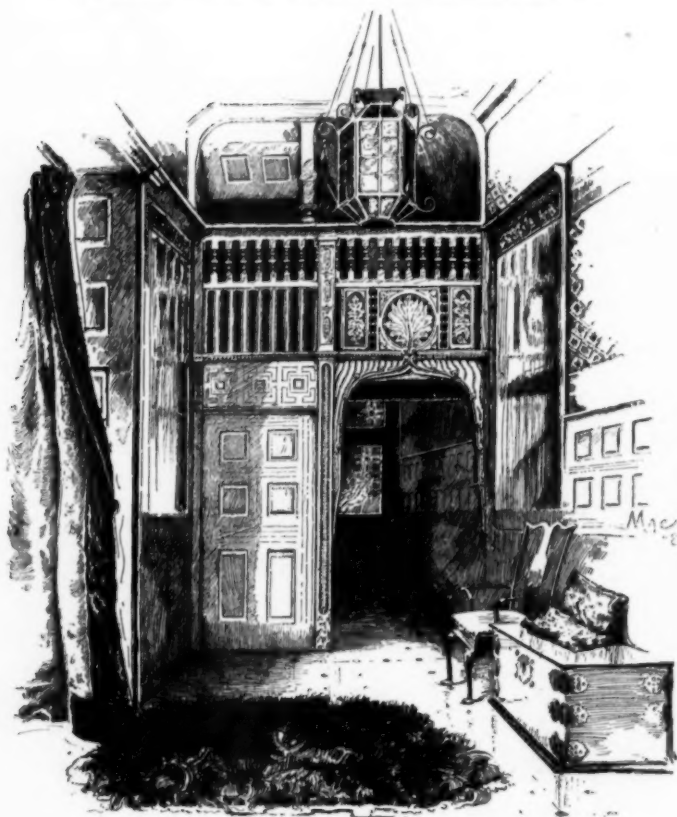
HOUSES OF F. L. HIGGINSON AND C. A. WHITTIER, BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

IN my last chapter, after referring to a few of the most conspicuous among the new homes of New York, I had but brief space left in which to say that even our average homes are also beginning to show marked improvement.

In nothing is this improvement more apparent than in the effort that is being made to use good and varied materials, and to treat each of them so as to reveal and to accentuate its best possibilities. We are at last trying to shake ourselves free from the monotonous tyranny of mechanically "pointed" red brick and mechanically smoothed and devitalized brown-stone. We handle our surfaces more vivaciously, and we proportion our units more artistically. It is not wonderful

that in the first reaction against lifeless nullity we should have run a little to the opposite extreme of over-ruggedness and over-emphasis, not only, as I have already said, in our monumental work, but also in our domestic. Spirit and vigor exist, for instance, in the basement of the house on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fifth street; * but they have been achieved in a rather too impetuous fashion. The stones are perhaps too large to be "in scale" with the general proportions; and they are certainly too rudely wrought to be in keeping with the quiet refinement secured in other parts, or with the delicate nature of the decoration. Compare this basement with that of the Columbia Bank, already once cited as a model, and we see a distinct progress in

* Here, as elsewhere further on, I am obliged to refer to illustrations that were given with the preceding paper.



MR. J. J. HIGGINSON'S HALL, 16 EAST FORTY-FIRST STREET.

work that has come at short intervals from the same office.

Our newest houses prove, no less, that we are beginning to do something better with our beloved high stoop than send it up straight and steep and narrow to the door. Some of the entrances on Fifty-seventh street are interesting examples; there is a good one on Madison Avenue not far below the railway station; and there are others in certain recently remodeled façades in the lower portion of Fifth Avenue.

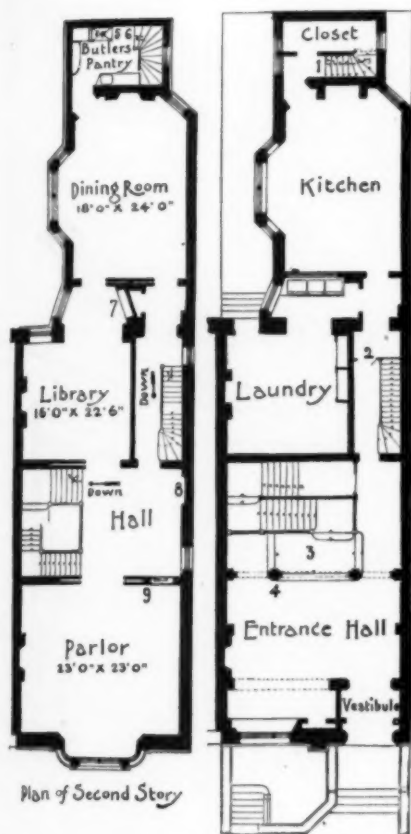
Again, we find cheering promise in our decoration. Look at the ornament of No. 724 Fifth Avenue, and see how artistic it is. If anything, it is too delicate, too quiet, too refined. But these are the best of faults; and they would be even if their opposites had not so long been our crying sins.

Boston too has grown ambitious of late years, and now shows many varieties of conspicuous good and bad. The bad need not detain us, yet even thus we shall have but

little space to note the good. The New York high stoop is becoming almost as frequent as the local type, and is often combined, more or less successfully, with the bowed front. Boston architects are fortunate in their beautiful red Longmeadow stone, and diligent in their efforts to make the most of it, both by itself and in combination with brick. Here as well as in New York the first revolt against mechanical smoothness led to the use of units too large in size and too unrefined in finish. There is a certain brutality of effect about many houses in the new "Back Bay" streets that springs from no defect but this. But here too there has been great improvement very lately—as, for example, in some houses on Commonwealth Avenue built by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden, where we see units which are suitable in size, and which in their finish hold the proper middle-ground between insignificance and rudeness.

Messrs. Sturgis & Brigham and Messrs. Peabody & Stearns should be cited for their

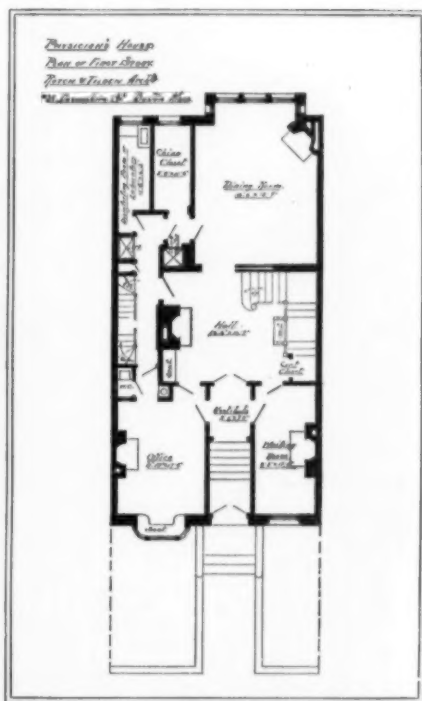
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PLAN OF MR. CHARLES KNEELAND'S HOUSE,
EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

numerous attractive façades in which successful efforts after a sensible novelty in design reveal themselves. A type, for example, which we already see quite often has a bowed front running up through two or three stories and surmounted then by a deeply recessed *loggia*, agreeable to use and most effective in its powerful shadow.

In other new dwellings we find a return to last century models — colonial or English — which savors almost too strongly of direct imitation. The colonial type is excellent as a point of departure rather than as a pattern to be copied literally. Our ideas, our tastes, our habits of living, *ourselves* — all have changed very greatly in the hundred years. And something of our wider views of life and art, of our more conscious desire for beauty and brightness, of our gayer, livelier — and more sophisticated — way of living, needs to be expressed in our domestic architecture.



PLAN OF DR. ROTCH'S HOUSE, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE,
BOSTON.

If we wish to see perhaps the very simplest good houses that have been built in Boston, we may look at a group in red brick erected by Mr. Emerson on Huntington Avenue, near Trinity Church and the Art Museum. And then, to take a very wide step and reach the other extreme, we may turn to the two great houses on Beacon street that are illustrated here — the one to our left being Mr. Richardson's, the other Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's. They differ greatly in style and treatment, but each has considered the other in its own growth, and consequently is helped, not hurt, by the presence of its neighbor. Mr. Richardson's is the more striking of the two, and there is always a fervor about his work that seduces the would-be critic. But it has been called a trifle too "medieval" in its massiveness and in the element of grotesqueness introduced into its ornamentation. Perhaps it is true that the expression of the other is better suited to a modern home — to the voicing of that modern life whose ideal is elegance rather than physical force. So charming a house is it, indeed, that one longs to give it unstinted praise. And one might if only the porch



MR. JAMES HAVEMEYER'S EXTENSION ROOM, 50 WEST THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET.

worked in better with the general design — looked more as though it had taken its place and shape by virtue of an unmistakable impulse of artistic growth.

In Washington a very large amount of domestic building has been done during the last ten years. The land is cheap, and the streets are so laid out as to offer an unwonted variety of sites. But one can hardly say that the very best use has yet been made of these advantages. Many houses are generously and agreeably planned, but all their charm must be sought inside. Part of their exterior unat-

tractiveness is often attributed to the fact that Washington is a poor and economical town as compared with its rivals north and west. But such an excuse is quite invalid. Even though brick has been the main material, even though there has not often been much money to spend on decoration — even so, there is no reason why Washington houses should vary almost exclusively between barren nakedness and rather frantic essays in "Queen Anne." Yet we may note a few exceptions, and note that they are increasing in numbers from year to year. Certain very simple brick structures are as-

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STAIRCASE IN MR. C. T. BARNEY'S HOUSE, 10 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

suming not unpleasing shapes, as, for instance, Mr. Hornblower's little apartment-house, the "Everett," on H street. And Mr. Richardson has built a great brick house which is impressive because very simple and very strong, but looks a trifle eccentric — perhaps because the latter good quality is somewhat over-emphasized. Mr. Richardson's manner is, in truth, almost too monumental to lend itself gracefully to domestic work. Yet he is always much more than well worthy of attention, and we

are interested to see what he will do with two other houses he is building now among the respectable old homes on Lafayette Square.

It would be an endless task did I try to go through our Western towns, noting all the variety of their efforts and all the tokens of progress they reveal. Many influences are striving in the West for mastery. English and German Gothic, French and German Renaissance, "Queen Anne," the Boston "swell front," the New York and also the



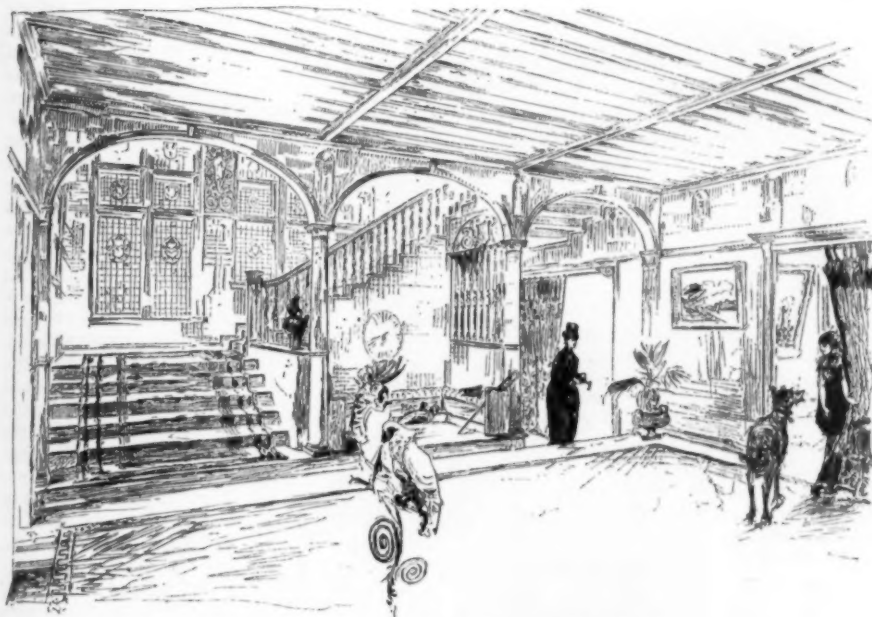
MR. C. T. BARNEY'S LIBRARY.

rural "vernacular,"—all these dwell side by side, if not in harmony, at least in mutual toleration. The speculator and contractor have not set the fashions here; the Western spirit is peculiarly prone to investigation, and Western towns offer a very wide field for experiment, since closely built blocks are hardly more common than spacious avenues lined by detached houses of great size and cost. In the general effect of these latter streets there is often much stateliness; and many individual houses are stately too, even when their details do not bear examination. As might be expected, we seldom find a slavish adherence to precedent, but very often a wildly eccentric "individuality" or an ignorantly audacious eclecticism. Yet I think the present tendency is toward the middle course of scholarly adaptation. I think each year shows more simplicity of conception, more reticence of manner, more artistic feeling in matters of detail. I may note especially that the great

roofs which have always been beloved "out West" are getting to assume quieter, more organic, and more reasonable shapes. I have no space to cite examples of success, but I cannot pass without a word Messrs. Cobb & Frost's new Union Club House in Chicago. It is not faultless as a composition, but it is massive, simple, quiet, dignified,—a structure we would gladly take in exchange, I am very sure, for any New York club-house, whether "vernacular" or "Queen Anne" in style.

And now to speak of our domestic interiors. If anything could be stupider than our old average exterior, it was certainly our old average interior. Yet it has been improving of late years with even swifter strides, and has now attained to a completer excellence. Here, again, we long excused our laziness with complaints as to the difficulty of a problem which certainly was not easy, yet was by no means so unmanageable as we said. Surely we ought sooner to have done something more than we

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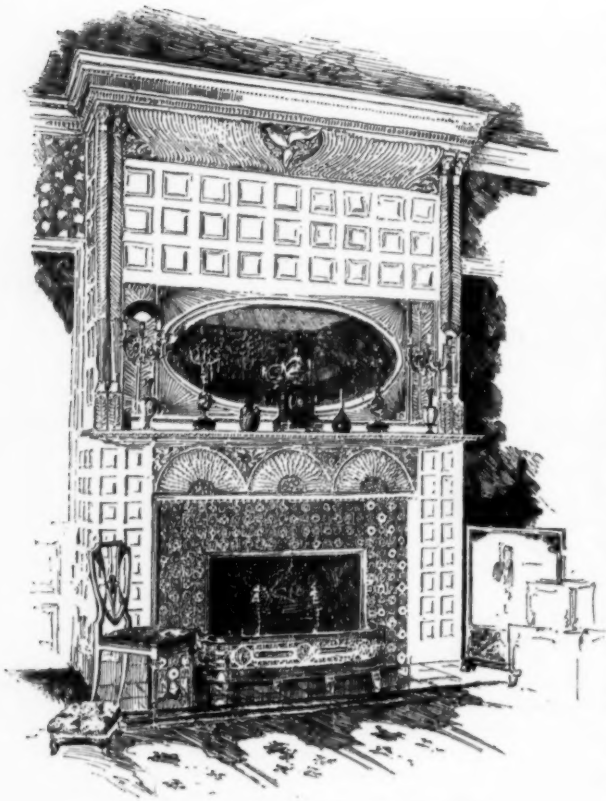
MR. CHARLES WHITTIER'S HALL, COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

did even with a plan twenty-five feet by seventy — something more than to make the narrowest possible dark hall with the narrowest impossible staircase, and to put three equal-sized rooms one behind another. Nor need we so have forgotten all rules of proportion as to believe that a very high ceiling was intrinsically "elegant," and must be secured no matter what our other dimensions. We might more properly have decided that if there is one thing a ceiling ought *not* to have, it is excessive height; better far that it should be too low, especially as with this decision would have come an amelioration of the chicken-ladders we were pleased to call our stairs. Nor would it have been difficult to improve these stairs still further, even though the rest of the plan had remained unaltered. Look at our illustration of a hall at No. 16 East Forty-first street, and we shall see how an ordinary house has been altered by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The stairs have simply been torn down, started again from the back, and turned on a landing half-way up. And the result is — an entrance space of decent width; a pretty effect of carved screen and balustrade and archway instead of the ugly old perspective; complete privacy for those who in using the stairs are no longer obliged to pass the entrance and the drawing-room door; and, consequent upon this last,

a possible omission of that servants' stairway which was so often a most harassing necessity.

Our plans will show how very much more than this has been accomplished in building new from the beginning. No. 724 Fifth Avenue is only a twenty-five foot house, but it looks a great deal larger when one is in it, and offers infinitely more of comfort and of beauty than we might think possible. The entrance-hall is a mere passage the width of the doorway. The front room, which thus gains greatly in breadth, is reached by a door at the end of this passage, where we step from it into the true hall, which fills the center of the house and has a great fire-place on one side and on the other a broad stairway with comfortable landings. But I will not describe what a drawing of the plan alone could tell with clearness, noting only the novel treatment of the back stairway, which is entirely built in and concealed from all save those who use it. The whole interior is transformed, and the wonder is that it took us so very long to see how such a transformation might be wrought.

A house by the same architects at No. 10 East Fifty-fifth street shows a similar arrangement of central hall and staircase. But as the lot is wider, the entrance-passage is broader, is no longer merely decorated but furnished too, and gives immediate access to the drawing-room. Such halls are sufficiently lighted



MR. NICHOLAS ANDERSON'S FIRE-PLACE, WASHINGTON.

by day through a skylight over the well, and at night are the most charming rooms of all. Many other houses of average size have been built upon the same general idea both by these architects (Messrs. McKim, Mead & White) and by others, and for a good result even twenty-five feet of width are not essential.* For none of all their many innovations are we more grateful than for the honor they pay the staircase. It may be, it always should be, and now it *is*, the very backbone of the house, not only as to use but as to beauty too. Yet for years we suppressed and compressed it into a shabby hideous instrument of torture.

In a physician's home domestic life and professional life should be separately accommodated, and the apartments devoted to the one should be isolated from those devoted to the other. Is it possible to do this within ordinary city limits? Or, if possible, will not space be too largely sacrificed? We might

disturbing his family but without passing through those parts of the house that are used by them. When we realize all this, and that there is not a corner lacking ample light, can we say that *nothing* is to be made even of an average house in the middle of a block?

The planning of a larger house may seem a less vital and a less difficult matter. It is certainly true that unintelligence will not here produce results intrinsically so bad. But its results will be just as bad when compared with the possibilities which offered—will sacrifice just as large a relative proportion of possible comfort, light, and beauty. More ingenuity and variety were sadly lacking in the arrangement of even our largest houses, but are conspicuously displayed in most of them to-day. We shall see this more clearly when our country homes are considered.

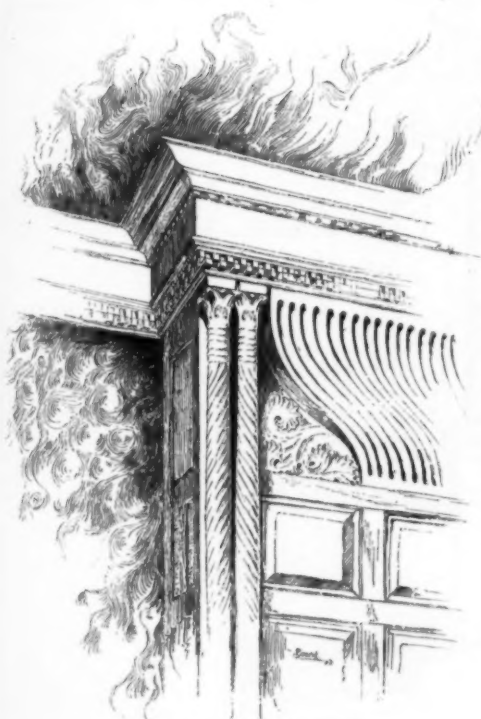
There is another important subject upon which too I need not dwell just now—the

answer doubtfully did not Messrs. Rotch & Tilden show us, in a house on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston, a quite ideal resolution of the problem.

It is a twenty-five-foot English-basement house, with an entrance-passage in the middle that admits to a waiting-room on the one hand and to a consulting-room on the other. At the end of the passage is the true house-door beyond which no patient comes. This opens into a central hall with its fire-place and broad stairway well lighted from above. Beyond is the dining-room, the drawing-room being as usual upstairs. The back stairway is in an inclosed space reserved at one side of the hall—a doubly advantageous arrangement here, since by its means the physician can pass from his consulting-room to a library above, and above this once more to a bed-chamber. When he desires—at night, for instance, or with infected clothing—he is thus able to live and move and have his professional being not merely without

* See, for instance, the plan herewith given of the English-basement house built by Mr. Haight on East Fifty-fifth street.

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DETAIL OF MR. ANDERSON'S MANTEL.

subject of interior decoration. Certain articles are ere long to follow these in which such decoration will be treated specially and fully, and in which, I may add, a particularly complete description will be given of Mr. Villard's house on Madison Avenue — undoubtedly the finest interior we have to show, and one that would do us infinite credit if shown beside the best of any land. There are, nevertheless, certain remarks which must here be made. It is in itself a fortunate sign that I can say they *must*; for it is a sign that our interior decoration is a part of our *architecture* strictly so considered. A necessary state of things, it may be thought, and one which in itself is not much to boast of. Yet it was not so necessary but that we entirely escaped from it during very many years. The architect was utterly banished from our interiors during all the time that divided our old houses from those of the very recent renaissance we are now reviewing. When he had built his walls he seems to have been quite satisfied. And we were quite satisfied when we had

called in the carpenter to insert flimsy pine doors and meager machine-made moldings, the marble-cutter to set a clumsy stolid white mantel, and the plasterer to affix a ghastly cornice and to sweep a flourish of absurdity in the middle of the ceiling. We did not even remember the word *decoration*. We built our houses and we furnished them — that was all; and inside, *building* never meant anything accessory to the mere rude fabric. Even when we began to long a little after beauty, even when we first made our furniture more attractive, the same ignorance prevailed. We did not try to beautify our *house*, we only tried to fill it with beautiful things; and our subsequent attempts at real decoration were for a while superficial only — were demanded of the painter and the paper-hanger, not of the architect. It is only within years so few that we can almost count them on the fingers of one hand that we have tried to *build* interior beauty, to make it part and parcel of the house itself. But in our best work to-day it is the architect who has imagined the general effect and has planned for it in every detail — in the richly screened or

CORNER CUPBOARD IN HOUSE OF MR. F. F. THOMPSON,
283 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

balustraded staircase, in the wood-work everywhere, in the mantels which are a portion of the wall and not a mere excrescence, in the colors and patterns and materials for wall and ceiling, often in the shapes and colors and materials of the furniture itself. The good impulse has already descended, indeed, even to our speculative building—though, of course, it is not apt to reveal itself here in the most delightful manner. We have space for but one or two illustrations, and for no commentary whatsoever. I will only explain that the "extension room" of the house No. 50 West Thirty-seventh street is shown, not because of any great excellence, still less because it is at all characteristic of the work that Messrs. McKim, Mead & White enchant us with to-day, but simply because of its interest as one of our very first tentative essays in the right direction. The hall of No. 10 East Fifty-fifth street is a better example of their work. The Boston hall is theirs also—rather inadequately pictured, I am sorry to say; and the mantel is from Mr. Richardson's house in Washington. Let me only add, lest I should be grievously misunderstood, that I do not in the least undervalue the work that has been done by our decorators who are *not* architects. Certainly it is only by the aid of such that the architect is likely to succeed in his higher decorative efforts. No architect—in these days when artists are not Michael Angelos for versatility—can himself supply what a painter like Mr. La Farge will give him, or a sculptor like Mr. St. Gaudens. But, on the other hand, neither Mr. La Farge with his beautiful color in paint and glass, nor Mr. St. Gaudens with his beautiful form in bronze and stone, can do his best if the architect has not prepared the way for him. Such art as theirs, moreover, is a luxury for the very few, while architectural decoration is within the reach of every man who builds himself a home. For to be sufficient it need not imply the introduction of any unavoidable feature or any unnecessary detail. It need only mean that



DRESSER IN MR. HORACE WHITE'S HOUSE, 51 EAST FIFTY-FIFTH STREET.

each obligatory detail and feature, no matter how small or simple, has been included by the architect in his conception of the structure.

Many sins of omission rise before me as I try to bring these long pages to a close. For example, I have not even mentioned our hotels and our huge apartment-houses. Perhaps, however, the less said of them the better. They vary, writes an epigrammatic critic, "between the Scylla of monotony and the Charybdis of miscellany." Scylla is, without doubt, the better haven. The Astor House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel seem at least more peaceful than those enormous up-town structures that are enwrapped in miscellanies at once riotous and puerile and vulgar. I know that the problem offered by huge buildings of the kind—with their twelve stories sometimes, and their innumerable small rooms within—is supremely discouraging. I know, too, that a large expenditure of pains and skill has often produced very good results in

the interior. Nor do I presume to say that there may not be good exteriors among the multitude that have been built in these latter years. I would only testify that, so far as I have seen in New York and elsewhere, there is but *one* which merits praise. This is Mr. Hardenberg's "Dakota," on the west side of Central Park.

And now I will give a final word to a very simple, plebeian little house lately built in New York on Greene street, just before it ends at Clinton Place. For I want to enforce once more the virtue — nay, the charm — that lies in mere solidity. Why is it that even when our walls are really quite thick and strong enough, they so often look like flimsy screens? It is partly because they are not well composed, but largely, also, because their strength is not shown outside, because we put the sash-frames close up to their outer

surface, leaving no visible depth of wall and preventing all play of light and shadow. The deep "reveals" — excellent technical name, since they show so much we want to see — of our iron façades may be cited as a virtue to set against their many sins. But it is a virtue often wanting to work that should in every way be better. We find it, though, in this Greene street house, and all the more conspicuously since there is no decoration to assist it. The windows — square and round-headed — are nicely proportioned, the wall-spaces are broad and quiet, and the string-courses are structurally expressive. But the effect would be far less satisfactory were it not for the unusual depth of the reveals and the consequent bold marking of the shadows. If something better could take the place of the present sordid little steps, this would, in its own modest way, be a very satisfactory little house indeed.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

CRUEL and wild the battle:
Great horses plunged and reared,
And through dust-cloud and smoke-cloud,
Blood-red with sunset's angry flush,
You heard the gun-shots rattle,
And, 'mid hoof-tramp and rush,
The shrieks of women speared.

For it was Russ and Turkoman,—
No quarter asked or given;
A whirl of frenzied hate and death
Across the desert driven.
Look! the half-naked horde gives way,
Fleeing frantic without breath,
Or hope, or will; and on behind
The troopers storm, in blood-thirst blind,
While, like a dreadful fountain-play,
The swords flash up, and fall, and slay—
Wives, grandsires, baby brows and gray,
Groan after groan, yell upon yell—
Are men but fiends, and is earth hell?

Nay, for out of the flight and fear
Spurs a Russian cuirassier;

In his arms a child he bears.
Her little foot bleeds; stern she stares
Back at the ruin of her race.
The small hurt creature sheds no tear,
Nor utters cry; but clinging still
To this one arm that does not kill,
She stares back with her baby face.

Apart, fenced round with ruined gear,
The hurrying horseman finds a space,
Where, with face crouched upon her knee,
A woman cowers. You see him stoop
And reach the child down tenderly,
Then dash away to join his troop.

How came one pulse of pity there—
One heart that would not slay, but save—
In all that Christ-forgotten sight?
Was there, far north by Neva's wave,
Some Russian girl in sleep-robcs white,
Making her peaceful evening prayer,
That Heaven's great mercy 'neath its care
Would keep and cover him to-night?

Anthony Morehead.



ARIANA AND THE SEÑOR.

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JOHN TONER'S EXPERIMENT.

IT was a chill November afternoon, and Cour de Paradis was almost deserted. It was one of the shabby, irregular streets of the French quarter of New Orleans. At one end it was entirely closed up by the side wall of a tall brick building; and at the other the church of Jean Baptiste blocked the way so completely that the only mode of egress was a narrow alley which led around the corner of the church, and out in front of it. Between these two limits it wound at its own crooked will, and in some parts was quite wide, while in others opposite neighbors could almost shake hands from the jutting galleries on the second story. The most pretentious of the humble houses stood slightly back from the street, in a tiny court-yard of its own, which was the one bright spot in the place. Once a latticed wall and high arched gateway shut in the little court from public gaze; but now the gate swings on one hinge, and the lattice is decayed and broken, and through its gaps one can see the dying flame of the last scarlet verbenas, and the flagged walk shadowed by broad-leaved Spanish plum-trees, and whitened with the drifting snow of orange blossoms.

The sun crept up the side of Jean Baptiste, bringing out its green mold-stains, and fell in a broad stream on the small inclosed space in front of it, where a parched and stunted plot of rosemary filled the air with faint odor, and the grass grew rank.

Just as the sun reached the arm of the cross above the church, the vesper-bell rang out with thin, clear strokes, and presently house-doors began to open, and people to pass along in answer to its voice. They were, for the most part, Creoles, or sometimes a negro nurse, with a gaudily turbaned head, driving before her a flock of children whom she alternately scolded and cajoled in the broadest of gumbo French.

Some one, midway in the row, began to play a scale on a flat-toned piano; and while the first notes were still echoing through the place, two people turned the corner of the church and entered the Cour de Paradis.

The elder was a short, spare man, an unquestionable "down-easter," with hair and beard streaked with gray, and keen, restless eyes; his clothes were fast verging upon rustiness. In one hand he carried a small black bag, and with the other led a girl who followed him with lagging steps.

"We're most there now," he said encouragingly.

agingly; and presently they stopped before one of the smallest and shabbiest houses, where a plate informed the public, "Signor Guido Sporza, Teaches to sing and to play, at moderate prices."

This was the house from which the sound of the piano came. At first the man knocked in vain, for by this time the young musician was in all the agonies of a five-finger exercise, which she played at once so slowly and so violently that one might have believed that she must prostrate herself on each separate note, and that the interval was required for her to recover herself before she could proceed to the next.

With an impatient exclamation he pushed open the door, and walked uninvited into the parlor. A woman with a peevish, sallow face sat sewing as she counted time in a shrill and monotonous voice for the toiler at the piano.

"Is that you, John?" she said, without rising. "Why, we didn't think to see you back these two weeks."

"You didn't? Well, don't let the joyful surprise kill you," said he, dryly. "Is the young un at the pianer one er the scholars?"

The woman nodded assent.

"Send her home, an' go tell Sporza I want him."

"She pays extra to practice here, and her hour ain't up yet," Mrs. Sporza said. "Who's that girl with you, John?"

"Oh, I guess it ain't necessary to your happiness to know," he answered. "I know, an' that's about enough." And without further parley he walked up to the musician and bade her go home — an order at once obeyed with round-eyed and joyful haste.

"Land, John!" said Mrs. Sporza; but that was the sole protest she made. Her brother was the one person with whom she never wrangled.

"Where's Sporza?" he asked. "I've got to be at Grunewald's afore they close, an' it's gettin' late."

Mrs. Sporza opened the window and looked up the street.

"Here he comes now," she said. "Vespers are just over."

The Signor was a small man in trousers of the largest check, and a brilliantly flowered waistcoat. As he was a child of the sun (that is, of Italy), he reveled in gay colors, and his necktie was the brightest red.

"Aleece," he began, as he put his foot on

the first step, and continued his remarks as he trotted through the hall, "Aleece, you vill 'ave to geeve dat Sophie girl a noteecce dat she leave. She 'ave now de twin in de coal-bin vile she talka love to de grocer young-a-man —" By this time he was at the parlor door, and paused in surprise at the sight of his brother-in-law and his companion.

As they shook hands Toner said:

"I come on business, Sporza, so I guess you might as well tell Alice to clear out till we've settled it."

Mrs. Sporza cast a withering look at her brother, but prudently said nothing. The Signor looked dismayed at the task before him.

"My dear," he began timidly, "you 'ear vat your brother say —"

"I ain't deaf, but if I ain't a right —"

"Look a-here," said Toner, "I'm in a hurry."

Mrs. Sporza went slowly across the room, and the Signor added, with a view to propitiation:

"Eef you vud search up dat Sophie girl, de twin, you know —"

"I don't know!" and the door closed after her with emphasis.

"What a tongue she's got! I tell you, Sporza, it's well you're one er the meek kind," said Toner.

The Signor heaved a long sigh and nodded his head.

"I'd be drove to drink in a week," Toner said meditatively, "if I was you. Have a cigar?"

The Signor eyed it wistfully and again shook his head and sighed.

"She like not de smoke," he said.

Toner chuckled with dry appreciation, and presently, perhaps encouraged by the sound, the Signor put out his hand absently and lit a cigar; but he smoked it furtively, and showed a tendency to hide it at the slightest sound.

"You 'ave with you a young-a lady," he said, suggestively.

"Ye-es. She's a kind er *ex*-periment."

"Es-speriment!" the Signor repeated vaguely.

What he saw was a girl of perhaps twelve, but small and slight for her age, with a thin, dark face, made darker by sunburn, and shadowed by a shock of jet-black hair. She sat on the edge of her chair and stared sullenly at the floor. She might have been deaf and dumb for all the interest she took in what was going on around her.

"An *ex*-periment," Toner repeated slowly.

"A sort er 'Cast your bread on the water an' it'll turn up again.' You see, Sporza, pianner-tunin' ain't much for makin' a fortun', an' I never had a chance at nothin' else. It's been a sort er cheap John with me ever since

I was knee-high to a grasshopper. But now, I guess I've a-bout hit it, an' I'm a-goin' to cast my bread with the chance o' it comin' back — comin' back thick-buttered inter the bargain, Sporza!"

"Eet ees vary nice to 'ave de bread butter," said the Signor vaguely. "But vat ees eet you vill do vith de young-a lady?"

"I'm a-comin' to her. You know this last trip I went out into the parishes among the little towns — an' God-forsaken places most er 'em are, with ev'rything datin' back afore the war! Tell 'em their pianners ain't no account, an' mostly you'll be told, 'It's a very fine instr'ment. It was bought befo' the wah!' — as if pianners was Methuselers, an' never wore out. Last week it was, I put up at one er them little towns — Plaquemine' its name — all cane-fields an' dead-level roads leadin' to nowheres in partic'lar. It wasn't much of a place for biz, the town wasn't; but there I was, an' there I had to stay three days afore a boat 'd land an' pick me up. Such a place! If I was a drinkin' man I'd 'a' drunk *sure*; but I ain't. So I jes' loafed 'round an' kep' my eyes open. The house I put up at was *The Friendship's Exchange* — though why she called it *that*," he said, pausing again in his narrative with a reflective air, "I can't make out."

"So?" said the Signor, with an air of polite interest, but still looking dazed.

Lighting a fresh cigar, Toner went on:

"Alice's got a tongue, but it's a mild one alongsiden that landlady's. Principly she nagged that child yonder, an' once or twice I spoke up for her, feelin' sort er sorry, but precious little good it done. Well, the night before I left, I was finishin' up a job at the other end er town, an' it kep' me pretty late, an' as I come through the yard (mortal a-fraid er the dog) I heard some one a-singin', and when I heard it" (Toner shook his head impressively), "give you my word, Sporza, I clean forgot all about the dog an' just stood there a-listenin'! It was that child yonder, a-sittin' on the kitchen steps, singin' like a mocking-bird. Says I, 'John Toner, here's your chance!' The next day I found out she was an orphan. The woman'd took her out er charity, an' was precious glad to get rid er her."

"But vat you do vit'er?" the Signor asked again.

"Learn her to sing," Toner said. "Get you to take her in hand. She won't cost you nothin' — I'll do that part; an' I tell you there's money in her voice. Not operer, you know, — leastways not at first, for operer means Italy an' a lot o' money, — but *se*-lect concerts where she'll come out in a black dress an' a bunch o' flowers, an' Alice to play propriety."

"She 'ave not beauty," the Signor says, critically. "But you say she 'ave de voice?"

In answer, Toner took his seat at the open piano, and beckoned to the girl. After a moment of sullen hesitation she obeyed.

"Now, you sing out," he admonished her, as he ran over the air with a loud, incisive touch. The strain was odd and rambling, with now and then a minor note breaking in upon its monotonous flow.

The girl stood watching him with the furtive look of a creature forever upon the alert to escape a blow, until he struck the chord, and motioned to her to begin. At the first note the Signor started from his chair and drew nearer the piano.

It was that old and almost forgotten negro melody, "Nicodemus the slave was of African birth."

Through the brief summary of Nicodemus's life her voice rang out with the strength and clearness of a trumpet. There was no attempt at modulation, no shade of expression; it was one rich swell of sound. One note merged itself into another with that wailing rhythm which is a feature of negro singing, and her body swayed to and fro in time to its cadence. Then the wild refrain burst out, and floated down the quiet street:

"Oh, de good time's comin', 'tis almost here,
But 'tis long, long, lo-ng on de wa-y!"

Before the sound had fairly died away the girl was back in her seat, with the same impassive face. The Signor drew a long breath. "*Gran Dio!*" he cried. "Vat a voice!"

Then the enthusiasm of the man gave place to the criticism of the artist. "But," he added, "she drag too much de voice!"

"Then you'll take her?" Toner asked. The Signor's enthusiasm suddenly departed.

"Aleece——" he began.

"Hang Alice!" Toner growled.

"Eet vill be as she say. And den——eet take a long-a time to train de seeng-er, and much prac-teze. Besides dat, de young-a lady vill 'ave to be learn' to talk. I spick not your languish vell, for I am of Italy, but *she*——she spick it like de black!"

The Signor was right; her accent was atrocious. It was negro; nay, it was worse,——it was "po' white"; there was not a single *r* in her whole vocabulary. Not that such a lack matters much in the singing of negro songs; it was only when the Signor asked her name that the absence of that useful letter became glaringly apparent.

"Ayana Wawnah," she answered, not looking up from her study of the ingrain carpet.

"Arianer Warner," Toner said, coming to the Signor's aid. "Her class come it strong

on first names. She ain't an F. F. by no manner o' means. Father was an overseer an' died durin' the war. It was her gran'father raised her, but *he's* been dead goin' on three year, too."

At the mention of her grandfather the child moved uneasily, and for the first time raised her eyes. They were large and dark, and stared with sullen melancholy out of her thin face.

At this juncture Mrs. Sporza's voice was heard in the hall berating the delinquent Sophia, and the Signor looked around for a place to hide his second cigar. While he wavered between a vase and a card-basket, she entered with the lamp, and a demand to know how much longer she was to be kept out of *her own* parlor. The Signor dropped his cigar on the floor, fervently praying it might go out undiscovered, and looked out on the dim street with a preoccupied air.

It was Toner who unfolded the scheme, and after much bickering she yielded her consent, but as ungraciously as possible, making it distinctly understood that she had no faith whatever in the fortune the child's voice was to bring. The matter being settled, Toner rose to go. At this instant Mrs. Sporza detected the smoldering cigar.

"How eet come dere?" the Signor says feebly. "Eet ess vare strange——"

"It *is* strange," she cried angrily, "that you can smoke the bread out of your children's mouths. I won't say mine, as that——"

"Hold on a bit!" Toner interrupted. "I paid for that cigar. Precious little, too,——it was smuggled,——an' a prime article it is!"

The next day Ariana took her first lesson. Sporza began by playing and singing the first note of the scale. A shrill, derisive laugh burst from the child and silenced him.

"O-oh, Lordy! d'y'e call thet air singin'?" I kin do twice's good's *thet*!"

Though somewhat confounded by his new pupil's audacity, the Signor very kindly and patiently tried to explain to her the process of cultivating a voice; and when he again struck the chord she droned after him listlessly.

"Vy you not seeng out?" he questioned, imploringly; and then, with a sullen twist of her shoulders, she fairly screamed the notes.

"Ah, now you seeng too *skrilly*!" said the patient Signor.

A moment later Mrs. Sporza's face looked in at the door.

"You've woke up the twins, and you'd better not sing like that again, or——"

A cowed look came over the impudence of the child's face, but a sullen fire flashed for an instant into her dark eyes.

That afternoon the Signor started off on his rounds, on his usual jog-trot. Shortly afterward Mrs. Sporza went out to spend the afternoon, and as soon as the coast was clear Sophie took the twins and strolled forth in search of admiration.

Finding herself alone, Ariana stole upstairs to the small, bare room where she had slept the night before, and gazed out of the window like some trapped creature. As she stood so a sound rose from the direction of the river, and quivered through the heavy air; it was the whistle of a boat. To her it was the greeting of an old friend. As far back as she could remember that sound had been part of her life. When it pierced shrill and clear through the morning air, she knew the sun would usher in the dawn; and in the dead of night, when it rose with long-drawn, muffled tones, which were hardly spent before another echoed it, she knew the white fog was dropping over the river. The familiar sound brought up before her the vision of a lonely grave in the shadow of a cypress grove, with no headstone to mark it, and not even the rudest fence to protect it from the cattle.

For an instant she wavered, and then, snatching up her hat, she crept downstairs and out of the house.

Several hours later John Toner, coming out of a music-room, stumbled over a child huddled up in the corner of the doorway; stooping to see if he had hurt the child, he discovered Ariana. She was fast asleep, with her black elf-locks falling over her pinched face; and as he shook her she opened her eyes, staring stupidly at him. Then a look of fear and distrust came over her face, and jerking her shoulder out of his grasp, she cried:

"Jes' yo' lemme 'lone now! I'm a-goin' back ter home."

"You can't go anywheres at this time er night, an' if you *could*, you ain't the money. Now jus' you go back to the Seenyer with me, an' we'll talk it over to-morrer, an' if you still hold out you want ter go back, why then—I'll take you."

"D'yo' mean *that*?"

"Yes," he said.

"Honest?"

"Yes," he nodded; "honest!"

"Then," she said, relapsing into her drawl, "I'll go with yo', I reckon."

They found the Signor's household in a state of wild excitement over her disappearance, and its mistress received her with a torrent of questions and abuse, which she was too tired to notice.

The next day Toner called to fulfill his promise to Ariana.

"Now let's hear why you want ter go back,"

he said. "You ain't no one there, and Mrs. Collins treated you worse'n a nigger."

"I don't keer," she said, doggedly. "I hate this year place; it chokes me."

"Your gran'father's dead," Toner began, reflectively.

"I reckon I know that 'thout bein' tole." Then a sudden spasm contracted her passive face, and the words seemed to force their way through her lips against her will: "Th' ain't no fence nor nuthin' 'round where they buried him, an' ef th' ain't no 'ne ter tend ter it, th' cows an' pigs they jes' tromp it flat, an' I'm a-goin' back ter mind it. E'en Mrs. Collins she lemme do *that* o' Sunday evenin's."

"If that don't beat the Jews!" he said. "Look a-here—if you'll promise to stay here and let the Seenyer learn you, I'll put a fence round him. Jes' you stay here an' learn to sing real well, an' some day you'll be rich—so rich you can put a marble over him as high's this house, if you've a mind ter."

"An' a iron fence?" she asked gravely.

"Yes, as strong as all *cre*-ation."

"Honest?" she asked, solemnly; "cross-your-heart and hope to never?"

"Yes, cross-my-heart and hope to never."

That settled the matter, and in this way it happened that Ariana's life became inclosed within the narrow limits of Cour de Paradis. It was not a rose-tinted life, for Mrs. Sporza was a lady of strong will. Sophie was promoted to the place of cook, and the twins given into Ariana's charge, together with all the rougher work, and the thousand and one things which no one else cared to do. As Toner had stipulated that she was to attend the public school, Mrs. Sporza sometimes allowed her to go when there was nothing in particular to be done about the house.

At school it proved to be no pleasanter than at home. When she was first entered, she was so ignorant that the smallest children were placed above her, and the girls of her own age laughed at her odd dress and accent. Her feelings were too dull for this life to embitter her; it only increased her native timidity and reserve until the people about her called her sullen.

So she plodded upward to womanhood, until the time came when Mrs. Sporza decided that she need no longer go to school, and Toner began to talk half nervously, half jocosely of the day when his experiment should be put to public test; but she puzzled him.

"Queer she is. I ain't a judge o' wimmen!" soliloquized Toner; "but she's a tip-top voice, an' no mistake!"

Shortly after this Toner returned to Cour de Paradis, accompanied by a stranger whom

he brought to pronounce judgment on Ariana's voice.

He graciously intimated that the girl might begin, and then leaned back in his chair with a critical air. During the first few bars he beat time to the music, but presently surprise stayed his hand. As she ended, there was a silence, and they waited for the great man's verdict,—Toner nervous, the Signor confident, Ariana indifferent,—and at last it came.

"The Signorina have in her voice a fortune!" he said. "But"—he shook his head—"she lack expression. It is brilliant, but it do not touch."

"Dat ees vat I tell to 'er alway," the Signor said mournfully; "but eet ees of no use. She 'ave eet not."

"When you sing, Signorina," the impresario said oracularly, turning to Ariana, "you must have no self. What you do sing that it is, you must be."

"But I can't," she said.

Nor could she. To sing with expression—to sing dramatically—one must have imagination. That Ariana utterly lacked, and nothing yet within the narrow limit of her experience had supplied its place. So far she had trodden the path marked out for her unquestioningly. The music-lessons, the household drudgery, Mrs. Sporza's sharp words, were accepted with utter impassiveness. To cow a nature like Ariana's is to teach it to put on the semblance of stupidity, until the semblance becomes reality.

In this way another year went by, and once more summer had given unwilling place to autumn. The roses still lingered; and in the little courtyard chrysanthemums nodded to the wind, which stripped the late oleanders from their stems, and scattered them far and wide along the street.

A young man who had sauntered along, thus far, in sheer idleness, stopped at the angle of the church, and surveyed the shabby little *quartier* with interest. The cross above his head was growing ruddy in the afternoon light, and from the churchyard beneath it rose the faint yet pungent odor of the rosemary.

As he stood idly in the sunshine he was roused by the sound of feet behind him, and before he could move something came into violent contact with his legs. A little startled, he turned, and looking down, saw a small boy sitting on the pavement—a boy with the face of a Cupid. At that moment its archness was obscured by the injured expression with which he was regarding Stuart Tresmond. While they were still looking at each other, another boy and a young woman turned the church-corner hastily. She helped the child to rise, and then said timidly to Tresmond:

"I'm sure Guido's sorry he ran against you, sir. Ask the gentleman's pardon an' tell him you're sorry, Guido."

"Think he'd better ask *mine*. Wasn't *me* frowed *him* down!"

"Yes, Arian'," the other child said, upholding his brother's veracity, "you know when we came the gen'leman was standin' up—it was Guido sittin' down."

Tresmond laughed at this conclusive argument, and then noticed for the first time that the children were so alike they might use each other as mirrors. Up to this point all his attention had been concentrated upon their companion, and even now, as he accepted the situation and gravely apologized to Guido, he saw only her as she stood looking on him with an expression half distressed, half amazed.

Her dress was very shabby,—that his eye took in at once,—but what her dress lacked in vividness her face supplied. The coloring of lip and cheek mocked the scarlet of the pomegranate flower, and the veil twisted carelessly about her head only half concealed the jet-black hair, growing low upon her forehead, in startling contrast to the cream-tinted skin; from under the dark shadow of their long lashes her eyes half met, half evaded his own.

As he ended his little speech, and before the silent observation had ceased, she made an awkward bow and, with the children clinging to either hand, hurried into Cour de Paradis, while he stood looking after her until she entered one of the houses. After a moment's hesitation he sauntered slowly into the place and looked curiously at the house she had just entered.

The next day, partly through accident, partly through design, his rambles brought him again into the neighborhood.

He was a young gentleman of infinite leisure, who all his life long had been guided by impulse rather than principle;—handsome, idle, fond of pleasure, but kind-hearted, and possessed of a certain refinement of taste which so far had supplied moderately well the place of higher qualities.

It had taken strong hold upon his imagination, this dingy little *cul de sac*, with its air of antiquity, and the girl with eyes as melancholy as if the shadow of the place had fallen across her life and dimmed it. It came to him like the fragment of an idyl of which he must read the end.

He passed the Signor's house and looked eagerly at the window, but she was nowhere to be seen; walking to the end of the street, he turned and came slowly back. This time as he approached the house he caught the strains of a song which held him spellbound.

Note after note of each long roulade and trill rose with such liquid sweetness and strength that it seemed as if she breathed rather than sang the strain. At last it died into silence. As he was about to turn away, the Signor's sign caught his eye again, and a perverse imp of mischief suggested the happy expedient of taking lessons. Why not? He had a voice, time, money; like a flash he decided, and rang the bell.

Ariana ushered him in, and the Signor being out, she began at once eagerly and timidly to tell his terms. Tresmond had a quick ear, and as soon as she spoke he guessed her rank in life; for though a superficial education had somewhat straightened out Ariana's grammar and toned down her accent, it could not quite restore her long-lost r's.

While she was speaking the Signor trotted up the steps, and she went out to meet him. What she said was in a low tone, but Tresmond heard it.

"There's a young man in there who wants to take lessons, and I put on five dollars more. It ain't too much, and he looks rich."

"Bravo!" the Signor chuckled; "you are a smart young-a lady."

But what a pang went through Tresmond. It was only his idealism which had received a blow, for even with the addition the sum was small enough; yet he felt really annoyed that a girl with such a wonderful color and such heart-broken eyes should know the value of a dollar.

Making the best of the situation, Tresmond settled the hour of his lessons, securely comforting himself with the idea that if the first was too much for him he need never return to take a second.

"Yes!" the Signor answered with modest pride, "you will find dat I can teach. Oh, yes! dat I can teach."

"Was it one of your pupils who was singing as I came?" said Tresmond, grasping at the suggestion, but not in the least believing the Signor capable of teaching so well.

"Pupeel?" the Signor repeated "A-a-h! eet ees Arian' you mean. Yes, I teach Arian' all she know."

Tresmond was greatly startled by the discovery that the singer and the girl with the beautiful eyes were one and the same person.

When he returned to take his first lesson Ariana opened the door and vanished, to reappear no more, though he again lingered in the hope of seeing her, and with this end in view tried to make friends with the twins, who received his advances in strict but smiling silence.

"Tut!" the Signor said, reproving them, but with admiration in every feature. "Tut! de cat 'ave got your tongue."

At last, in despair of seeing her, Tresmond went away.

When he came next it was near sunset. The street was again echoing with the sound of Ariana's voice.

As he was about to ring, Mrs. Sporza came up the steps, and greeted him with a gracious air. Pleased that he lingered, as it gave the neighbors an opportunity of seeing her husband's well-dressed pupil, she said: "Walk right in, Mr. Tresmond. The Signor's ready for you — that's only Ariana."

"A member of your family?" he asked, curious to know the girl's position in the house.

"Law, no!" Mrs. Sporza said. "A sort of charity pupil trainin' to sing in public. None of my family," she added, with a patrician air, "ever sang in public."

As usual Ariana vanished as soon as he entered, and in spite of his vexation the failure of his scheme amused him a little. A fleeting glimpse of the girl, the occasional sound of her voice — that is all he had got for his pains. Added to this, the Signor, being a thorough musician, an enthusiast in his art, and charmed by his new pupil's capabilities, proved himself a very martinet.

This afternoon Tresmond beguiled him into conversation. He had hinted once or twice already that he would like to hear Ariana sing, but the Signor shook his head. "No," he said, "Tonair 'e like 'er not to seeng for young-a gentlemen. 'E 'ave a name 'e call 'er — vat you call — ah, yes! *es-speriment*. Dat mean 'e vant 'er not to know de young-a man."

Then Tresmond tried a little diplomacy. "I am not at all good at part-singing," telling his fib with tolerable composure.

"Prac-teze, prac-teze!" the Signor said, modulating with his left hand.

"I do not have any one to sing with," Tresmond said, unblushingly.

The Signor reflected a little. Toner had warned him solemnly against exposing Ariana to the wiles of youth; but this seemed to the Signor to be an exceptional case. Tresmond did not desire to know her for the pleasure of hersociety, but simply as a means of improving his voice, and he liked the young gentleman who had the good taste to admire the twins and bring them bonbons.

"So?" he said; "den I send de twin to search up Arian', and she seeng with you."

She came back with Guido, and stood in the doorway looking awkward and frightened, until the Signor explained why he had summoned her. Then she took her place by the piano and gave all her attention to the music before her. Tresmond, on the contrary, sang so out of tune that the Signor was filled with anguish and dismay.

"Vait, dis go not vell. I search an easier." And, trotting off, he left the young people alone together.

They stood in silence, until Tresmond said: "Do you never talk? I have been waiting for you to give me permission to talk to you."

"I haven't got anything to say," she answered, raising her eyes in her slow, frightened way.

"Do you think that excuses you from talking?" he asked, with a laugh. "Don't you know it has gone out of fashion to keep silent until one has something worth saying? If we waited for that, half of us would grow dumb!"

Ariana only raised her eyes in the same slow way, and then dropped them in silence.

At the end of a few weeks Tresmond was quite at home in Cour de Paradis. As for Mrs. Sporza, she had no praise too high for a young gentleman so affable that he would stay and spend the evening when his lesson was over; and the twins developed a vast and unbounded admiration for him.

A little of this new brightness had fallen even on Ariana, and lingered subtly in her face, until the Signor, dimly conscious of a change, remarked it to his wife.

"Arian' ees eemprove' in 'er a-pearanze," he said. "Yes, eemprove'."

"There was room for it!" said Mrs. Sporza contemptuously.

One evening, as usual, Tresmond found himself at Signor Sporza's door. Ariana was practicing, and he stood in the shadow of the entry until the last note had echoed itself into silence. When he came towards her she raised her face with a half-timid, half-deprecating look, and he stood for an instant in silence looking into her eyes, those beautiful eyes which said so much that found no echo on her lips.

While he looked at her or listened to her singing, he lost in a measure his power of reasoning; it was only when he was away from her that his cooler judgment resumed its sway.

"Good-evenin', sir," she said; and the drawled elision of her words roused him with a shock from his absorption. With a half-conscious irritation he turned to the music before her.

"*Comien partir*," he read. "I never should have guessed it was anything so doleful. You sang as if you were glad to get rid of them."

"I wasn't sorry," she said seriously. "What'd make me? I don't know 'em, an' I don't care about 'em."

"You have not the least bit of feeling," he said discontentedly.

"I reckon I haven't. I can't be sorry for people in songs."

In a desultory fashion he had tried to cul-

tivate her taste,—and, as he was a very young man, chiefly through the medium of poetry,—but with small success. With a sense of disappointment, he turned towards the table and, fluttering the leaves of a prettily bound book,—his latest offering upon the educational shrine,—asked, in a tone which was almost one of entreaty, if she did not like the poem.

"I s'pose I don't understand it," she said humbly. "It jingles so it bothers me. Nobody talks that way—an' I don't see any good in it."

"But the story," he persisted; "you must have liked that."

It was "Enoch Arden."

She answered with dogged honesty:

"No, I didn't. What made him ever tell? It wasn't any good."

"It made it dramatic," he said. "What would the end have been without that?"

"I s'pose you know," she answered slowly; "but if it'd been me, I'd have just died an' not told. It didn't unmarry *her*, an' it didn't do *him* any good for 'em to spend a heap of money buryin' him,—he was dead all the same."

And with these words on her lips she looked at him with eyes full of deep and pathetic melancholy! Something like a groan of dismay rose to Tresmond's lips; but, smothering it, he tried another point of attack.

"When you sing in public, do you suppose people will feel the pathos of your music if you don't feel it yourself?"

She glanced at him in silence, and then looked straight before her, with eyes a little dilated, and her sharp, clear-cut profile coming out vividly against the gray-papered wall. In motion there was a certain awkwardness about the girl, but as she sat now the picture was perfect in outline and coloring. Rising restlessly, Tresmond took the place she had vacated at the piano, and began to prelude idly with one hand. As he gazed at her his mind made a sudden leap towards a possibility he had hitherto ignored—did he love her? His blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, and he drew a deeper breath, almost a breath of relief, now that he had dared to face the question. He paused in his improvisation, and leaning on his elbow bent towards her with an eager look in his eyes, but the impassive gravity of her face struck his passion with a cold shock.

He was conscious of but one desire—to rouse her from her quiet, and make her responsive to the admiration which, despite his more critical judgment, she had won from him. To himself he had not yet answered the question her beauty had provoked.

"Ariana," he said, and she turned her face towards him, "listen. Do you know this?"

He struck the opening chord of the march in Raff's symphony of "Leonore," and while he spoke he carried on that strain in which one can almost hear the tread of the soldiers' feet,—now ringing it out in martial measure, now weaving it into a softly swaying melody.

"She was a peasant girl," he said, "and her lover was a soldier."

Very graphically he sketched the poem to her, pausing when he told how Leonore waits at home, hungry-hearted, for the tidings which never come, and in the pause the strain grew softer. Something like interest stirred the almost dull gravity of her look, and it added fresh impetus to his effort. He took up the story again, and, watching her intently as he spoke, he pictured the return of King Frederick's troops, and how old and young, with joyful acclamation, hastened out to welcome the victors home.

"And among the maidens was Leonore," he said, "eager to greet her lover."

"An' he came back?" Ariana asked, slowly. Now the march rings out in joyous expectation. "They were still far away, so far that only the sound of the fives reached the villagers from beyond the vineyards where the grapes were purpling on the hill-sides." Then skillfully, and with lingering touches, he portrayed how Leonore waited with bated breath for the weal or woe which was to be her portion. "For she loved him——" The strain changed, and Ariana, like one in a dream, drew near the piano. Her lips were slightly parted, and she had the breathless air of one who had run far and swiftly. There was an answering fire in Tresmond's handsome face, and, with the music pulsing like the undercurrent of his words, he went on, in tones which gave them a subtler meaning:

"She loved him so that with him hell would be heaven, and without him heaven would be hell!"

The poem moved him; he willed that it should move her too; and into the scene where Leonore, alone of all the maidens, stands unclaimed by lover, he threw all his power of description and expression.

"And Leonore——" he said, striking a swift chord.

"He came back," said Ariana. "he came back."

"No," Tresmond said; "no."

Then he repeated softly:

"Without him heaven were hell, and with him——hell were heaven."

With swift modulation he passed from the air he was playing into *Convien partir*.

"Sing," he said; and, with the unwonted excitement still in her face, she obeyed.

As she sang she was no longer Ariana the

drudge of Cour de Paradis. For the moment the shackles with which her life had bound her dropped from her, and she rose like a soul casting from it the burden and toil of life. For the first time the perfect voice thrilled with a mighty passion, which moved Tresmond to his heart's core.

At the last sobbing note he lifted his eager eyes to hers, and what he saw in them brought him back to the realities of life with a shock.

He had roused the artist within her, but—alas!—he had awakened the woman too.

"Bray-vo, Arianer! That was A No. 1,—ex-pression an' all. I allus said you had it in you, *sure!*"

John Toner, bag in hand, came in. He looked a little grayer, but it was the same brisk voice which said:

"Well, Arianer! an' where's ev'ry one?"

Then his eyes fell upon Tresmond; his jaw dropped, and the jubilant expression faded out of his face.

"It's—it's Mr. Tresmond, Mr. Toner, an' he's a pupil." And she hurried off to tell Mrs. Sporza of the arrival.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," Toner said, recovering a little. "Tresmond, she said, didn't she, sir? Last week I tuned a pianer for a lady o' that name in Plaque-mines. Some er your people, sir?"

"My home is there," Tresmond replied, "so no doubt the lady was my mother."

"You was a-playin' the accomp'niment for Arianer?" Toner asked. Tresmond nodded assent, and tried to make the nod as careless as possible.

"Jus' so!" said Toner. "I stood outside lis'nin' a bit, an' I thought either 'twas Sporza, or else she'd im-proved in her playin'."

Presently Mrs. Sporza, having finished the toilet begun in Tresmond's honor, came in resplendent, followed by Ariana, who looked shabbier than ever by contrast. Without the money Toner supplied, in the belief that it was spent to clothe the girl, Mrs. Sporza would have had to curb her love of smart attire, and the number of her gowns would have been considerably lessened.

Soon the Signor came in from vespers.

As for Tresmond, he felt that he had crossed that boundary line beyond which there is no returning, but at present no regret was mingled with the thought, and while he talked his eyes wandered to Ariana with something of the ardor and pride of possession. He felt conscious that the old piano-tuner was watching him, and in sheer bravado he exerted himself more than ever to please. In spite of himself Toner yielded to the charm, and did not realize that he had done so until the evening was far spent. Once alive to the

fact, he pulled himself together with a feeling that he had been entrapped, and drawing the Signor out of the room said to him:

"I thought you said youf kep' away beaux an' that sort er thing?"

"So I 'ave," the Signor said, with pride. "Dere come 'ere no young-a man."

"What d'you call that Tresmond? An old one?"

"Tresmon'," the Signor said, "ees a vary nice young-a man, but 'e 'ave no thought of Arian'—'e do but come to practice de voice."

Toner, giving a groan of irritation and disgust, returned to the parlor, where Tresmond was making his adieux.

"I'm a-goin' too, sir," he said, "an' if you've no objection I'll walk a bit with you."

Tresmond assented with careless good humor, proffering his cigar-case as they walked along the moonlit street where Jean Baptiste looms dark against the starry sky.

"Thank you, sir," Toner said. "Esplanade is your street, ain't it? Very nice street, though I don't care much where I stay, so long's the place ain't one er your dead-alive ones. But people is cu-rious, very! There's Arianer, now—she hankered a long time after the country where she was raised, an', beggin' your pardon, sir, a mos' God-forsaken place it is!"

"What place?" Tresmond asked, absently. "Plaquemine," Toner answered; and at the name Tresmond made a movement of surprise which did not escape his companion's watchful eyes.

"Yes," Toner went on, carelessly, "though 'tain't likely you know any er her people, for I guess you was off at college when the old man died an' I brought her here along er her voice. Your ma 'd know the name, though—Warner. Arianer's pa overseed for yours afore the war."

The daughter of his father's overseer! Tresmond said it over to himself as if to test the sound—as if he were announcing it to his proud, well-born mother, who was nurtured in all the tradition of race, and who so nurtured him.

"You've got an elegant place, sir," Toner said, changing the subject; "an' an elegant lady your ma is! You're sort er like her."

"We are considered alike."

"Pianner-tunin'," Toner said, apparently changing the subject again, "shows you—meanin' me, sir—a deal o' the world. Ladies, proud like your ma, an' po' white folks like Arianer—both from the same place!"

"From the same place," Tresmond echoed, desperately saying what first came into his head,—“and we met here! The world *is* a small place after all."

"Yes," the old man said, grimly; "with all

its bigness it ain't room enough to keep young gentlemen out er mischief."

"What do you mean?" Tresmond asked, angrily.

"Don't get mad, sir," Toner said deprecatingly. "You see all wimmen is fools, an' Arianer ain't no better'n the rest."

By this time they had reached Tresmond's boarding-house, and, stopping, the young man said haughtily:

"Good-night, Mr. Toner."

"Stop!" Toner said, following him up the steps; "I've got to speak to you, sir."

In silence they entered Tresmond's room, and without noticing his companion the young man threw himself into a chair and stared moodily at the carpet.

"What I wanted to ask you, sir," the old man began, slowly, "was as you'd not come up our way no more. You see, Arianer's a kind er ex-periment o' mine. I've spent money on her, an'—she ain't nothin' to you!"

"She is!" the youth cried hotly. The glamour of her face and voice was still upon him, and for the moment he lost sight of everything else. "She is!"

"But your ma—think o' your ma!" Toner said eagerly. "You couldn't marry a girl like Arianer."

"I know," he said, dropping his head with a groan. The words leaped to his lips in the first shock of conviction, but when they were uttered it seemed to him that he had done a cowardly thing.

"That's the way to talk," Toner said encouragingly. "She ain't your ekal, sir."

"What harm does it do for me to see her sometimes?" he asked. "Why should I not?"

"You're too young to know much about 'em, sir," Toner said, in a tone intended to soothe, "but the older you grow, the better you'll know that there ain't no calcalatin' on wimmen. They're like mules—mortal uncertain!"

He paused and looked at the young man's face; it was half sulky, half defiant, and withal very miserable—the face of a man who dares not choose the wrong, but whose soul shrinks from the right. Toner came a few steps nearer, and continued, half apologetically: "Mind you, I don't say as she *does* like you, but I can't a-ford to risk it. I've kep' her since she was twelve years old, an' I've paid Sporza reg'lar for her. Sometimes it was mortal hard to do, but I done it. Look a-here, sir; you'd call this a shabby coat, wouldn't you? *That's* how I done it. I've walked when I could 'a' rode; I've slep' under a tree or a gin-shed in place o' goin' to a tavern; I've even stinted myself in my victuals."

While Toner spoke, Tresmond rose from his seat and walked restlessly up and down.

He was disturbed by the old man's appeal, but he was angered too; and now he stopped before him and said sullenly:

"But you knew she could sing. You knew she was a good speculation." Yet even while he spoke he felt ashamed of what he said.

"Yes," Toner admitted, "you're right there. It wasn't out of charity I took her, that I'll own; but for all that I sort er like the girl. You can't marry her,—you agreed to that yourself, sir,—an' I ain't a-goin' to have you a-muse yourself with her. That's the long an' short of it, sir."

Tresmond felt an inclination to take Toner by the shoulders and assist him forcibly downstairs, and at the same time blushed at the inclination.

"You understand, sir," Toner went on, "I ain't a-askin' you to marry her—not a bit of it! I'm just a-sayin' hands off. Marriage ain't in Arianer's line. She's my ex-periment, an' she's a ca-reer before her."

Still without speaking, Tresmond threw himself again into his chair and covered his eyes with his hand. Construing this into a favorable sign, Toner added:

"You've took a kind er fancy to her, but what er that? You'll soon get over it, an' Lor'!—girls is as thick as blackberries. Good-night, sir," he said, but at the door he paused. "I'll stop by early to-morrow, an' I'll take it kindly, sir, if you'd give me a note to carry to her, if you'd not mind writing it;—a frien'ly sort er note, but positive like,—telling her good-bye, so she'll not be expectin' you back, an' thinkin' it's me as is keepin' you away. The best of 'em like to do a little in the martyr line o-casionally, an' once you let a woman get that notion in her head you might as well throw up your hand. Good-night again, sir."

The next morning Tresmond had barely finished dressing when the piano-tuner presented himself; and with a muttered salutation he pointed to the sealed note on the table. He was pale and heavy-eyed, as if he had slept ill.

"Thank you, sir," Toner said, in a relieved tone. "It's tellin' her good-bye, I s'pose?"

"Yes," Tresmond replied. He turned a little aside and hesitated. "Yes," he said again.

"An' you're goin' to leave the city?" Toner asked curiously.

"Yes," Tresmond said; "to-morrow."

Later in the day Toner handed the note carelessly to Ariana.

"Here's somethin' from that young man," he said.

Ariana opened it, and turning with startled eyes upon Toner:

"He's—he's goin' away!" she cried.

"Well, Arianer, I guess we can stand it."

"An' he wants me to come to vespers," the poor simpleton said, looking from the note to the piano-tuner. "Why d'you reckon he wants me to?"

For a moment Toner was dazed by this addition to his "frien'ly note."

"Good for you!" he cried, clapping her on the shoulder. "You're the first woman, Arianer, ever I come across as was too stoopid to be tricky!"

Then slowly it dawned upon Ariana that in some way she had been indiscreet, and she stood in frightened silence, until Toner asked:

"Now look a-here, Arianer, has that young man been a-makin' love to you?"

Like a flash of light, a strange thought crossed her mind, a thought which sent a deeper crimson into her cheeks and vivified the beauty of her face. Since yesterday a dim, ill-defined idea had agitated her, and now Toner's words gave it shape. She knew now the meaning of the look which was in Tresmond's eyes while she sang, and she knew too why that look made her tremble as she had never trembled before. A slow smile parted her lips, and at the sight Toner's patience utterly gave out.

"What are you a-grinnin' at?" he asked roughly. "Can't you speak? Did he—yes or no?"

"No," she said, shrinking back frightened into her old self; "no, Mr. Toner." In words, he never had.

In the afternoon Ariana found time to steal off to her room to read the precious note over and over—"a friendly note," and nothing more, except for the last entreaty. It told her that he was going away, but her heart told her he would return. As she sat conning it, with a soft light in her eyes, a sudden desire to beautify herself for her lover awoke within her. After a moment's hesitation she opened her closet, and stood perplexed before her slender stock of dresses, and at length selected a cast-off garment of Mrs. Sporza's. There was an inexpressible air of vulgarity about both fabric and fashion, but of this Ariana was blissfully unconscious, and also of the fact that it was the last color that a woman of her complexion should wear. To her it seemed a masterpiece; and she dressed herself in it with due care. For a few minutes she lingered before the small greenish square of looking-glass, and then, going once more to the closet, took out the pasteboard box which contained the few treasures accumulated in all the years spent in Cour de Paradis. She opened the box and turned them over carefully and anxiously, taking out finally a large collar worked in coarse thread which Toner had won at a country raffle.

"The young woman as run the thing said it was a re-markably stylish an' fashionable collar," he said, presenting it with an air of pride to Ariana. "You can save it up till you make your *dee-bue*." And Ariana had received it with believing gratitude, and now felt that the fitting time had come.

Soon the sound of the vesper-bell for which she was listening startled her out of her restless inaction, and, slipping with guilty haste out of the house, she hurried with her pitiful tawdry finery along the street until she reached the shelter of Jean Baptiste. She took her seat in a dim corner, and did not notice that Toner was almost opposite her. Service began, and presently she saw Tresmond enter.

At last service was over. Père Mignot went into the sacristy, and the people straggled away—all but three. Tresmond waited at the church porch, and Toner, unnoticed, lingered in the dimness of the vestibule. From their positions they watched Ariana come down the aisle towards them, hesitating a little and with downcast eyes.

She came nearer, and the brilliant light of sunset, falling full upon her, threw out every detail of her grotesque toilet. Tresmond was advancing eagerly, when the travesty burst upon him, and he stood transfixed, staring at her in bewilderment. Recovering from the first shock, Tresmond took her hand, and Toner, too far away to hear the words, saw her raise her face as he spoke; and in the shy gladness and agitation of her look the pianotuner read a disagreeable truth.

"She likes him—Lor', she likes him!" he said to himself.

Still watching, he saw a change come over her face, and heard her cry out in a voice which sounded as if all the lacking emotion of her whole life were crowded into this one cry.

"Never comin' back—never! Why must you go?"

"Yes," Toner said, coming out, "why must you? Here you are, a fine young gentleman as has sung an' talked with a poor girl until—ain't it a joke, sir?—she's lost her head an' thinks she's as good as you! Why don't you marry her? She won't mind poverty nor crusts nor rags, an' if your ma cuts you off, she'll work her fingers to the bone for you. She's a fool like all of 'em, she is!"

"If you were not an old man," Tresmond cried, "I'd knock you down!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't! Gentlemen don't knock a man down for tellin' the truth, an' I've told it. You ain't a-goin' to marry her?"

Dead silence. The warm air waked the bitter odor of the rosemary, and stirred the sear grass above the forgotten graves, where love and despair and remorse had long since re-

solved themselves into a handful of dust and some moldering bones.

"You see you ain't good enough, Arianer," Toner said. "He brought you here to tell you so!" She raised a pale, scared face for a second, then it drooped again.

"You are very hard on me," Tresmond began, tamely. "I wanted to see her for the last time—that was all. Wait, Ariana"—then the struggle within him silenced his voice. His passion for her was battling against the picture of the future which her jarring colors and faded and crumpled bits of finery had conjured up. This girl his wife! Her poor efforts to adorn herself, which had been made with such a loving heart, turned the wavering scale.

"God knows I do love you," he said at last, not trusting himself to look at her, "and if—if things were different—"

"If the moon was green cheese—which it ain't," Toner said, contemptuously.

"Good-bye, Ariana," the young man said, huskily. For an instant she raised her dark eyes to his, and in them was the look he remembered so well. Then she turned without a word and followed Toner, pale and pitiful in her tawdry finery, with the brightness all dead in her face.

At the door Mrs. Sporza met them with an angry face.

"You, Ariana!" she cried, "where have you been? And my best shawl, too!"

She made a dart at the girl, but Toner caught her arm.

"You let her be, will you," he said, roughly; and Ariana went upstairs.

Upstairs Ariana stood silent, with a face miserably white, but tearless. Then with a sudden movement she pulled off collar and ribbon and threw them from her; not because of the harm they had wrought her,—of that she was ignorant,—but for what they had failed to do. She plucked the flowers from her hat, and then the mood left her, and her arm dropped listlessly, and from her loosened fingers the flowers fell to the floor one by one. She went back to her household drudgery and practicing, and did it all in the old self-contained way.

"Af-teer all," the Signor said, astutely, "vas not I right? Arian' love not de young-a man, nor love 'e'er!"

SPRING came, bringing Easter with it; and this year Easter was an event to the Signor and Toner, for Ariana was to sing in high mass at the cathedral of St. Louis. It was to be her first appearance in public, and they were both a little nervous. Toner put his anxiety into words.

"Now you do your best, Arianer," he said, "an' whatever you do, don't you forget the expression. Think er somethin' onpleasant."

"That Alice's a-naggin' you, or — or somethin' o' that de-scription, so's your voice'll get a sort er doleful sound. Queer, with them eyes o' yours, it don't come nat'ral! But you can't go by looks, for I knew a lady onc't," he went on, dropping into a reflective vein, "as sung. She was in the variety business, an' expression was her strong point, though you'd not 'a' guessed it from looking at her face — or her figger, either!" he added, warming with the subject. "She weighed close on a hundred an' eighty, an' such an appetite as she had! But she could sing, Arianer, an' in that feelin' way that afore she was through half the gallery'd be pretendin' they'd colds in their head. Lor', Arianer, if *she* could, why can't *you*?"

Already the acolytes had lighted the altar, and one by one, under the tinted arch of the chancel, the candles glimmered out like flickering stars. Through the old windows, with their square panes of colored glass, the sunshine fell in blocks of blue and red on the heads of the people and the marble pavement; and on the left of the altar at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes twinkled countless little tapers — each one, like a bead on the rosary, representing a prayer.

Throughout the mass Ariana's voice soared triumphantly above the other voices, and when at last they died away and left hers to carry the strain alone, it held the multitude enrapt. The swell of the organ changed into an accompaniment so soft that it seemed a faintly breathing echo, and blending with it the beautiful voice uttered the plaintive appeal interwoven again and again with the melody —

"Ave Maria! ora pro nobis."

It was not sympathetic; it was simply beautiful. Its purity and strength and flexibility filled the listeners with wonder and delight; but it pierced no heart by its tenderness; it brought tears into no eyes.

The papers next day noticed the service, and spoke in flattering terms of Signor Sporza's pupil; but one, mingling criticism with high praise, called attention to its curious flaw — absence of all expression — and likened her to the well-drilled "Fotheringay" of Thackeray.

"There it is again, Arianer!" Toner said, tossing the paper aside in disgust. "Expression! Another fellow's got hold er that now! Well, you'll have to get it somehow — that's clear!"

It was April, and Ariana was not to make her grand *début* until the coming autumn.

"You let me polish 'er teel den," the Signor said, with enthusiasm, "and ven de warm veth-er ees over, and de peo-pell dey look

'roun' for dat to a-muse demselve', *den* you breeng 'er out, and my vord, I pro-mees you de grand suc-ceeds!"

June came, and with it came rumors of yellow fever.

"My ex-perience of this blamed country is that there always *is* some," Toner said, as he started northward on one of his trips.

His was but the echo of a general opinion; but by the end of a month the rumor was a dreadful certainty, not confined to the levees and slums, but raging in the best parts of the city. At last it was declared epidemic; the panic spread from city to country, and every train carried away refugees. Mrs. Sporza caught the general alarm, but, with beautiful consistency, her fear was chiefly for her own safety. The Signor's pupils dropped off until but one remained, and that one he taught in a spiritless way. Ariana was sitting in the hall, sewing, while he gave his last lesson, and listened half absently to his comments. The twins were playing beside Ariana, and they joined in the song with tiny flute-like voices.

"Young-a man," the Signor called, "young-a man! I come and lay my 'and on you."

At this dreadful threat they subsided, and contented themselves with dancing noiselessly, but as the strain was doleful the dance resolved itself into a solemn minuet. Ariana let her work fall, and looked wistfully at the pretty laughing children. When the pupil went the Signor said to Ariana:

"She vas de last, and now she come no more. She fly de ceety."

Mrs. Sporza joined them, and they stood in dejected silence watching this last pupil depart.

"Why don't you go too?" Ariana asked at last. "You can't make any money now, an' the twins ain't ever had the fever."

"What does *he* care!" Mrs. Sporza cried shrilly.

"Care vill not pay de beells," the Signor said, with a heavy sigh. "I 'ave but leetle mon-y, and dere ees five of us to fly."

"Only four," Ariana said. "I'll go and nurse, I reckon."

Mrs. Sporza grasped the idea eagerly.

"That's just what I was thinking of. The month's up day after to-morrow, and we might as well board somewhere along the gulf as rent this house; it'll be just as cheap."

"You forget dat Arian' 'ave not 'ad the fever," the Signor ventured.

"May be I have," Ariana said. "It don't matter, any way."

"Of course not," Mrs. Sporza agreed; then she hurried on to more personal matters. "We may get a few pupils, and with that and Ariana's pay, — it'll be as little as you can do

to send it to us, Ariana, after all we've done for you,—we can make out."

"No, no!" the Signor protested, but Ariana interrupted:

"Yes, I'll send it all. If it wasn't for *them*," and she pointed to the twins, "I'd nurse without pay. I'll not take it from the poor ones, just from the rich people."

"You'll be a precious fool then!" Mrs. Sporza said; "nurses get their own price this year, and are fed into the bargain. I guess," she concluded, "we better go to St. Tammany."

Within two hours they were at the dépôt, and Ariana hovered about the twins up to the last moment, but they were too much excited by the idea of traveling to care much for parting with her.

"Take care yourself, Arian'!" the Signor cried sorrowfully; and the twins laughed and nodded farewell from the window.

She had had but few loves in her life: her grandfather, Tresmond, the twins. The first was dead; the second did not think her worth the keeping; and the love of the twins was frail child-love, light to come and lighter still to go.

She went slowly back to Cour de Paradis and closed the house,—lingering over the task, and pausing at the church to cast one backward look at the quiet sunlit place,—then turned her face away from her old life, and sought the Howard office, where she offered her services as nurse.

After that all days became alike to her,—sometimes at a handsome house, sometimes at a hovel. Sometimes her charges got well, sometimes it was death that bade her move on to another stricken home. And still the fever swept on, sparing neither rich nor poor, youth nor age. It crept out into the country and to the smaller towns, and when it once gained a foothold it baffled all skill and science until it had run its course.

From time to time she heard from Mrs. Sporza. The letters related to money matters, with now and then a casual mention of the twins; and sustained by the thought that they were breathing pure air, Ariana labored on with a brave heart.

Towards the end of August she received a sudden order to be ready to leave the city within an hour; and it was not until they had left the office of the Howards that she had time to ask her companion where they were going.

"To a little river town," the woman said, indifferently. "Brulée or some such name."

It was high noon in Brulée, and the hot sun fell in a broad, unbroken glare upon the dusty, irregular streets. No loungers were before the line of shops, none in the court-house square; and, but for the occasional ring of

hurried footsteps along the plank sidewalk, the silence of a plague-smitten land rested over it all.

John Toner stood at a curtainless window in the upper story of "L'Etoile d'Or" and looked out upon the dreary scene with mechanical intentness. Presently the physician turned to leave the room, and Toner, starting forward, detained him.

"Ain't there no hope, sir?" he asked. "Mightn't she take a turn the other way? Couldn't you try somethin' more, sir? I—I wouldn't care nothing about the ex-pense of it. You see, I'm sort er fond o' the girl, though she ain't no relation—jus' a—a sort er experiment." As his eyes fell on the face of the insensible girl, he used unconsciously the familiar phrase which had been his life's core for nearly seven years.

"She has done her part bravely," the physician said, "but her work is over now."

Toner thought she was already dying, but the old negro woman who waited in the house reassured him.

"Dis is only four days," she said, "an' dey nebber dies on *eben* days, always on de *oddt* uns. She'll go to-morrow, or she'll last till seven days, master."

It had all come so suddenly upon him that it seemed like an evil dream: his hurried return from Arkansas to find the Signor's house deserted and Ariana gone—no one could tell him whither; his days of restless wandering about the city until the thought came to him that perhaps Tresmond was answerable for her disappearance; how he had sought Tresmond in his house, and the stormy scene between them which followed—a scene full of bitter reproach on his part, and on Tresmond's of anger at his suspicions, until the old feeling for Ariana, reawakened by anxiety, swept every other consideration before it; then how, sorely against his will, he had consented to resume his search for her in Tresmond's company, and how at last, owing to the quicker wit of the young man, they had traced her, through Père Mignot, to Brulée.

Full of hope, they had arrived that morning to find her dying. Through all the bitter intentness of his thoughts, Toner was conscious of the restless tread of feet on the gallery below, and he knew it was Tresmond pacing up and down, too wretched to sit still. Once as he crossed the hall Tresmond stopped him with an eager entreaty.

"I don't see as you've no call to see her," Toner answered sullenly. "Can't you let the girl die in peace? It ain't much to ask of you."

Later in the day the stupor left the girl, and she turned her hollow eyes upon Toner, but she showed no surprise at seeing him.

"I reckon — I'm — dyin'," she said.

"Don't, Arianer!" he said, with a twitching face. "Don't you talk that a-way. I'm sorter rough, I know, an' I've called you a fool time an' ag'in, but 'twas only my way. Why, I couldn't set no more store by you, Arianer, if you was my own!" and the old man broke down completely. She did not answer; perhaps she did not understand.

There was an elm without the window, and the sun cast its shadow on the bare, white wall. With every breath of air the lace-like tracery swayed and pulsed, and Ariana lay watching it in wide-eyed silence for a time, then began afresh:

"It's bad about the money you spent — I'll never sing again — an' it's gone — gone."

"I ain't a-thinkin' about *that*, Arianer," Toner said, huskily. "It's *you* I'm thinkin' of."

He did not tell her that Tresmond was in the house. He had argued it out with himself that it would do no good; that it would only bring back the bitterness of what was past.

"May be I'd 'a' broke down after all," she said slowly, "an' it don't matter *now*."

"Don't, Arianer!" he repeated; "don't you trouble about that. I don't care nuthin' about my ex-periment jus' so's you get well."

"It seems sort of queer," she muttered, and a spasm crossed her face, and her eyes wandered restlessly back to the dancing shadow, as if she would fain have had a little time to understand the strangeness of it all.

"I reckon God knows best," she said more faintly, as if she answered some inward cry of lamentation.

"Tell Guido — an' Angelo," she said at last; but her wandering thoughts could not form themselves into words, and she did not speak coherently again until the night was far spent.

"You'll put me a-side of gran'father?" she asked, and Toner nodded.

Near dawn he spoke to her and touched her gently on the shoulder, but she did not heed him. Tossing and muttering to herself, Toner caught Tresmond's name again and again, and his face grew dark.

"Don't you think about him, Arianer," he said; "he ain't worth it."

As he spoke it seemed as if his voice had recalled her wandering senses, for her eyes rested on his face for a moment, just a moment, and then she rambled on again:

"It won't do him — any hurt — *now*."

Toner turned from her and stood for a moment irresolute, then passed into the hall. At the far end the glare of a lamp mingled with the gray of dawn, and in its circle of

sickly light Tresmond sat, with arms crossed on the table and head bowed down upon them.

Memory, that surest of all avengers, was leading him back step by step over the past, until he was once more in the little church-yard, where the rosemary lifted its sharp, dimly colored spires to the calm blue sky, and filled the air with faint odor — just as it was upon the day they parted.

"Come," the piano-tuner said, and they entered the room together.

He stood aside and allowed Tresmond to take his place beside her.

"Ariana," he said, steadying his voice as well as he could, "I've come — to ask you — to forgive me."

She turned her eyes towards him, but it was too late. There was no recognition in them; yet his voice must have struck some chord within her, for she moved restlessly on her pillow, moaning:

"It wa'n't his fault; I wa'n't a lady."

No reproach could have stabbed him as did her unconscious loyalty, and stooping over her he caught her hands in his, and entreated her hoarsely:

"Look at me, Ariana — it is I. Look at me, dear —"

"It ain't no use," Toner said, roughly.

"Can't you see it ain't?"

With a groan Tresmond sank upon his knees beside the bed, and covered his face.

Like a refrain she muttered now and then:

"Most over — it seems — sort of queer —"

As the light crept upward, flushing the east rosily, she stirred, and her one idea came back with pitiful persistence:

"It seems — sort — of — queer —"

The light grew stronger, and the muddy stretch of water caught a glimmering reflection of the dawn, and the whistle of the boat sounded shrilly through the morning air. Ariana's glazed eyes turned in the direction of the sound, which seemed to call to her like a voice from the past of her lonely and neglected childhood; and, as the sound died away across the water, a thrush in the elm began to sing, and the world awoke.

"Arianer!" Toner called, bending over her; "Arianer!"

Not the faintest movement answered his voice.

THERE are some lives like the weeds which spring between the city stones to be parched by the sun and stunted by the flinty soil, and at last, before their little day is over, to be crushed by the careless foot of some passer-by. Only God in his infinite wisdom can know why they exist.

Margaretta Wetherill Kernan.

MOUNTAINEERING IN PERSIA.

IT was pleasant enough at Serassiâb. The porch or open veranda where the busy days were so delightfully passed was musical with the sound of falling water which poured into a tank encircled by a row of graceful pillars. At the end of a dense avenue of plane-trees an open pavilion could be seen, supported by columns and walls faced with glazed bricks, colored turquoise-blue, orange-yellow, and black. The Persians have few of the appliances that aid the artisan of America. They do not even use a square in masonry or joinery. But they bring to their aid industry and an exquisite taste which three thousand years of vicissitudes have not eradicated from the national character. Putting up a rough, crooked post, they build around it a shapely and elegant pillar. If carefully measured, it will doubtless show numerous departures from straight or symmetrical lines; but the general effect is so just and agreeable as to indicate invention and a remarkable turn for constructive decoration. The arrangement of glazed bricks of various colors in elegant designs is also a trait of Persian art in which great beauty and taste are often displayed.

But this is widely digressive from the object in view when I began this paper, which was to give an account of a little trip among the Elburz mountains after health and trout. A branch of this range, called the Shimrân, or Light of Persia, arose behind our house at Serassiâb to an altitude of thirteen thousand feet. In our evening rides we could also see the snowy cone of Demavênd soaring above the nearer range to a far greater height, still rosy in the glow of departing day, when all the nearer landscape had put on the sober mantle of twilight.

The Lar is perhaps forty-five miles from Serassiâb. And this is the way we were obliged to prepare for the trip in order to reach our destination. It was essential that we should take with us tents, bedding, crockery, and sufficient animals to carry ourselves, the servants, and the outfit. This required the employment of much talking and of an occasional thrashing when the insolence of the *charvadârs*, or muleteers, interfered with the clinching of a bargain. After several days of preparation all seemed ready for the start. One curious circumstance about the journey, however, was the fact that we were obliged to journey by night. The great heat makes it impossible to travel in Persia in the middle of the day during the greater part of the year. Our

departure was therefore so timed that we could have the benefit of the full moon. Once on the road, and winding through narrow lanes at a moderate walk, we were able to observe what an imposing procession we made. At the head rode the *giloddâr*, or equerry, mounted on a white Shirâzee Arab stallion. Two gentlemen followed, and next to them came several ladies on donkeys. The *tachtravân* was next in order, carrying the invalid of the party. This is a curious vehicle peculiar to Persia and Turkey. It is a covered litter borne between two mules, and contains sliding doors and windows. It is rendered reasonably comfortable by mattresses on which a person can lie at full length. The *tachtravân* of the wealthy is sometimes handsomely decorated, and mention is made of kings of Persia using it many centuries ago. But generally this conveyance is more heavily constructed than is necessary, owing to the difficulty of finding wood which is at once light and strong in Persia. The march of a *tachtravân* is necessarily tediously slow, but it is announced for a long distance by the strings of jangling bells carried by the gayly decorated mules, which do not, however, seem to appreciate the wealth and weight of ornament lavished upon them. On level roads the *tachtravân* is a real luxury; but when there is a steep ascent or descent combined with bad roads, this form of locomotion is not only very trying to the mules, but is also a severe strain on the rider, both on account of the exertion requisite in preserving his position and the nervous strain caused by watching the frequent peril of being hurled over a precipice. At the head of the leading mule marched a stately Arab, Abdullah Ibn Hassân. His gait was that of a prince; he was six feet in height, sparely built and perfectly erect. A camel's-hair tunic reached to the ankles. His head was muffled with a striped mantle bound around the forehead with a white cord. His swarthy features were haggard but yet handsome, and the dark orbs which flashed from under cavernous brows were marked by a proud and romantic melancholy, deepening into a glow of injured pride tinged with sadness when he was refused a back-sheesh, as if he would reproach you for having disappointed the confidence he had reposed in your elevated generosity. What a standard is to an army was this son of the desert to our humbler train. He gave to it such a bearing that he seemed to be the chief

person in it, instead of a poor mule-driver earning twenty cents a day traversing the wastes of an ancient land,—a mule-driver by descent and the father of mule-drivers of the future. In looking at Abdullah Ibn Hasân I was led by a very whimsical turn of the mind to think of La Fotheringay, in Thackeray's "Pendennis." Did that great reader of human nature realize when he delineated her character what a type she is of a numerous class who are so richly endowed with lofty mien and aspect that until they open their mouths and betray themselves they pass for something far higher than they are.

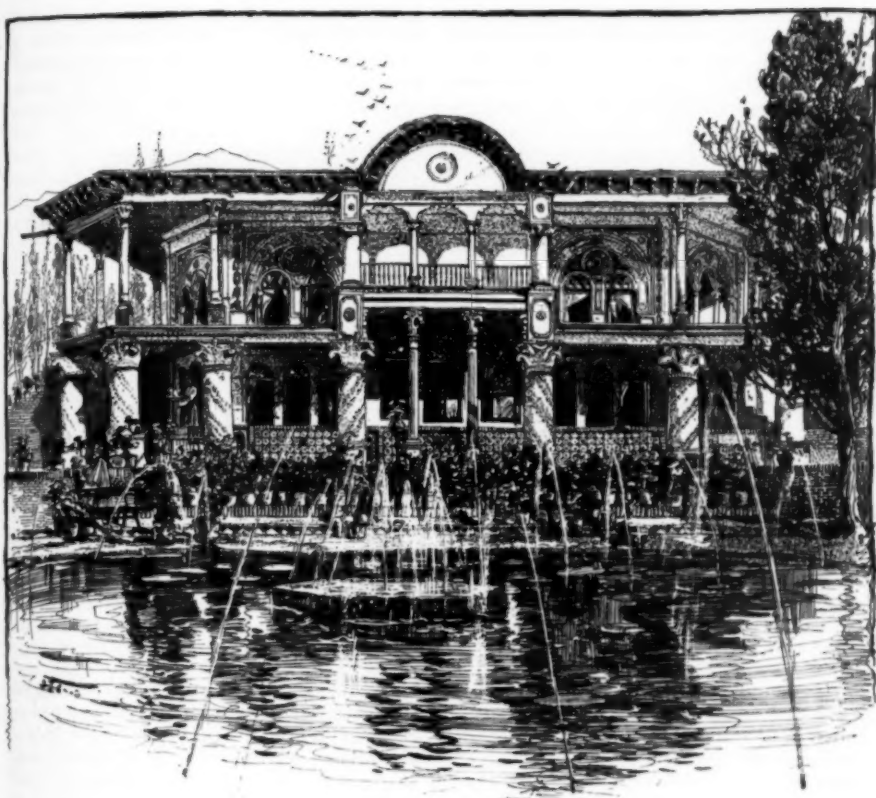
Our sumpter mules, thirty in number, had already been sent on several hours in advance, in order that the tents and supper might be ready for our arrival at the proposed camping-ground. Our path led us at first through narrow lanes of Tejrish and the adjoining village of Dezeshoob, and gave occasion to a considerable disturbance among the curs of those villages. Our passing also brought on our heads numerous remarks, not always complimentary, as we were foreigners and Christians, from the idlers smoking under the trees at the wayside places of refreshment. We were also saluted by the clamor of mingled blessings and curses from the professional beggars seated by the roadside, among whom must be included the filthy and half-idiotic santons, who, in a disgusting condition of nudity and dirt, depend upon the benevolence of the faithful for alms. They build a low hovel of mud under a wide-spreading tree, and pass their unprofitable lives in what they are pleased to consider service to God. Owing to their alleged sanctity one cannot always treat these lazy fellows as they deserve,—viz., with a sound thrashing for their impudence.

Emerging from Dezeshoob, we soon came to the superb country residence of the Naib Sultanêh, third son of the Shah, and Minister of War. The grounds are arranged in terraces with pools and spouting fountains on each terrace, surrounded by shrubbery and lofty trees laid out with a pleasingly artistic air of negligence. After leaving the shaded avenues surrounding these elegant grounds, our train moved slowly over a treeless plain, which gradually ascended until the road entered the mountains. At nightfall we found ourselves in a pass noted for brigandage, and although the road has for some time been comparatively free from danger, and we had a military escort with us, it was deemed prudent for the party to close up its ranks, as stragglers might be attacked in the dark. The moon came to our assistance early, and was bright and welcome indeed when we reached the summit at nine.

We found the ridge so abrupt that we passed at once from the ascent to the descent; and here the greatest care was required to reach the plain without accident. The road for some distance followed the edge of an excessively steep mountain, which divided the gorge in twain like a curtain. To make room for the road the sharp edge of this elevation had been cut down. In many places we could look on either hand into a black ravine far below, shrouded in deep and seemingly fathomless gloom, untouched by the moon, which fortunately lighted up the hazardous path we were following. The lower half of the descent was very bad, as the road was there composed of loose shingle, and, besides being uncomfortably steep, often branched off in various directions. A party which had preceded us on a previous night lost their way in this place, and did not find it again until daylight. It was also with great difficulty that the mules were able to turn the abrupt corners of a precipitous, zigzag road without accident to the *tachtravân*.

Having at last accomplished the descent without mishap, we entered on a narrow plain, and soon reached a wayside resting-place with the usual *chenâr*, or plane-tree, which marks such spots in Persia. Under the enormous spreading shade were two or three booths offering bread, fruits, and tea to travelers; a fountain adjoining furnished us a grateful draught. On leaving this place we came to a deep, rushing torrent called the Jarje Rood, the latter word meaning river. Here were some remarkable cliffs springing directly from the stream. They were shaped like a stupendous fortress with bomb-proof casements. Several caves in the sides suggested embrasures for cannon.

We crossed the river on a massive stone bridge supported by arches. In the rainy season the river is often much wider than we found it, and overflows its banks. It was to this circumstance that the late Emin-e-Sultân, one of the most prominent men in Persia, owed his title and the origin of his good fortune. The Shah often comes to this spot to hunt, being a skillful and enthusiastic follower of the chase. In a garden near the river he has built a pretty pavilion, and usually takes a number of his wives with him. When the retinue is large the ladies live in tents. On one of these occasions the river, evidently desirous to show its independence of the royal authority, took a whim to overflow the banks and give the king and his attendants a good wetting. They were aroused from their sleep by the sound of rushing water, and found the river rapidly rising around their couches. In wild terror the royal wives fled



NOVGARĀN, COUNTRY SEAT OF THE NAIB SULTANĒH.

to a safer spot, leaving everything behind them, including jewelry to a large amount. One of the lower officers of the court, aware of the loss and with an eye to his own profit, ordered his servants after the subsidence of the waters to search high and low for the lost treasure. Their efforts were crowned with success, and the officer caused them to be restored to the royal owners. The Shah was so gratified with the enterprise and zeal shown on this occasion by his subject, that he named him Emin-e-Sultān, and eventually promoted him to the charge of the mint and many other offices of great importance.

A short steep ascent from the bridge along the wall-like face of the lofty banks brought us to a noble plain, so white in the light of the full moon that it looked like a snow-land in the tale of dreams. Across the plain we now discovered two men approaching us at a tearing gallop. They reined up suddenly on reaching our train, and proved to be two of our servants who were on the lookout for us.

After giving us directions as to where to find our tents, they returned to the camp at full speed, to order hot tea prepared on the *samovār* ready for our arrival. Another weary half-hour followed ere our slow-moving train reached the massive shade of the gigantic plane-tree under which the tents had been spread, by the side of a pool and a brook which emptied into it. It was a most picturesque scene as we alighted, the white tents looming mysteriously in the gloom, lanterns moving hither and thither and flashing in the water, dusky figures grouped around the fire where our supper was cooking, and the broad moon above in the cloudless heaven, braiding silver spangles with the shadows.

The following morning being the Sabbath, we abandoned ourselves without reserve to the attractions of our camp, happy in the consciousness that we should not have to leave it until the subsequent day. To enjoy one's self by indulging in the luxury of absolute indolence, entirely free from *arrière pensée*, is

actually a task rather than a pleasure for most Americans. But one soon learns in the Orient that the only way to obtain the full benefit of rest, or entirely to appreciate the opulence of the attractions of Nature, is to lay aside for

of one of these gorges, which in this case was a narrow winding ravine scooped out of a ridge whose castellated peaks towered several thousand feet higher. At sunset this mountain was arrayed in a superb robe of purple,



A BIG PLANE-TREE AT GELANDEVÉK. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A SKETCH BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.)

the time the business and the burdens of life without reserve. Then and^a then only can one understand that there is enormous gratification in the simple consciousness of existence.

Our camp made quite an imposing appearance, consisting as it did of several large sleeping tents and a number of smaller ones for the soldiers and servants. We took our meals off a camp-table spread under the great *chenâr*. The tree was probably one thousand years old, and measured thirty feet in circumference several feet from the ground. A few feet higher up the gnarled trunk divided into several large branches which towered like the columns of a temple. This idea was intensified by the smooth gray bark that incased and gave them the appearance of hewn stone. Besides this patriarch of the plain, a beautiful grove of willows shaded our encampment. This spot is a favorite resort for the Shah, who comes here to hunt the panthers and ibexes that are found in the neighborhood. I should mention here that we were on the edge of the village of Gelandevék, at the head of a plain inclosed by mountains. This plain is called Hassardaré, or plain of a thousand valleys, because it is so undulating as to produce the effect of numerous separate plains, which again in turn wind into the gorges of the mountains. The camp was at the entrance

In a clearing between the wood and the village extended an open field yielding melons and vegetables. In the evening the lads of the village sported there in a manner very like that of boys in Christian lands. The tall gardener, whose beard was curiously dyed an orange-red with henna, also came down at that hour with his wife and daughter to gather melons. The women seemed to have hard work of it to keep their faces concealed with a loose mantle, and at the same time pluck the fruit. They were far less anxious about revealing their persons than their faces.

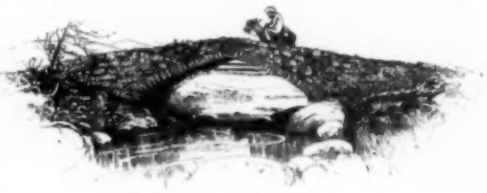
On the following day the gardener appeared at my tent door with a most attractive dish of honey in the comb. He offered it as a present, but we knew perfectly well what he meant by this. It is a custom and privilege of the lower classes in Persia to bring what they call presents to those above them; but they expect a corresponding pecuniary present in return. When this privilege is not abused by being exercised too often, it is usual to accept the present. But the custom is sometimes annoying, and I always reserved to myself the privilege of declining the offering. In this case the honey was too tempting and the demeanor of the man too respectful to admit of refusal, and he went away happy with a sum twice the value of the honey and equal to the profits of several days' labor in Persia.

A while after this episode a troop of veiled women, stately in the long mantle which muffled them from head to foot, visited the camp. They had learned that a physician was one of our party, and desired to consult him. Improvising a medical office at once under a tree, the doctor sat on one of the roots, and proceeded to feel pulses and examine tongues. Their faces he could not see. It was a novel sight to observe this group of ignorant peasant women, in parti-colored garb, seated in a circle before him on the grass, giving him an account of their ailments. The traveler in the East is often requested to prescribe to the sick, be he actually a physician or no. I have been repeatedly requested to serve in this capacity, and sincerely hope that the list of mortality in non-Christian lands has not been thereby increased. Luckily neither coroner nor municipal records exist in the happy Orient. The physician, however, labors under a peculiar disadvantage in Persian practice even if his qualifications are not too carefully examined; for he is not permitted to see the face of his female patient, and is thus deprived of one of the most important points in forming a diagnosis. The native doctors require no other diploma to enter on the profession of medicine than a supply of infinite assurance sometimes called cheek. They are generally itinerants who go from village to village and announce their profession on arriving. Extraordinary remedies are given. Having prescribed, the physician decamps before the results become perceptible, aware that a common sequence is death. Fortunately for them, this result is generally quietly accepted as the fiat of Kismét, or Destiny.

Another question also came up for our consideration on Monday; this was the selection of the best route for us to take over the tremendous ridge that rose between us and the Lar. Having an invalid in a tachtravân to take with us, the question was much more serious than that of deciding which of various comfortable routes one should select to go from Boston to New York; for there are many roads in Persia over which it is impossible to take a tachtravân. We had intended to go by the route of Lavassân, in two stages. But hearing that the road over the Aftcha Pass was practicable, and could be made in one stage, we found ourselves in a dilemma. Nothing is more difficult than to obtain precise and correct information about routes and distances in Oriental countries. In order to settle the question, we sent for the head men or elders of the village, who came to the camp and gave respectful attention to our inquiries, seated

under the great plane-tree and smoking with great dignity. They assured us that the route over the Aftcha Pass was every way the most desirable. They pronounced the road to be good, and the distance, they affirmed, could be accomplished in eight hours. The former statement proved measurably true, while the latter we unfortunately found on trial to be correct only for horsemen excellently mounted and going at a gallop over many parts of the route, which was manifestly out of the question with such a train as ours.

After the departure of these worthies, we ordered the tents to be struck and the sumpter-mules to be loaded, and proceed in advance to prepare our next camp for us. The loading of so many implements on some forty mules, my own share of the number amounting to sixteen, was a task of several hours; but by one P. M. the loads were all started. After a comfortable siesta under the trees and a right jolly meal, we also got the passenger-train under way at half-past four P. M., the very earliest hour we dared to start, owing to the intensity of the heat before sunset. But we had many hours of the hardest mountain travel in Persia before us, and were anxious to reach our cots before one A. M. When one considers that in our party were included an invalid and two infants, with their nurses, two small boys under five, and a half dozen spinsters ranging from six to sixteen years, and some twenty-five animals loaded with passengers of various ages, the arduousness of the undertaking is better appreciated, especially if to this be added the fact that we were to wind along the edge of tremendous precipices over a pass thirteen thousand feet above the sea. I should add that the nurses and babies were carried in *kajevêhs*, which are basket-like



OLD BRIDGE AT GELANDEVÊK.

frames, slung on either side of a mule, and sheltered by a curtain. The peculiar advantage of the *kajevêh* on a narrow cliff road lies in the probability that, if one of the *kajevêhs* hits the side of a rock, the mule will be thrown off his balance and land with his load at the bottom of a ravine.

Our road lay for a couple of miles over the plain of Hassarderé, crossing several streams that were nearly dry. One of them was

spanned by a picturesque but dilapidated bridge with a single arch. I subjoin a sketch of it, as it is a characteristic example of the Persian mode of bridge-building. Some of the timbers employed for a staging during its construction are still to be seen there. It is a curious habit of the Persians to leave parts of the scaffold timbers obtruding, even in elaborate structures; for what reason it is difficult to tell.

Gradually ascending, we entered and passed through the village of Kardan, and came to a large waterfall at the left of two bridges. The old one was a fearfully narrow and ticklish structure, without a parapet and wide enough for only one horse. Happily our train was not obliged to risk this perilous passage, for a handsome new bridge of hewn stone, broad and parapeted, had recently been constructed by the side of the old one.

From this place the road rapidly ascended, passing along the edge of a ridge and looking on either hand over a landscape of the most magnificent description. On the lovely slopes and glens below, half veiled in the creeping shadows of the late afternoon or smitten by the long shafts of the setting sun, tilled fields, gardens, and picturesque villages were clustered in agreeable variety. Ever and anon, too, between the foliage one caught the magical gleam of a mountain stream dashing down over crags and precipices. Above, and on either hand, sublime peaks lifted their pinnacles golden in the radiance of a cloudless sunset. Those travelers who speak in light terms of the scenery of Persia are either unobservant of what they might see, or wedded to a special type of landscape; what is more likely, they have never been over the Aftcha Pass.

The road here was excellent and showed real engineering skill. Two hours' ride brought us to the village of Aftcha, which, like many villages of Persia, is an appanage of one of the men in power. His country residence may be seen prominently situated on one side of the ravine, at the bottom of which rests the village in a picturesque confusion of peasants' houses grouped amid the foliage in a most irregular but attractive manner. The steep, narrow entrance to the village was blocked by a drove of loaded donkeys as we approached. It was a characteristic incident of Persian travel when our *giliodâr* dashed headlong into this clumsy throng, thrashing heartily from side to side, hitting both men and animals with no trifling blows of his whip, and driving them back into a side lane to make room for our train. As we clattered noisily through the rough, tortuous streets of the village, every one came forth to gaze on such an unwonted scene. It

was no small matter to force the *tachtravân* through the narrow, tortuous lanes round abrupt corners. The difficulty experienced here was a foretaste of the obstacles that we were to encounter higher up the mountain.

The village of Aftcha may be considered typical. Persian villages are divisible into two classes: those of the plains, treeless and surrounded by a high, quadrangular wall of sundried bricks to protect them against the inroads of *Turkomâns* and *Kurds*; and those distinguished for their watercourses and trees, in ravines or lofty mountains, where springs and torrents encourage the growth of plane, mulberry, and poplar trees and orchards, and allow irrigating channels for the nourishment of vegetable plantations. Water is the most precious commodity in Persia. Except in the humid provinces north of the mountains adjoining the Caspian, there is neither rain nor dew for many months, and none too much the rest of the year. The cities are entirely dependent for water on subterranean aqueducts. Nothing can exceed the aridity of the vast plains of this ancient land; while on the other hand nothing can surpass the rank luxuriance of the verdure of its mountain villages, through which the roaring torrents dash all the year round.

Aftcha is one of these. As we emerged from its lanes and opened the upper side of the hamlet, we heard the roaring of a cataract, tumbling over a precipice and endowing the village to which it gave a name with rural comfort and beauty. In a small field on the right reapers were cutting the wheat with sickles, or gathering fruits in baskets and mantles. After crossing the torrent over an arched, parapeted bridge of colored bricks, we began to climb the mountain in earnest. We could see the road above us very distinctly, a serpentine line following the zigzag crest of an ascending spur, which led to the entrance of the pass. The sun was now below the mountains, but the twilight lingered for some time, and we made good headway before it was actually too dark to proceed with safety. On returning over the same road in broad daylight, I confess there were parts where the precipices on either hand were a little giddy, especially with a skittish horse or a *tachtravân*.

Fortunately, when the darkness fairly set in, rendered doubly intense by the lofty mountain walls on either hand, we came to a small level nook where it was deemed best to cry a halt and wait for the rising of the moon. Every one dismounted, and the animals were detailed in groups to several of the attendants. Several large boulders were scattered over this mimic plateau, and in a few moments our party had found a shelter from the night wind

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A RELIGIOUS MENDICANT.

under these rocks. Lanterns and the fitful gleam of a fire soon shed a flickering radiance over the moving figures, but added extraordinary mystery to the opaque background of mountains that seemed to spring up abruptly only a few yards from us. In the mean time the ever-present samovâr or Persian tea-urn was busy heating water, and we found a capital cup of Russian tea refreshing indeed. To this we added cold boiled eggs and some sandjiâk or unleavened bread baked on the stones in a

thin cake. Two of the horses now took it into their heads to kick up their heels and make a bold strike for liberty; they dashed away towards Aftcha. This might have proved a serious incident, for they were both spirited animals, and it is no easy matter, the catching of runaway horses in such a place and at such an hour. Specter-like they flew down the road, one white as snow, the other black as night, but both a shadowy gray in the gloom. A dozen men at once started



THE TACHTRAVÂN.

in pursuit, while my hostler, springing on a quick horse, spurred after the fugitives. The flying bridles probably impeded their steps, for in a few minutes they were caught and brought back. But, on remounting my black Afghan, I found his ambition for a night adventure was not quite over.

After resting an hour, we began to see the light of the moon touching the peaks on the left side of the gorge and gradually creeping down the mountain-side, which changed from a black form to the appearance of a white mist. Then, with lanterns carried by the outriders both in front and rear of the procession, in order to indicate the road and prevent straggling, we recommenced our journey. The giliodâr received strict orders to keep a careful lookout; on the appearance of a sign that any one was falling behind, the head of the column was to be stopped and a messenger sent to ascertain the difficulty and dress up the line again. Of course we traveled single file, and this made it important that we should keep together; for the climb before us was full of danger, and if any accident should happen to some one in the rear of the column it might be some time before he was missed unless we exercised unusual vigilance.

Next to the giliodâr followed the tachtra-

vân, with a footman on each side to steady it in rough places. Immediately behind rode two gentlemen ready to spring off the horses any instant the tachtravân should be in danger of slipping over a precipice. After them followed a miscellaneous train of horses and donkeys, with kajevêhs and ladies and children; lastly, came several attendants and the escort of soldiers.

The moon long delayed bestowing the advantage of her rays on our devious path. The farther we entered into the heart of the mountains, the darker it became; for the mountain between us and the moon, although the sky above it was glowing as with a white fire, yet arose as we approached it and tantalized us with the constant hope of seeing the moon, while it persistently screened it from our view, and thereby increased the gloom which enveloped the hazardous

cliff-road up which we were slowly climbing. Every one was carefully watching his own animal, lest a false step in the dark should hurl him into the gorge below, when a sharp, long cry rang from the rear of the train, which was still on the zigzag below. At once a halt was called and a messenger was sent to find out the cause of the outcries. It was discovered that a loaded mule with a servant on his back had fallen over the edge of the road and rolled down. The man fortunately saved himself as the animal went over, but the mule was recovered somewhat the worse for wear, although able to continue the climb. Mules, like cats, are hard to kill.

Again the long procession began to wend its slow way upwards, over a terrific piece of road which often consisted of smooth rocks confusedly thrown together. On looking at that part of the road afterwards by daylight, I was astonished that we escaped without serious accident. Many of the party now found it convenient to dismount and climb on foot until the moon finally burst over the ridge with a light scarcely dimmer than that of day. But once again came the cry of distress from the hollow below. This time another mule had fallen over with damage to its load; but it had caught on a ledge and escaped with only some severe bruises.

But if the moonlight enabled us to see our way better, it also revealed to us more clearly the depths of the yawning gulf on our right, enveloped in mysterious gloom. The road, although a very good one in the main for a Persian mountain road, was in places of the most desperate character, while the short zig-zags and sharp angles of a path along one side of a steep gorge made it excessively difficult to carry the tachtravân and kajevêhs without accident. Many a time those riding near to the former leaped off their horses and rushed to the rescue, when those who were steadying the tachtravân found their strength insufficient to prevent the mules from slipping over the cliff or capsizing the heavy and cumbersome fabric. For the mules the labor was terrible, and I expected momentarily to see one of them give out. At one point of imminent peril there were eight men tugging at the mules and the tachtravân to force them safely around a sharp angle in the road.

In the mean time the hours were slipping by, and the time set for arriving at our camp had passed; but it was, notwithstanding, painfully evident that scarce half our arduous task was yet accomplished.

Finally, at two in the morning, we scaled the Aftcha Pass and stood on the summit of the ridge, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. We had safely accomplished a feat never before undertaken on that road. For the first time a tachtravân had scaled the Aftcha Pass, and an American lady was the first woman who had ventured on the undertaking. From the sharp ridge on which we halted a few moments we looked down into the great volcanic valley of the Lar, twenty-five hundred feet below, and discerned at the farther side the shadowy form of the stupendous cone of Demavênd. Although yet thirty miles from us, it soared far above our position, and its snows gleamed in the light of the moon like a mighty phantom hovering in the heavens.

As it was two hours yet before dawn, and all were weary and hungry, it seemed proper that we should now dismount and find the rest we so much needed. But this was a joy to be deferred for several weary hours, for we had still to pick our way down the other side of the ridge and travel miles and miles across the plain to the spot where our servants had been directed to pitch the tents. The descending road, although following a zigzag course, was on the whole less difficult than the one we had just ascended; and by four in the morning the entire party were fairly on the plain and passing the camps of nomads, whose fierce watchdogs gave us a boisterous greeting. I may say here that one of the greatest ob-

stacles encountered in climbing the Aftcha Pass were the large trains of mules and donkeys carrying rice and coal to Teherân and the south of Persia. These stubborn animals are no respecters of persons, nor can more be said of their uncouth drivers. Whenever one of these trains hove in sight, our giliodâr and attendants had their hands full forcing these unruly trains to keep on the outside of the road.

At last dawn began to break on the heights



AN ILIVÂT WOMAN.

of Demavênd, which now soared above us mightier than ever. "Where can the tents be?" "I wonder if we shall ever get there!" were the exclamations constantly uttered by the ladies and children, who were half dead from exhaustion. Around us on every side were the rock-turreted walls of the great mountains inclosing the winding plain. But as dawn deepened into daylight we looked in vain for a glimpse of the longed-for camp. We were fording a rapid stream when a horseman appeared over a knoll galloping towards us at full speed. It proved to be one of my servants, coming to guide us. Here at last was a ray of hope; every heart brightened, and all were cheered by the good news that the camp was only half a *farsâkh*, or two miles, distant. The Persians, as described by Xenophon in the "Anabasis," still



MOUNT DEMAVEND, FROM VALLEY OF THE LAR. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A SKETCH BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.)

measure distances by farsâkhs or parasangs. The snow on the top of Demavend blushed into a warm roseate hue as the sunlight burst into the broad effulgence of day. But on and on we journeyed without rest, stared at here and there by the flocks of mares and their foals pasturing in the meadows, or by the tawny, unkempt nomad children, who romped quite naked before the black tents. The two miles had been more than accomplished over the devious road which led us across one of the most desolate and extraordinary landscapes on the globe, before it dawned on us that the half farsâkh was a mere vague statement of the distance to the camp. No tents were in sight, although we now entered on a portion of the valley enlarging into a plain three or four miles wide. The horses and mules began to show signs of exhaustion; one of the mules carrying *kajevêhs* came down on his knees on level ground and threw a child out on the turf, face foremost. But now another messenger, who had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, returned to assure us that he had found the camp just around the foot of a high mountain directly before us, which concealed Demavend. Forging the rapid current of the Lar River, and skirting this mountain, we at last came to a turn where the camp appeared, yet a mile away, and the tremendous dome of Demavend springing ten thousand feet abruptly above the plain, apparently close at hand, but actually fifteen miles distant.

It was well past eight o'clock when we at last reached our tents in the valley of the Lar, and dismounted, sixteen hours after we had started from Galendevêk.

The first word that ran unanimously through the camp was *tea*. Fortified by several draughts of the best refreshment for the weary yet discovered since the time of Adam, we resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole, to visit the land of Nod. "God bless the man who invented sleep!" ejaculated Sancho Panza, and the sentiment found hearty response in every bosom that memorable morning when we reached the valley of the Lar.

On returning to ourselves again, after a nap of long duration, we all once more with one accord cried breakfast. The universal longing found expression by a vigorous clapping of hands. This is a novel way, you may imagine, to express a sentiment of hunger. I should explain that this is a method of summoning servants in the East. When the servants raised the door of the tent they knew what we wanted, and said, "*Bally, bally, hasâr dur*," which is to say, "Yes, it is ready." Having satisfied the wants of our lower nature, as pietists and philosophers would say (rather hastily as it would seem, considering how dependent the brain is on the stomach), we were in a proper condition to take a survey of the situation. The camp, we found, was planted about the center of a rolling plain several miles long and about two miles wide,

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THE BLACKSMITH.

completely hemmed in by rocky mountains, absolutely bare, but lovely in their very savageness, painted as they were by the various gray or ruddy hues peculiar to volcanic formations. About a thousand feet above the plain was a large patch of snow. At the south-western end the mountains separated, making a passage for the river. At the opposite end, also, the plain widened and gave into it a larger valley meeting it at right angles. But across the entrance stood a mighty eminence crowned by nature with rocks resembling a feudal castle; and beyond and far above soared the great mountain of Persia, Demavënd, the majestic and sublime, the peer of the noblest kings of the mountain world. The plain we were on was ten thousand nine hundred feet above the sea, and Demavënd rose ten thousand feet higher. No vegetation was visible on the deeply seamed slopes of the cone, but its summit was crowned with eternal snow, which extended down several thousand feet, mostly in the clefts of the deep ravines and precipices. I found by measurement that the slope of the cone has an average inclination of thirty-eight degrees, which is remarkable when one considers the extent of

the slope or compares it with some of the steepest of the world's volcanic peaks.

The valley of the Lar, although destitute of any sign of shrub or tree, is yet full of interest to the lover of nature. The river Lar winds along the center of the valley. This is a stream fifty to one hundred yards wide; the current is somewhat turbid, and rushes with great rapidity. The low banks rise gradually on either hand towards the mountains. These undulating slopes were dotted with black goat's-hair tents of the nomads, or blackened with moving patches, which as they approached were resolved into large flocks of goats. Herds of mares were also frequently seen accompanied by their colts, browsing on the short herbage, and wandering at will over this fenceless valley of desolation. These mares belonged to the king, and I was told fully two thousand are annually kept at the Lar, rearing horses for the artillery of Persia.

The Lar valley is in reality the bed of an enormous crater. At some remote period volcanic peaks have been upheaved above its crust, which have divided the surface into the chain of narrow and winding valleys that form the present great valley of the Lar.

Demavënd, the monarch of this elevated solitude, is, of course, a volcano, although quiet for many ages. The presence of this great scene of volcanic action on the borders of the Caspian Sea appears to be consistent with the now well-known law that volcanoes are usually found near the sea.

Our camp was pitched on the brow of a low plateau overlooking the river Lar. The party divided itself into three sections. My own camp included seven tents, with those for the servants. Our sleeping-tent was pitched on the edge of one of the numerous musical brooks which aided to feed the deep flood of the Lar. A curious feature attending the supply of water in the valley are numerous boiling springs. The bubbling action to which they are subject is intermittent, occurring every few minutes. Where our camp lay, forty of these springs were clustered within the space of a third of a mile, whence the spot is called *Shehel Chesmé*, or Forty Springs. Besides this group of forty springs, I may mention, among other interesting objects in the Lar Valley, the Whitewater River, which enters the Lar a milk-white stream tinged with a faint suggestion of green; near its source is found the Devil's Mill. It is externally represented by a large ferruginous rock with two apertures a few feet apart. On standing near the rock one hears a deep, perpetual, and mysterious roar far down in the bowels of the earth, as if demons were engaged in forging weapons for another war against the race of man. Naturally no one has ever ventured down to see the mighty works going on below, nor ever will in all probability; for a mephitic gas of deadly potency exhales from the openings in the rock which causes instant death to every living thing that breathes it. Around the rock there is ever a score or two of birds which have fallen dead on inhaling the air, and when I was there a bear was lying at the entrance stark and stiff.

For the members of the Alpine clubs Demavënd offers attractions well worth considering. Here is a peak a mile higher than Mont Blanc, which can be ascended with comparative ease by any one of strong legs and sound lungs and heart. The sulphur constantly forming at the top, together with the vapor and the extreme heat just below the surface, indicates that, although there is no record of any eruption of Demavënd, it is still by no means dormant.

I followed the course of the Lar River to where it rushes roaring out of a Tartarean gorge at Peloure, and is joined by several other streams. After the junction the Lar is called the Harhaz, and becomes one of the most important streams in Persia. I have

seen no river scenery elsewhere much grander than the gorge of the Harhaz. The river rushes deep and strong at the bottom of a narrow abyss which it has cloven for itself in the long course of ages. Hundreds, and in some places thousands, of feet above soar the wall-like precipices. Here and there on the green shelves far above are clumps of dense verdure and picturesque hamlets reached by winding and dizzy paths.

An interesting feature of the Lar Valley is also found in the Iliots who resort thither in summer with their flocks. Iliot, or Iliyât, is the name applied to the numerous nomadic tribes of Persia, who, to the number of nearly a million, under different names and in different clans, roam over the wilds with numerous flocks and herds. The Iliyâts of the Lar informed me that, wandering as they may appear, they are yet guided by invariable laws and habits. When the Lar Valley is covered to the depth of many feet with a dense mass of snow, these shepherds resort to the fertile district of Veramîn, south-east of Teherân. When summer comes once more they scale the wild passes which surround Demavënd, and deploy their flocks over the volcanic valley to nibble the scanty herbage. But there is nothing random in this movement. By a sort of unwritten law each family and sect recognizes the rights of the others, and thus from year to year each without interference pitches its black goat's-hair tent in the same place. Each night the flocks are counted, and each month the tax-collector comes round and gathers in the monthly levy of four shahis, or three cents, on every sheep.

It may seem strange that in such a lonely spot, where, notwithstanding the presence of herdsmen and herds, one was almost oppressed by the savage sublimity of the landscape which inclosed us from the world and forced us to study the stars, and in a spot so elevated and so difficult of access, one should come to fish for trout, and, what is more, find them in abundance. But such indeed is the case. The river Lar is famed for its speckled trout, and we encamped on its banks well provided with the best rods and flies the English market could afford. We found the trout fickle enough, as elsewhere, and could never tell when or where to find them,—some days "coy and hard to please," and other days so abundant that magnificent strings of fish, averaging upwards of half a pound each, adorned the tent-poles, or graced the board around which we were gathered, with appetites whetted by the keen mountain air. We soon discovered that a trait peculiar to these Persian trout was an indifference amounting to contempt for the daintiest flies we coaxingly

threw in their way. I concluded the cause of this phenomenon lay partly in the scarcity of flying insects at that altitude. But when we baited our hooks with young grasshoppers or frogs we discovered the favorite weakness of these epicures of the Lar.

But, after all, trouting at the Lar seemed secondary to the magnificent aspects of nature which constantly arrested the attention wherever one might be. The form of the great mountain pyramid was ever present, varying in appearance with every change of the atmosphere, and yet dominating over all other objects and haunting the imagination like the presence of a spirit. Sometimes, flooded with the glory of morning and dimmed by the haze of golden light, it retired to a vast distance. Then it would advance until it appeared to be but three or four miles away, disclosing a clear, sharp outline, and the various ruddy tints of the manifold rocks and abysses which seemed its tremendous slopes. Or anon the storm-clouds tossed across its bosom like ocean surges, and the crest alone was visible as if suspended from the zenith.

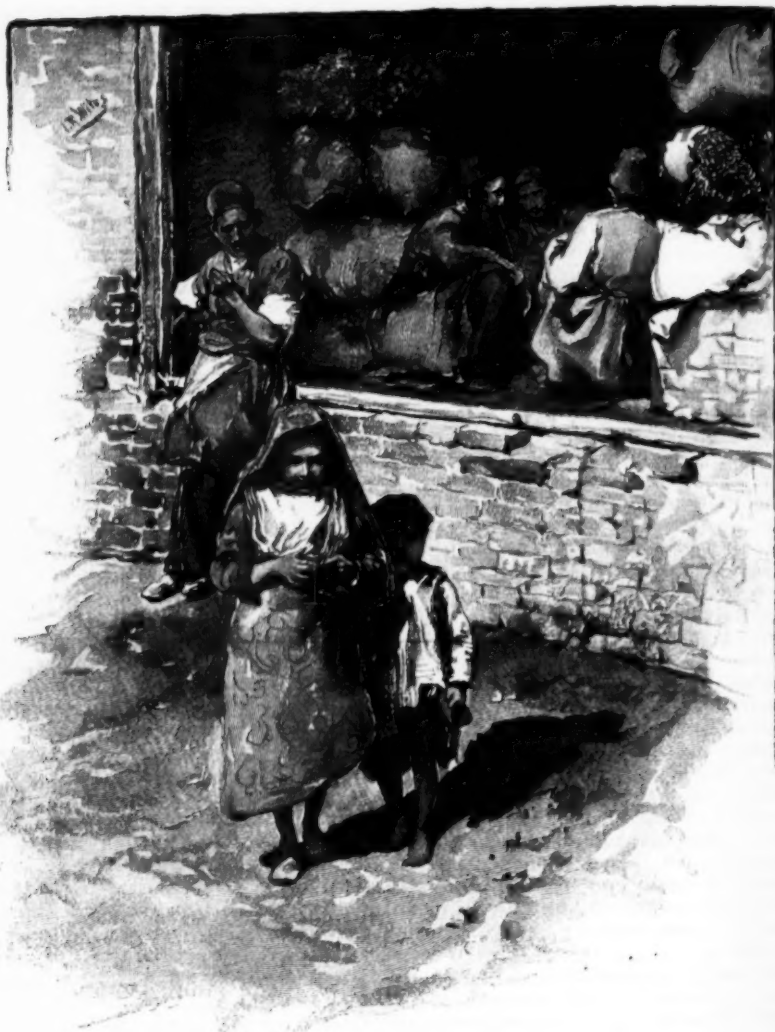
But the hour above all others to realize the impressive grandeur of this awful peak was towards evening, seated in the tent-door when the flocks were wending homeward to their fold among the rocks, where the black-eyed daughter of a race of nomads was waiting for their return. When the valley of the Lar and the mountains which inclosed it were gray in the creeping gloom of twilight, the summit of Demavënd was yet lit by the rosy fire of the vanished sun, and glowed like a star in the firmament. But at night, when all was dark and no sound broke the silence of the sleeping world except the low sound of the brook, no effect of nature ever impressed me more deeply than the presence of the great mountain, like a vast shadow thrown up against the stars.

One at the Lar reminded us vividly of America. This was the weather. One may well say that in the greater part of Persia there is very little weather. For nine months of the year the skies are serene, a cloudless azure by day, and at night a purple veil spangled with the countless gems. Towards noon a breeze from the plains sways the tree-tops, and at night the cool zephyrs from snow-capped mountains flutter the tops of the slumbering groves. When at last the leaves fall in November, and a spasmodic attempt at winter comes, the bright gleams of sunshine often intervening seem like a protest against such an intrusion upon a settled order of things, and the early spring restores the equilibrium of an atmosphere which has been only temporarily disturbed.

It was, therefore, with surprise that, after enjoying for some months an almost entire absence of weather, we found in the valley of the Lar an abundance of this material. The altitude of the valley, its peculiar form, and the near presence of a lofty peak were sufficient conditions for a state of things which went even beyond the preparations we had made to meet it. After we had been there several days the sky began to be obscured with clouds. At once the air became chilly; then the rain commenced falling, and every afternoon thereafter a heavy thunder-storm came up, grandly rolling through the gorges, but seriously interfering with trout-fishing, and, what was worse, soaking the tents and making them too damp to occupy with safety. On Demavënd the rain changed to snow, and the slopes of the peak were each evening whiter, although the heat of midday carried away much of the snow of the previous days. Several times the mercury fell from eighty-six degrees at noon to forty-five degrees at night. One after another of our party was attacked with chills, and the horses, accustomed to life on the warmer plains, showed indications of exhaustion.

We decided without delay to return. The tents were struck after breakfast, and the sumpter-mules sent in advance. At that time the heat was intense, and some of our number suffered with only the shelter of an umbrella to protect us from the sun-rays pouring into the valley, untempered by a breeze. But when at noon the rest of us mounted, we had to do so hurriedly, for a storm was thundering in the gorges, which overtook us before we were fairly out of the valley. Our camp that night was pitched on a green shelf hidden in the heart of the mountain that we had to climb to reach the Aficha Pass. We arrived there at twilight. The horses were tethered by the side of a brook at the bottom of the gorge. It was an idyllic scene. The new moon hung over the dark edge of the mountain, and the fires before the tents added a superb effect to one of those hours which live long in the memory. But after dispatching a warm meal we were obliged to seek our cots, for word had been given for the tents to be struck at three.

Defiling slowly up the zigzag road, we reached the summit of the range an hour after sunrise. Then we rested, and turned back to take a farewell look at Demavënd from that magnificent point of vantage. A universal acclaim of enthusiasm burst apparently from the lips of all. Vertically below us lay the winding valley of the Lar like the bed of a mighty river. Beyond it the ridges rose and fell in endless succession like waves of the sea. A



SOME OF THE INHABITANTS OF AFTCHA.

bank of cloud closed in the receding horizon, and lo! far above it, and far above where we stood, soared the summit of Demavënd, majestic and alone. We were satisfied; that view compensated for all the toils and fatigues we had endured. "Let us go!" said one with a sigh; the exquisite sense of pleasure is sometimes allied to pain.

The descent from the Aftcha Pass was much more rapid than the night ascent had been; but, although we now had daylight in our favor, the difficulties scarcely seemed less, for the weary animals often slipped or stumbled,

and to be hurled over the precipices was not a pleasing prospect. Indeed, in some rugged places we were fain to dismount and trust to our feet. For the tachtravân the descent was attended with enormous difficulty, as the weight constantly tended to impel the poor patient mules over the edge of the road, and several narrow escapes did not add to our sense of security. But finally, after several hours of this sort of work, we came to a more level spot. The tall Arab charvadâr here began to pick up small stones and toss them back towards the other muleteers. "Why do you do that?" I in-

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quired. "Because, praise be to God, the Preserver, we have at last got over the worst of the road, and now it will be easy going."

Happily his statement proved true, and ere long we were again meandering through the winding, leafy lanes of Aficha. A halt was cried at the shops of the village. These shops were open to the road, and facing the orchards along the stream that dashed musically through the place. What attracted us was the fruit, which, for the first time in the season, we found both good and abundant. In a few moments every one of our party was busily occupied discussing the delicious grapes and melons which were liberally handed around. It was a curious spectacle, this little group of Americans on horseback, or in litters and *kajevahs*, huddled together in a narrow lane of a hamlet in the heart of this distant land, eating fruit with keen zest, while the neighboring roofs, walls, and doorways were thronged with a picturesque assemblage of peasants, men, women, and children, gazing with eager eyes at so unexpected a sight. But although the curiosity of these simple people was so great that many a pretty young girl occasionally lowered her veil an instant to get a better view of the strangers, and the bare-legged urchins crept fearlessly among the horses to obtain more certain information concerning these queer foreigners, and the blacksmith forgot to raise his hammer, and the baker, lost in mute surprise, neglected the dough ready to be thrust in the heated oven, yet politeness reigned over the scene and not a word was said to disturb our content. On the contrary, several individuals offered to bring us water or volunteered information about the attractions of this lovely hamlet nestling in a hollow of the mountains and garmented in almost perennial verdure. It is on such occasions that one realizes how very handsome is the race which inhabits Persia. Nowhere are children to be found whose cheeks are more rich in bloom, or whose eyes are kindled with a brighter glow. Large-eyed they are, well formed, in their type of beauty akin to the Greeks and the Spaniards. Nor does squalor or poverty utterly rob the Persians of their native grace.

It was with a considerable sense of relief that we at last arrived at Gelandevék and found the tents ready for us, by the side of the old plane-tree. There we remained for several days enjoying the grateful shelter afforded by this venerable tree, under which it is quite possible Marco Polo encamped when passing through Persia eight hundred years ago. Among other facts which he re-

cords of this country is the statement that Persia was in his time celebrated as the land of plane-trees. It was in fact the country called by Polo the Arbor Sec, referring to the plane-tree, which was considered to be the tree that became dry at the bidding of our Lord. But Orientals maintain that it grew in Paradise and regard it with great veneration. This noble tree, which for purposes of shade can hardly be equaled, still prevails in many parts of Persia.

The tent we occupied was worthy of notice. It formerly belonged to a Persian general, who used it when accompanying the king or the army in the field. It was of a pattern peculiar to Persia, where it has been the custom for the court to spend the summer in tents. Consequently, the making of tents has been carried to great perfection in Persia, and has given good scope to the decorative talents of the native artists. My tent was of the sort called *kalemkâr*, the designs of the interior being done by hand, and the colors being also applied or stamped by hand. Nothing could exceed the extraordinary beauty of the intricate designs which completely covered the interior of this tent. Each panel had in the center an agreeable representation of the conventional figure of a cypress or tree of life, which we are in the habit of calling the palm-leaf pattern when we see it on Cashmere shawls. But this is an error; it is the cypress that is intended in this design. Around this figure were wreaths of flowers, interwoven with birds of paradise, and at the base of the picture were grotesque elephants pursued by hunters brandishing scimitars. Over the junction of the panels was a pair of exquisitely comical lions of the most ferocious aspect, bearing naked swords in their right paws. This is but a feeble description of the graceful and fertile fancy displayed in this intricate and lovely system of decoration. As in all Oriental decoration, the individuality of the artist was apparent in a score of repetitions; for while repeating the same general plan in each panel, the artist allowed himself to vary the arrangement of color in several places.

Another charm of our life at Gelandevék was the arrival of our mails twice a week, brought by courier from Teherán. The capital seemed far away, and yet a swift rider could reach our camp in six or seven hours. Letters from our distant home in America had a peculiar charm when read in the quiet scene of rural seclusion, thirty-five to forty days after they had received the stamp of the United States at New York.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;*

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

v.

LEMUEL stretched the note between his hands, and pored so long upon it that the clerk began to tap impatiently with his finger-tips on the register. "It won't go?" faltered the boy, looking up at the clerk's sharp face.

"It won't go here," replied the clerk. "Got anything else?"

Lemuel's head whirled; the air seemed to darken around him, as he pored again upon the note, and turned it over and over. Two tears scalded their way down his cheeks, and his lips twitched, when the clerk added, "Some beats been workin' you?" but he made no answer. His heart was hot with shame and rage, and heavy with despair. He put the note in his pocket, and took his bag and walked out of the hotel. He had not money enough to get home with now, and besides he could not bear to go back in the disgrace of such calamity. It would be all over the neighborhood, as soon as his mother could tell it; she might wish to keep it to herself for his sake, but she could not help telling it to the first person and every person she saw; she would have to go over to the neighbors to tell it. In a dreary, homesick longing he saw her crossing the familiar meadows that lay between the houses, bare-headed, in her apron, her face set and rigid with wonder at what had happened to her Lem. He could not bear the thought. He would rather die; he would rather go to sea. This idea flashed into his mind as he lifted his eyes aimlessly and caught sight of the tall masts of the coal-ships lying at the railroad wharfs, and he walked quickly in the direction of them, so as not to give himself time to think about it, so as to do it now, quick, right off. But he found his way impeded by all sorts of obstacles; a gate closed across the street to let some trains draw in and out of a station; then a lot of string teams and slow heavy-laden trucks got before him, with a turmoil of express wagons, herdies, and hacks, in which he was near being run over, and was yelled at, sworn at, and laughed at as he stood bewildered, with his lank bag in his

hand. He turned and walked back past the hotel again. He felt it an escape, after all, not to have gone to sea; and now a hopeful thought struck him. He would go back to the Common and watch for those fellows who fooled him, and set the police on them, and get his money from them; they might come prowling round again to fool somebody else. He looked out for a car marked like the one he had followed down from the Common, and began to follow it on its return. He got ahead of the car whenever it stopped, so as to be spared the shame of being seen to chase it; and he managed to keep it in sight till he reached the Common. There he walked about looking for those scamps, and getting pushed and hustled by the people who now thronged the paths. At last he was tired out, and on the Beacon street mall, where he had first seen those fellows, he found the very seat where they had all sat together, and sank into it. The seats were mostly vacant now; a few persons sat there reading their evening papers. As the light began to wane, they folded up their papers and walked away, and their places were filled by young men, who at once put their arms round the young women with them, and seemed to be courting. They did not say much, if anything; they just sat there. It made Lemuel ashamed to look at them; he thought they ought to have more sense. He looked away, but he could not look away from them all, there were so many of them. He was all the time very hungry, but he thought he ought not to break into his half-dollar as long as he could help it, or till there was no chance left of catching those fellows. The night came on, the gas-lamps were lighted, and some lights higher up, like moonlight off on the other paths, projected long glares into the night and made the gas look sickly and yellow. Sitting still there while it grew later, he did not feel quite so hungry, but he felt more tired than ever. There were not so many people around now, and he did not see why he should not lie down on that seat and rest himself a little. He made feints of reclining on his arm at first, to see if he were noticed; then he stretched himself out, with his bag under his head, and his hands in his pockets clutching

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the money which he meant to make those fellows take back. He got a gas-lamp in range, to keep him awake, and lay squinting his eyes to meet the path of rays running down from it to him. Then he shivered, and rose up with a sudden start. The dull, rich dawn was hanging under the trees around him, while the electric lamps, like paler moons now, still burned among their tops. The sparrows bickered on the grass and the gravel of the path around him.

He could not tell where he was at first; but presently he remembered, and looked for his bag. It was gone; and the money was gone out of both his pockets. He dropped back upon the seat, and leaning his head against the back, he began to cry for utter despair. He had hardly ever cried since he was a baby; and he would not have done it now, but there was no one there to see him.

When he had his cry out he felt a little better, and he got up and went to the pond in the hollow, and washed his hands and face, and wiped them on the handkerchief his mother had ironed for him to use at the minister's; it was still in the folds she had given it. As he shook it out, rising up, he saw that people were asleep on all the benches round the pond; he looked hopelessly at them to see if any of them were those fellows, but he could not find them. He seemed to be the only person awake on the Common, and wandered out of it and down through the empty streets, filled at times with the moony light of the waning electrics, and at times merely with the gray dawn. A man came along putting out the gas, and some milk-carts rattled over the pavement. By and by a market-wagon, with the leaves and roots of cabbages sticking out from the edges of the canvas that covered it, came by, and Lemuel followed it; he did not know what else to do, and it went so slow that he could keep up, though the famine that gnawed within him was so sharp sometimes that he felt as if he must fall down. He was going to drop into a doorway and rest, but when he came to it he found on an upper step a man folded forward like a limp bundle, snoring in a fetid, sodden sleep, and, shocked into new strength, he hurried on. At last the wagon came to a place that he saw was a market. There were no buyers yet, but men were flitting round under the long arcades of the market-houses, with lanterns under their arms, among boxes and barrels of melons, apples, potatoes, onions, beans, carrots, and other vegetables, which the country carts as they arrived continually unloaded. The smell of peaches and cantaloupes filled the air, and made Lemuel giddy as he stood and looked at the abundance. The men were not saying much; now

and then one of them priced something, the owner pretended to figure on it, and then they fell into a playful scuffle, but all silently. A black cat lay luxuriously asleep on the canvas top of a barrel of melons, and the man who priced the melons asked if the owner would throw the cat in. There was a butcher's cart laden with carcasses of sheep, and one of the men asked the butcher if he called that stuff mutton. "No; imitation," said the butcher. They all seemed to be very good-natured. Lemuel thought he would ask for an apple; but he could not.

The neighboring restaurants began to send forth the smell of breakfast, and he dragged up and down till he could bear it no longer, and then went into one of them, meaning to ask for some job by which he could pay for a meal. But his shame again would not let him. He looked at the fat, white-aproned boy drawing coffee hot from a huge urn, and serving a countryman with a beefsteak. It was close and sultry in there; the open sugar-bowl was black with flies, and a scent of decaying meat came from the next cellar. "Like some nice fresh doughnuts?" said the boy to Lemuel. He did not answer; he looked around as if he had come in search of some one. Then he went out, and straying away from the market, he found himself after a while in a street that opened upon the Common.

He was glad to sit down, and he said to himself that now he would stay there, and keep a good lookout for the chaps that had robbed him. But again he fell asleep, and he did not wake now till the sun was high, and the paths of the Common were filled with hurrying people. He sat where he had slept, for he did not know what else to do or where to go. Sometimes he thought he would go to Mr. Sewell, and ask him for money enough to get home; but he could not do it; he could more easily starve.

After an hour or two he went to get a drink at a fountain he saw a little way off, and when he came back some people had got his seat. He started to look for another, and on his way he found a cent in the path, and he bought an apple with it—a small one that the dealer especially picked out for cheapness. It seemed pretty queer to Lemuel that a person should want anything for one apple. The apple when he ate it made him sick. His head began to ache, and it ached all day. Late in the afternoon he caught sight of one of those fellows at a distance; but there was no policeman near. Lemuel called out, "Stop there, you!" but the fellow began to run when he recognized Lemuel, and the boy was too weak and faint to run after him.

The day wore away and the evening came again, and he had been twenty-four hours houseless and without food. He must do something; he could not stand it any longer; there was no sense in it. He had read in the newspapers how they gave soup at the police-stations in Boston in the winter; perhaps they gave something in summer. He mustered up courage to ask a gentleman who passed where the nearest station was, and then started in search of it. If the city gave it, then there was no disgrace in it, and Lemuel had as much right to anything that was going as other people; that was the way he silenced his pride.

But he missed the place; he must have gone down the wrong street from Tremont to Washington; the gentleman had said the street that ran along the Common was Tremont, and the next was Washington. The cross-street that Lemuel got into was filled with people, going and coming, and lounging about. There were girls going along two or three together with books under their arms, and other girls talking with young fellows who hung about the doors of brightly lighted shops, and flirting with them. One of the girls, whom he had seen the day before in the Common, turned upon Lemuel as he passed, and said, "There goes my young man *now*! Good-evening, Johnny!" It made Lemuel's cheek burn; he would have liked to box her ears for her. The fellows all set up a laugh.

Towards the end of the street the crowd thickened, and there the mixture of gas and the white moony lights that glared higher up, and winked and hissed, shone upon the faces of a throng that had gathered about the doors and windows of a store a little way down the other street. Lemuel joined them, and for pure listlessness waited round to see what they were looking at. By and by he was worked inward by the shifting and changing of the crowd, and found himself looking in at the door of a room, splendidly fitted up with mirrors and marble everywhere, and colored glass and carved mahogany. There was a long counter with three men behind it, and over their heads was a large painting of a woman, worse than that image in the garden. The men were serving out liquor to the people that stood around drinking and smoking, and battenning on this picture. Lemuel could not help looking, either. "What place is this?" he asked of the boy next him.

"Why, don't you know?" said the boy. "It's Jimmy Baker's. Just opened."

"Oh," said Lemuel. He was not going to let the boy see that he did not know who Jimmy Baker was. Just then something caught his eye that had a more powerful charm for him than that painting. It was a large bowl at

the end of the counter which had broken crackers in it, and near it were two plates, one with cheese, and one with bits of dried fish and smoked meat. The sight made the water come into his mouth; he watched like a hungry dog, with a sympathetic working of the jaws, the men who took a bit of fish, or meat, or cheese, and a cracker, or all four of them, before or after they drank. Presently one of the crowd near him walked in and took some fish and cracker without drinking at all; he merely winked at one of the bartenders, who winked at him in return.

A tremendous tide of daring rose in Lemuel's breast. He was just going to go in and risk the same thing himself, when a voice in the crowd behind him said, "Hain't you had 'most enough, young feller? Some rest of us would like a chance to see now."

Lemuel knew the voice, and turning quickly, he knew the impudent face it belonged to. He did not mind the laugh raised at his expense, but launched himself across the intervening spectators, and tried to seize the scamp who had got his money from him. The scamp had recognized Lemuel too, and he fell back beyond his grasp, and then lunged through the crowd, and tore round the corner and up the street. Lemuel followed as fast as he could. In spite of the weakness he had felt before, wrath and the sense of wrong lent him speed, and he was gaining in the chase when he heard a girl's voice, "There goes one of them now!" and then a man seemed to be calling after him, "Stop, there!" He turned round, and a policeman, looking gigantic in his belted blue flannel blouse and his straw helmet, bore down upon the country boy with his club drawn, and seized him by the collar.

"You come along," he said.

"I haven't done anything," said Lemuel, submitting as he must, and in his surprise and terror losing the strength his wrath had given him. He could scarcely drag his feet over the pavement, and the policeman had almost to carry him at arm's length.

A crowd had gathered about them, and was following Lemuel and his captor, but they fell back when they reached the steps of the police station, and Lemuel was pulled up alone, and pushed in at the door. He was pushed through another door, and found himself in a kind of office. A stout man in his shirt-sleeves was sitting behind a desk within a railing, and a large book lay open on the desk. This man, whose blue waistcoat with brass buttons marked him for some sort of officer, looked impersonally at Lemuel and then at the officer, while he chewed a quill toothpick, rolling it in his lips. "What have you got there?" he asked.

"Assaulting a girl down here, and grabbing her satchel," said the officer who had arrested Lemuel, releasing his collar and going to the door, whence he called, "You come in here, lady," and a young girl, her face red with weeping and her hair disordered, came back with him. She held a crumpled straw hat with the brim torn loose, and in spite of her disordered looks she was very pretty, with blue eyes flung very wide open, and rough brown hair, wavy and cut short, almost like a boy's. This Lemuel saw in the frightened glance they exchanged.

"This the fellow that assaulted you?" asked the man at the desk, nodding his head toward Lemuel, who tried to speak; but it was like a nightmare; he could not make any sound.

"There were three of them," said the girl with hysterical volubility. "One of them pulled my hat down over my eyes and tore it, and one of them held me by the elbows behind, and they grabbed my satchel away that had a book in it that I had just got out of the library. I hadn't got it more than ——"

"What name?" asked the man at the desk.

"A Young Man's Darling," said the girl, after a bashful hesitation. Lemuel had read that book just before he left home; he had not thought it was much of a book.

"The captain wants to know your name," said the officer in charge of Lemuel.

"Oh," said the girl with mortification. "Staira Dudley."

"What age?" asked the captain.

"Nineteen last June," replied the girl with eager promptness, that must have come from shame from the blunder she had made. Lemuel was twenty, the 4th of July.

"Weight?" pursued the captain.

"Well, I hain't been weighed very lately," answered the girl, with increasing interest. "I don't know as I been weighed since I left home."

The captain looked at her judicially.

"That so? Well, you look pretty solid. Guess I'll put you down at a hundred and twenty."

"Well, I guess it's full as much as that," said the girl, with a flattered laugh.

"Dunno how high you are?" suggested the captain, glancing at her again.

"Well, yes, I *do*. I am just five feet two inches and a half."

"You don't look it," said the captain critically.

"Well, I *am*," insisted the girl, with a returning gayety.

The captain apparently checked himself and put on a professional severity.

"What business — occupation?"

"Saleslady," said the girl.

"Residence?"

"No. 2334 Pleasant Avenue."

The captain leaned back in his arm-chair, and turned his toothpick between his lips, as he stared hard at the girl.

"Well, now," he said, after a moment, "you know you've got to come into court and testify to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said the girl, rather falteringly, with a sidelong glance at Lemuel.

"You've got to promise to do it, or else it will be my duty to have you locked up overnight."

"Have me locked up?" gasped the girl, her wide blue eyes filling with astonishment.

"Detain you as a witness," the captain explained. "Of course, we shouldn't put you in a cell; we should give you a good room, and if you ain't sure you'll appear in the morning ——"

The girl was not of the sort whose tongues are paralyzed by terror. "Oh, I'll be *sure* to appear, captain! Indeed I will, captain! You needn't lock me up, captain! Lock me *up*!" she broke off indignantly. "It would be a *pretty* idea if I was first to be robbed of my satchel and then put in prison for it overnight! A great kind of law *that* would be! Why, I never heard of such a thing! I think it's a perfect shame! I want to know if that's the way you do with poor things that you don't know about?"

"That's about the size of it," said the captain, permitting himself a smile, in which the officer joined.

"Well, it's a shame!" cried the girl, now carried far beyond her personal interest in the matter.

The captain laughed outright. "It *is* pretty rough. But what you going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'd ——" But here she stopped for want of science, and added from emotion, "I'd do *anything* before I'd do that."

"Well," said the captain, "then I understand you'll come round to the police court and give your testimony in the morning?"

"Yes," said the girl, with a vague, compassionate glance at Lemuel, who had stood there dumb throughout the colloquy.

"If you don't, I shall have to send for you," said the captain.

"Oh, I'll *come*," replied the girl, in a sort of disgust, and her eyes still dwelt upon Lemuel.

"That's all," returned the captain, and the girl, accepting her dismissal, went out.

Now that it was too late, Lemuel could break from his nightmare. "Oh, don't let her go! I ain't the one! I was running after

a fellow that passed off a counterfeit ten-dollar bill on me in the Common yesterday. I never touched her satchel. I never saw her before ——"

"What's that?" demanded the captain sharply.

"You've got the wrong one!" cried Lemuel. "I never did anything to the girl."

"Why, you fool!" retorted the captain angrily; "why didn't you say that when she was here, instead of standing there like a dumb animal? Heigh?"

Lemuel's sudden flow of speech was stopped at its source again. His lips were locked; he could not answer a word.

The captain went on angrily. "If you'd spoke up in time, maybe I might 'a' let you go. I don't want to do a man any harm if I can't do him some good. Next time, if you've got a tongue in your head, use it. I can't do anything for you now. I got to commit you."

He paused between his sentences, as if to let Lemuel speak, but the boy said nothing. The captain pulled his book impatiently toward him, and took up his pen.

"What's your name?"

"Lemuel Barker."

"I thought maybe there was a mistake all the while," said the captain to the officer, while he wrote down Lemuel's name. "But if a man hain't got sense enough to speak for himself, I can't put the words in his mouth. Age?" he demanded savagely of Lemuel.

"Twenty."

"Weight?"

"A hundred and thirty."

"I could see with half an eye that the girl wa'n't very sanguine about it. But what's the use? I couldn't tell her she was mistaken. Height?"

"Five feet six."

"Occupation?"

"I help mother carry on the farm."

"Just as I expected!" cried the captain.

"Slow as a yoke of oxen. Residence?"

"Willoughby Pastures."

The captain could not contain himself. "Well, Willoughby Pastures,—or whatever your name is,—you'll get yourself into the papers *this* time, *sure*. And I must say it serves you right. If you can't speak for yourself, who's going to speak for you, do you suppose? Might send round to the girl's house——No, she wouldn't be there, ten to one. You've got to go through now. Next time don't be such an infernal fool."

The captain blotted his book and shut it.

"We'll have to lock him up here to-night," he said to the policeman. "Last batch has gone round. Better go through him." But

Lemuel had been gone through before, and the officer's search of his pockets only revealed their emptiness. The captain struck a bell on his desk. "If it ain't all right, you can make it right with the judge in the morning," he added to Lemuel.

Lemuel looked up at the policeman who had arrested him. He was an elderly man, with a kindly face, squarely fringed with a chin-beard. The boy tried to speak, but he could only repeat, "I never saw her before. I never touched her."

The policeman looked at him and then at the captain.

"Too late now," said the latter. "Got to go through the mill this time. But if it ain't right, you can make it right."

Another officer had answered the bell, and the captain indicated with a comprehensive roll of his head that he was to take Lemuel away and lock him up.

"Oh, my!" moaned the boy. As they passed the door of a small room opening on an inner corridor, a smell of coffee gushed out of it; the officer stopped, and Lemuel caught sight of two gentlemen in the room with a policeman, who was saying:

"Get a cup of coffee here when we want it. Try one?" he suggested hospitably.

"No, thank you," said one of the gentlemen, with the bland respectfulness of people being shown about an institution. "How many of you are attached to this station?"

"Eighty-one," said the officer. "Largest station in town. Gang goes on at one in the morning, and another at eight and another at six P. M." He looked inquiringly at the officer in charge of Lemuel.

"Any matches?" asked this officer.

"Everything but money," said the other, taking some matches out of his waistcoat pocket.

Lemuel's officer went ahead, lighting the gas along the corridor, and the boy followed, while the other officer brought up the rear with the visitor whom he was lecturing. They passed some neat rooms, each with two beds in it, and he answered some question: "Tramps? Not much! Give *them* a *board* when they're drunk; send 'em round to the Wayfarers' Lodge when they're sober. These officers' rooms."

Lemuel followed his officer downstairs into a basement, where on either side of a white-walled, brilliantly lighted, specklessly clean corridor, there were numbers of cells, very clean and smelling of fresh whitewash. Each had a broad low shelf in it, and a bench opposite, a little wider than a man's body. Lemuel suddenly felt himself pushed into one of them, and then a railed door of iron was

locked upon him. He stood motionless in the breadth of light and lines of shade which the gas-light cast upon him through the door, and knew the gentlemen were looking at him as their guide talked.

"Well, fill up pretty well, Sunday nights. Most the arrests for drunkenness. But all the arrests before seven o'clock sent to the City Prison. Only keep them that come in afterwards."

One of the gentlemen looked into the cell opposite Lemuel's. "There seems to be only one bunk. Do you ever put more into a cell?"

"Well, hardly ever, if they're men. Lot o' women brought in 'most always ask to be locked up together for company."

"I don't see where they sleep," said the visitor. "Do they lie on the floor?"

The officer laughed. "Sleep? *They* don't want to sleep. What *they* want to do is to set up all night, and talk it over."

Both of the visitors laughed.

"Some of the cells," resumed the officer, "have two bunks, but we hardly ever put more than one in a cell."

The visitors noticed that a section of the rail was removed in each door near the floor.

"That's to put a dipper of water through, or anything," explained the officer. "There!" he continued, showing them Lemuel's door; "see how the rails are bent there? You wouldn't think a man could squeeze through there, but we found a fellow half out o' that one night — backwards. Captain came down with a rattan and made it hot for him."

The visitors laughed, and Lemuel, in his cell, shuddered.

"I never saw anything so astonishingly clean," said one of the gentlemen. "And do you keep the gas burning here all night?"

"Yes; calculate to give 'em plenty of light," said the officer, with comfortable satisfaction in the visitor's complimentary tone.

"And the sanitary arrangements seem to be perfect, doctor," said the other visitor.

"Oh, perfect."

"Yes," said the officer, "we do the best we can for 'em."

The visitors made a murmur of approbation. Their steps moved away; Lemuel heard the guide saying, "Dunno *what* that fellow's in for. Find out in the captain's room."

"He didn't look like a very abandoned ruffian," said one of the visitors, with both pity and amusement in his voice.

VI.

LEMUEL stood and leaned his head against the wall of his cell. The tears that had come to his relief in the morning when he found

that he was robbed would not come now. He was trembling with famine and weakness, but he could not lie down; it would be like accepting his fate, and every fiber of his body joined his soul in rebellion against that. The hunger gnawed him incessantly, mixed with an awful sickness.

After a long time a policeman passed his door with another prisoner, a drunken woman, whom he locked into a cell at the end of the corridor. When he came back, Lemuel could endure it no longer. "Say!" he called huskily through his door. "Won't you give me a cup of that coffee upstairs? I haven't had anything but an apple to eat for nearly two days. I don't want you to *give* me the coffee. You can take my clasp button —"

The officer went by a few steps, then he came back, and peered in through the door at Lemuel's face. "Oh! that's you?" he said; he was the officer who had arrested Lemuel.

"Yes. Please get me the coffee. I'm afraid I shall have a fit of sickness if I go much longer."

"Well," said the officer, "I guess I can get you something." He went away, and came back, after Lemuel had given up the hope of his return, with a saucerless cup of coffee, and a slice of buttered bread laid on top of it. He passed it in through the opening at the bottom of the door.

"Oh, my!" gasped the starving boy. He thought he should drop the cup, his hand shook so when he took it. He gulped the coffee and swallowed the bread in a frenzy.

"Here — here's the button," he said as he passed the empty cup out to the officer.

"I don't want your button," answered the policeman. He hesitated a moment. "I shall be round at the court in the morning, and I guess if it ain't right we can make it so."

"Thank you, sir," said Lemuel, humbly grateful.

"You lay down now," said the officer. "We sha'n't put anybody in on you to-night."

"I guess I better," said Lemuel. He crept in upon the lower shelf and stretched himself out in his clothes, with his arm under his head for a pillow. The drunken woman at the end of the corridor was clamoring to get out. She wished to get out just half a minute, she said, and settle with that hussy; then she would come back willingly. Sometimes she sang, sometimes she swore; but with the coffee still sensibly hot in his stomach, and the comfort of it in every vein, her uproar turned into an agreeable, fantastic medley for Lemuel, and he thought it was the folks singing in church at Willoughby Pastures, and they were all asking him who the new girl in the choir was, and he was saying Statira Dud-

ley; and then it all slipped off into a smooth, yellow nothingness, and he heard some one calling him to get up.

When he woke in the morning he started up so suddenly that he struck his head against the shelf above him, and lay staring stupidly at the iron-work of his door.

He heard the order to turn out repeated at other cells along the corridor, and he crept out of his shelf, and then sat down upon it, waiting for his door to be unlocked. He was very hungry again, and he trembled with faintness. He wondered how he should get his breakfast, and he dreaded the trial in court less than the thought of going through another day with nothing to eat. He heard the stir of the other prisoners in the cells along the corridors, the low groans and sighs with which people pull themselves together after a bad night; and he heard the voice of the drunken woman, now sober, poured out in voluble remorse, and in voluble promise of amendment for the future, to every one who passed, if they would let her off easy. She said aisy, of course, and it was in her native accent that she bewailed the fate of the little ones whom her arrest had left motherless at home. No one seemed to answer her, but presently she broke into a cry of joy and blessing, and from her cell at the other end of the corridor came the clink of crockery. Steps approached with several pauses, and at last they paused at Lemuel's door, and a man outside stooped and pushed in, through the opening at the bottom, a big bowl of baked beans, a quarter of a loaf of bread, and a tin cup full of coffee. "Coffee's extra," he said, jocosely. "Comes from the officers. You're in luck, young feller."

"I ha'n't got anything to pay for it with," faltered Lemuel.

"Guess they'll trust you," said the man. "Anyrate, I got orders to leave it." He passed on, and Lemuel gathered up his breakfast, and arranged it on the shelf where he had slept; then he knelt down before it, and ate.

An hour later an officer came and unbolted his door from the outside. "Hurry up," he said; "Maria's waiting."

"Maria?" repeated Lemuel, innocently.

"Yes," returned the officer. "Other name's Black. She don't like to wait. Come out of here."

Lemuel found himself in the corridor with four or five other prisoners, whom some officers took in charge and conducted upstairs to the door of the station. He saw no woman, but a sort of omnibus without windows was drawn up at the curbstone.

"I thought," he said to an officer, "that there was a lady waiting to see me. Maria

Black," he added, seeing that the officer did not understand.

The policeman roared, and could not help putting his head in at the office door to tell the joke.

"Well, you must introduce him," called a voice from within.

"Guess you ha'n't got the name exactly straight, young man," said the policeman to Lemuel, as he guarded him down the steps. "It's Black Maria you're looking for. There she is," he continued, pointing to the omnibus, "and don't you forget it. She's particular to have folks recognize her. She's blacker'n she's painted."

The omnibus was, in fact, a sort of æsthetic drab, relieved with salmon, as Lemuel had time to notice before he was hustled into it with the other prisoners, and locked in.

There were already several there, and as Lemuel's eyes accustomed themselves to the light that came in through the little panes at the sides of the roof, he could see that they were women; and by and by he saw that two of them were the saucy girls who had driven him from his seat in the Common that day, and laughed so at him. They knew him too, and one of them set up a shrill laugh. "Hello, Johnny! That you? You don't say so? What you up for *this* time? Going down to the Island? Well, give us a call there! Do be sociable! Ward 11's the address." The other one laughed, and then swore at the first for trying to push her off the seat.

Lemuel broke out involuntarily in all the severity that was native to him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

This convulsed the bold things with laughter. When they could get their breath, one of them said, "Pshaw! I know what he's up for: preaching on the Common. Say, young feller! don't you want to hold a prayer-meetin' here?"

They burst into another shriek of laughter, so wild and shrill that the driver rapped on the roof, and called down, "Dry up in there!"

"Oh, you mind your horses, and we'll look after the passengers. Go and set on his knee, Jen, and cheer him up a little."

Lemuel sat in a quiver of abhorrence. The girl appealed to remained giggling beside her companion.

"I—I pity ye!" said Lemuel.

The Irishwoman had not stopped bewailing herself and imploring right and left an easy doom. She now addressed herself wholly to Lemuel, whose personal dignity seemed to clothe him with authority in her eyes. She told him about her children, left alone with no one to look after them; the two little girls, the boy only three years old. When the van

stopped at a station to take in more passengers, she tried to get out — to tell the gentlemen at the office about it, she said.

After several of these halts they stopped at the basement of a large stone building, that had a wide flight of steps in front, and columns, like the church at Willoughby Pastures, only the church steps were wood, and the columns painted pine. Here more officers took charge of them, and put them in a room where there were already twenty-five or thirty other prisoners, the harvest of the night before; and presently another van-load was brought in. There were many women among them, but here there was no laughing or joking as there had been in the van. Scarcely any one spoke, except the Irishwoman, who crept up to an officer at the door from time to time, and begged him to tell the judge to let her have it easy this time. Lemuel could not help seeing that she and most of the others were familiar with the place. Those two saucy jades who had mocked him were silent, and had lost their bold looks.

After waiting what seemed a long time, the door was opened, and they were driven up a flight of stairs into a railed inclosure at the corner of a large room, where they remained huddled together, while a man at a long desk rattled over something that ended with "God bless the commonwealth of Massachusetts." On a platform behind the speaker sat a gray-haired man in spectacles, and Lemuel knew that he was in the court-room, and that this must be the judge. He could not see much of the room over the top of the railing, but there was a buzz of voices and a stir of feet beyond, that made him think the place was full. But full or empty, it was the same to him; his shame could not be greater or less. He waited apathetically while the clerk read off the charges against the vastly greater number of his fellow-prisoners arrested for drunkenness. When these were disposed of, he read from the back of a paper, which he took from a fresh pile, "Bridget Gallagher, complained of for habitual drunkenness. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, your honor," answered the Irishwoman who had come from Lemuel's station. "But make it aisy for me this time, judge, and ye'll never catch me in it again. I've three helpless childer at home, your honor, starvin' and cryin' for their mother. Holy Mary, make it aisy, judge!"

A laugh went round the room, which a stern voice checked with "Silence, there!" but which renewed itself when the old woman took the stand at the end of the clerk's long desk, while a policeman mounted a similar platform outside the rail, and gave his testimony

against her. It was very conclusive, and it was not affected by the denials with which the poor woman gave herself away more and more. She had nothing to say when invited to do so except to beg for mercy; the judge made a few inquiries, apparently casual, of the policeman; then after a moment's silence, in which he sat rubbing his chin, he leaned forward and said quietly to the clerk, "Give her three months."

The woman gave a wild Irish cry, "Oh, my poor childer!" and amidst the amusement of the spectators, which the constables could not check at once, was led wailing below.

Before Lemuel could get his breath those bold girls, one after the other, were put upon the stand. The charge against them was not made the subject of public investigation; the judge and some other elderly gentleman talked it over together; and the girls, who had each wept in pleading guilty, were put on probation, as Lemuel understood it, and, weeping still and bridling a little, were left in charge of this elderly gentleman, and Lemuel saw them no more.

One case followed another, and Lemuel listened with the fascination of terror; the sentences seemed terribly severe, and out of all proportion to the offenses. Suddenly his own name was called. His name had been called in public places before: at the school exhibitions, where he had taken prizes in elocution and composition; in church, once, when the minister had mentioned him for peculiar efficiency and zeal among other Sabbath-school teachers. It was sacred to him for his father's sake, who fell in the war, and who was recorded in it on the ugly, pathetic monument on the village green; and hitherto he had made it respected and even honored, and had tried all the harder to keep it so because his family was poor, and his mother had such queer ways and dressed so. He dragged himself to the stand which he knew he must mount, and stole from under his eyelashes a glance at the court-room, which took it all in. There were some people, whom he did not know for reporters, busy with their pencils next the railing; and there was a semicircular table in the middle of the room at which a large number of policemen sat, and they had their straw helmets piled upon it, with the hats of the lawyers who sat among them. Beyond, the seats which covered the floor were filled with the soddan loafers whom the law offers every morning, the best dramatic amusement in the city. Presently, among the stupid eyes fixed upon him, Lemuel was aware of the eyes of that fellow who had passed the counterfeit money on him; and when this scamp got up and coolly sauntered out of the room, Lemuel was held

in such a spell that he did not hear the charge read against him, or the clerk's repeated demand, "Guilty or not guilty?"

He was recalled to himself by the voice of the judge. "Young man, do you understand? Are you guilty of assaulting this lady and taking her satchel, or not?"

"Not guilty," said Lemuel, huskily; and he looked, not at the judge, but at the pretty girl, who confronted him from a stand at the other end of the clerk's desk, blushing to find herself there up to her wide-flung blue eyes. Lemuel blushed too, and dropped his eyes; and it seemed to him in a crazy kind of way that it was impolite to have pleaded not guilty against her accusation. He stood waiting for the testimony which the judge had to prompt her to offer.

"State the facts in regard to the assault," he said gravely.

"I don't know as I can do it, very well," began the girl.

"We shall be satisfied if you do your best," said the judge, with the glimmer of a smile, which spread to a laugh among the spectators, unrebuked by the constables, since the judge had invited it.

In this atmosphere of sympathy the girl found her tongue, and with a confiding twist of her pretty head began again: "Well, now, I'll tell you just how it was. I'd just got my book out of the Public Library, and I was going down Neponset street on my way home, hurrying along, because I see it was beginning to be pretty late, and the first thing I know somebody pulled my hat down over my eyes, and tore the brim half off, so I don't suppose I can ever wear it again, it's such a lookin' thing; anyrate it ain't the one I've got on, though it's some like it; and then the next thing, somebody grabbed away the satchel I'd got on my arm; and as soon as I could get my eyes clear again, I see two fellows chasin' up the street, and I told the officer somebody'd got my book; and I knew it was one of those fellows runnin' away, and I said, 'There they go now,' and the officer caught the hind one, and I guess the other one got away; and the officer told me to follow along to the station-house, and when we got there they took my name, and where I roomed, and my age——"

"Do you recognize this young man as one of the persons who robbed you?" interrupted the judge, nodding his head toward Lemuel, who now lifted his head and looked his accuser fearlessly in her pretty eyes.

"Why, no!" she promptly replied. "The first thing I knew, he'd pulled my hat over my eyes."

"But you recognize him as one of those you saw running away?"

"Oh, yes, he's one of *them*," said the girl.

"What made you think he had robbed you?"

"Why, because my satchel was gone!" returned the girl, with logic that apparently amused the gentlemen of the bar.

"But why did you think *he* had taken it?"

"Because I see him running away."

"You couldn't swear that he was the one who took your satchel?"

"Why, of course not! I didn't *see* him till I saw him running. And I don't know as he was the one, now," added the girl, in a sudden burst of generosity. "And if it was to do over again, I should say as much to the officers at the station. But I got confused when they commenced askin' me who I was, and how much I weighed, and what my height was; and *he* didn't say anything; and I got to thinkin' maybe it *was*; and when they told me that if I didn't promise to appear at court in the morning they'd have to lock me up, I was only too glad to get away alive."

By this time all the blackguard audience were sharing, unchecked, the amusement of the bar. The judge put up his hand to hide a laugh. Then he said to Lemuel, "Do you wish to question the plaintiff?"

The two young things looked at each other, and both blushed. "No," said Lemuel.

The girl looked at the judge for permission, and at a nod from him left the stand and sat down.

The officer who had arrested Lemuel took the stand on the otherside of the rail from him, and corroborated the girl's story; but he had not seen the assault or robbery, and could not swear to either. Then Lemuel was invited to speak, and told his story with the sort of nervous courage that came to him in extremity. He told it from the beginning, and his adventure with the two beats in the Common made the audience laugh again. Even then, Lemuel could not see the fun of it; he stopped, and the stout ushers in blue flannel sacks commanded silence. Then Lemuel related how he had twice seen one of the beats since that time, but he was ashamed to say how he had let him escape out of that very room half an hour before. He told how he had found the beat in the crowd before the saloon, and how he was chasing him up the street when he heard the young lady holler out, "There they go now!" and then the officer arrested him.

The judge sat a moment in thought; then said quietly, "The charge is dismissed"; and before Lemuel well knew what it meant, a gate was opened at the stand, and he was invited to pass out. He was free. The officer who had arrested him shook his hand in congratulation and excuse, and the lawyers

and the other policemen gave him a friendly glance. The loafers and beats of the audience did not seem to notice him. They were already intent upon a case of colored assault and battery which had been called, and which opened with the promise of uncommon richness, both of the parties being women.

Lemuel saw that girl who had accused him passing down the aisle on the other side of the room. She was with another girl, who looked older. Lemuel walked fast, to get out of their way; he did not know why, but he did not want to speak to the girl. They walked fast too, and when he got down the stairs on to the ground floor of the court-house they overtook him.

"Say!" said the older girl, "I want to speak to you. I think it's a down shame, the way that you've been treated; and Statira, she feels jus's I do about it; and I tell her she's got to say so. It's the least she can do, I tell her, after what she got you *in* for. My name's 'Manda Grier; I room 'th S'tira; 'n' I come 'th her this mornin' t' help keep her up; b't I *didn't* know 't was goin' to be s'ch a *perfect* flat-out!"

As the young woman rattled on she grew more and more glib; she was what they call whopper-jawed, and spoke a language almost purely consonantal, cutting and clipping her words with a rapid play of her whopper-jaw till there was nothing but the bare bones left of them. Statira was crying, and Lemuel could not bear to see her cry. He tried to say something to comfort her, but all he could think of was, "I hope you'll get your book back," and 'Manda Grier answered for her:

"Oh, I guess 't ain't the book 't she cares for. S' far forth's the book goes, I guess she can afford to buy another book, well enough. B't I tell her she's done 'n awful thing, and a thing 't she'll carry to her grave 'th her, 'n't she'll remember to her dyin' day. That's what I tell her."

"She ha'n't got any call to feel bad about it," said Lemuel, clumsily. "It was just a mistake." Then, not knowing what more to say, he said, being come to the outer door by this time, "Well, I wish you good-morning."

"Well, good-morning," said 'Manda Grier, and she thrust her elbow sharply into Statira Dudley's side, so that she also said faintly:

"Well, good-morning!" She was fluent enough on the witness-stand and in the police station, but now she could not find a word to say.

The three stood together on the threshold of the court-house, not knowing how to get away from one another.

'Manda Grier put out her hand to Lemuel. He took it, and, "Well, good-morning," he said again.

"Well, good-morning," repeated 'Manda Grier.

Then Statira put out her hand, and she and Lemuel shook hands, and said together, "Well, good-morning," and on these terms of high civility they parted. He went one way and they another. He did not look back, but the two girls, marching off with locked arms and flying tongues, when they came to the corner, turned to look back. They both turned inward and so bumped their heads together.

"Why, you — coot!" cried 'Manda Grier, and they broke out laughing.

Lemuel heard their laugh, and he knew they were laughing at him; but he did not care. He wandered on, he did not know whither, and presently he came to the only place he could remember.

VII.

THE place was the Common, where his trouble had begun. He looked back to the beginning, and could see that it was his own fault. To be sure, you might say that if a fellow came along and offered to pay you fifty cents for changing a ten-dollar bill, you had a right to take it; but there was a voice in Lemuel's heart which warned him that greed to another's hurt was sin, and that if you took too much for a thing from a necessitous person, you oppressed and robbed him. You could make it appear otherwise, but you could not really change the nature of the act. He owned this with a sigh, and he owned himself justly punished. He was still on those terms of personal understanding with the eternal spirit of right which most of us lose later in life, when we have so often seemed to see the effect fail to follow the cause, both in the case of our own misdeeds and the misdeeds of others.

He sat down on a bench, and he sat there all day, except when he went to drink from the tin cup dangling by the chain from the nearest fountain. His good breakfast kept him from being hungry for a while, but he was as aimless and as hopeless as ever, and as destitute. He would have gone home now if he had had the money; he was afraid they would be getting anxious about him there, though he had not made any particular promises about the time of returning. He had dropped a postal card into a box as soon as he reached Boston, to tell of his safe arrival, and they would not expect him to write again.

There were only two ways for him to get home: to turn tramp and walk back, or to go to that Mr. Sewell and borrow the money to pay his passage. To walk home would add intolerably to the public shame he must suffer, and the thought of going to Mr.

Sewell was, even in the secret which it would remain between him and the minister, a pang so cruel to his pride that he recoiled from it instantly. He said to himself he would stand it one day more; something might happen, and if nothing happened, he should think of it again. In the mean time he thought of other things: of that girl, among the rest, and how she looked at the different times. As nearly as he could make out, she seemed to be a very fashionable girl; at any rate, she was dressed fashionably, and she was nice-looking. He did not know whether she had behaved very sensibly, but he presumed she was some excited.

Toward dark, when Lemuel was reconciling himself to another night's sleep in the open air, a policeman sauntered along the mall, and as he drew nearer the boy recognized his friendly captor. He dropped his head, but it was too late. The officer knew him, and stopped before him.

"Well," he said, "hard at it, I see."

Lemuel made no answer, but he was aware of a friendly look in the officer's face, mixed with fatherly severity.

"I was in hopes you had started back to Willoughby Pastur's before this. You don't want to get into the habit of settin' round on the Common, much. First thing you know you can't quit it. Where you goin' to put up to-night?"

"I don't know," murmured Lemuel.

"Got no friends in town you can go to?"

"No."

"Well, now, look here! Do you think you could find your way back to the station?"

"I guess so," said Lemuel, looking up at the officer questioningly.

"Well, when you get tired of this, you come round, and we'll provide a bed for you. And you get back home to-morrow, quick as you can."

"Thank you," said Lemuel. He was helpless against the advice and its unjust implication, but he could not say anything.

"Get out o' Boston, anyway, wherever you go or don't go," continued the officer. "It's a bad place."

He walked on, and left Lemuel to himself again. He thought bitterly that no one knew better than himself how luridly wicked Boston was, and that there was probably not a soul in it more helplessly anxious to get out of it. He thought it hard to be talked to as if it were his fault; as if he wished to become a vagrant and a beggar. He sat there an hour or two longer, and then he took the officer's advice, so far as concerned his going to the station for a bed, swallowing his pride as he must. He must do that, or he must go to Mr. Sewell. It was easier

to accept humiliation at the hands of strangers. He found his way there with some difficulty, and slinking in at the front door, he waited at the threshold of the captain's room while he and two or three officers disposed of a respectably dressed man, whom a policeman was holding up by the collar of his coat. They were searching his pockets and taking away his money, his keys, and his pencil and pen-knife, which the captain sealed up in a large envelope, and put into his desk.

"There! take him and lock him up. He's pretty well loaded," said the captain.

Then he looked up and saw Lemuel. "Hello! Can't keep away, eh?" he demanded jocosely. "Well, we've heard about you. I told you the judge would make it all right. What's wanted? Bed? Well, here!" The captain filled up a blank which he took from a pigeon-hole, and gave it to Lemuel. "I guess that'll fix you out for the night. And to-morrow you put back to Willoughby Pastures tight as you can get there. You're on the wrong track now. First thing you know you'll be a professional tramp, and then you won't be worth the powder to blow you. I use plain talk with you because you're a beginner. I wouldn't waste my breath on that fellow behind you."

Lemuel looked round, and almost touched with his a face that shone fiery red through the rusty growth of a week's beard, and recoiled from a figure that was fouler as to shirt and coat and trousers than anything the boy had seen; though the tramps used to swarm through Willoughby Pastures before the Selectmen began to lock them up in the town poor-house and set them to breaking stone. There was no ferocity in the loathsome face; it was a vagrant swine that looked from it, no worse in its present mood than greedy and sleepy.

"Bed?" demanded the captain, writing another blank. "Never been here before, I suppose?" he continued with good-natured irony. "I don't seem to remember you."

The captain laughed, and the tramp returned a husky "Thank you, sir," and took himself off into the street.

Then the captain came to Lemuel's help. "You follow him," he said, "and you'll come to a bed by and by."

He went out, and, since he could do no better, did as he was bid. He had hardly ever seen a drunken man at Willoughby Pastures, where the prohibition law was strictly enforced; there was no such person as a thief in the whole community, and the tramps were gone long ago. Yet here was he, famed at home for the rectitude of his life and the loftiness of his aims, consorting with drunkards and thieves and tramps, and warned against

what he was doing by policemen, as if he was doing it of his own will. It was very strange business. If it was *all* a punishment for taking that fellow's half-dollar, it was pretty heavy punishment. He was not going to say that it was unjust, but he would say it was hard. His spirit was now so bruised and broken that he hardly knew what to think.

He followed the tramp as far off as he could and still keep him in sight, and he sometimes thought he had lost him, in the streets that climbed and crooked beyond the Common towards the quarter whither they were going; but he reappeared, slouching and shambling rapidly on, in the glare of some electric lights that stamped the ground with shadows thick and black as if cut in velvet or burnt into the surface. Here and there some girl brushed against the boy, and gave him a joking or jeering word; her face flashed into light for a moment, and then vanished in the darkness she passed into. It was that hot October, and the night was close and still; on the steps of some of the houses groups of fat,

weary women were sitting, and children were playing on the sidewalks, using the lamp-posts for goal or tag. The tramp ahead of Lemuel issued upon a brilliantly lighted little square, with a great many horse-cars coming and going in it; a church with stores on the ground floor, and fronting it on one side a row of handsome old stone houses with iron fences, and on another a great hotel, with a high-pillared portico, where men sat talking and smoking. People were waiting on the sidewalk to take the cars; a druggist's window threw its mellow lights into the street; from open cellar-ways came the sound of banjos and violins. At one of these cellar-doors his guide lingered so long that Lemuel thought he should have to find the way beyond for himself. But the tramp suddenly commanded himself from the music, the light, and the smell of strong drink, which Lemuel caught a whiff of as he followed, and turning a corner led the way to the side of a lofty building in a dark street, where they met other like shapes tending toward it from different directions.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

PREMONITION.

IN a still chamber, a white bed of sleep
 With soothing pillow, and a dream so deep,
 That it alone reality did seem,
 And all reality was but a dream—
 I woke as children waken, in surprise,
 With soft bewilderment of lips and eyes
 For I had felt upon my eyelids pressed
 One darling baby kiss; upon my breast
 A passing breath as of an angel-wing
 Poising above me, fragrant, fluttering.

And then I breathed the subtle, sweet perfume
 Of lilacs, purple lilacs in full bloom:
 Lilacs so cool and fresh, the flowers I knew
 Just plucked, pale purple lilacs damp with dew.

In ecstasy I to the window flew,
 Charmed with the garden of my dreams; but no!
 There coldly fell the moonlight on the snow,
 The snow that lay like moonlight far below.

Was it a memory that chose to bring
 From my dream-garden a forgotten flower?
 Was it a spirit that forestalled the hour
 And woke me with the first faint breath of spring?

Charles Warren Stoddard.

A BORROWED MONTH. II.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Radder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

WEST.

I WILL now relate the events which took place in America, among the people in whom I was most interested, while I, a few thousand miles to the east, was enjoying my month of excursion and art work in the mountains of Switzerland.

On my return to my old associates I had intended to state to all of them, in turn, that I owed my delightful holiday to the fact that I had been able to transfer to them the physical disability which had prevented me from making use of the opportunities offered me by the Alps and the vales of Helvetia. But by conversation with one and another I gradually became acquainted with certain interesting facts which determined me to be very cautious in making disclosures regarding the outreaching power of my will.

No one of my friends was so much affected by my departure for Europe as that dear girl Kate Balthis, although I had no idea at the time that this was so. It was not that she was opposed to my going; on the contrary, it was she who had most encouraged me to persevere in my intention to visit Europe, and to conquer or disregard the many obstacles to the plan which rose up before me. She had taken a great interest in my artistic career, and much more personal interest in me than I had dared to suppose. She had imagined, and I feel that she had a perfect right to do so, that I felt an equal interest in her; and when I went away without a word more than any friend might say to another, the girl was hurt. It was not a deep wound; it was more in the nature of a rebuff. She felt a slight sense of humiliation, and wondered if she had infused more warmth into her intercourse with me than was warranted by the actual quality of our friendship. But she cherished no resentment, and merely put away an almost finished interior, in which I had painted a fair but very distant landscape seen through a partly opened window, and set herself to work on a fresh canvas.

Chester Parkman, the artist-athlete whom I have mentioned, was always fond of Kate's society; but after my departure he came a great deal more frequently to her studio than before; and he took it into his head that he

would like to have his portrait painted by her. I had never supposed that Parkman's mind was capable of such serviceable subtlety as this, and I take the opportunity here to give him credit for it. Kate's forte was clearly portraiture, although she did not confine herself at that time to this class of work; and she was well pleased to have such an admirable subject as Chester Parkman, who, if he had not been an artist himself, might have made a very comfortable livelihood by acting as a model for other artists. This portrait-painting business, of which I should have totally disapproved had I known of it, brought them together for an hour every day; and, although Kate had two or three pupils, they worked in an adjoining room, separated by drapery from her own studio; and this gave Parkman every opportunity of making himself as agreeable as he could be. His method of accomplishing this, I have reason to believe, was by looking as well as he could rather than by conversational efforts. But he made Kate agreeable to him in a way of which at the time she knew nothing. He so arranged his position that a Venetian mirror in a corner gave him an admirable view of Kate's face as she sat at her easel. Thus, as she studied his features, his eyes dwelt more and more fondly upon hers, though she noticed it not. This sort of thing went on till Parkman found himself in a very bad way. The image of Kate rose up before him when he was not in her studio, and it had such an influence upon him that, if I may so put it, he gradually sunk his lungs, and let his heart rise to the surface. He imagined, though with what reason I am not prepared to say, that he could perceive in Kate's countenance indications of much admiration of her subject, and he flattered himself this was not confined to her consideration of him as a model. In fact, he found that he was very much in love with the girl. If he had been a wise man, he would have postponed proposing to her until his portrait was finished, for if she refused him he would lose both picture and painter. But he was not a wise man, and one day he made up his mind that as soon as she had finished the corner of his mouth, at which she was then at work, he would abandon his pose, and tell her how things stood with him. But a visitor came in, and prevented this plan from

being carried out. This interruption, however, was merely a postponement. Parkman determined that on the next day he would settle the matter with Kate the moment he arrived at the studio, or as soon, at least, as he was alone with her.

If he had known the state of Kate's mind at this time, he would have been very much encouraged. I do not mean to say that any tenderness of sentiment towards him was growing up within her, but she had begun to admire very much this fine, handsome fellow. She took more pleasure in working at his portrait than in any other she had yet done. A man, she had come to think, to be true to art and to his manhood, should look like this one.

Thus it was that although Kate Balthis had not yet thought of her model with feelings that had become fond, it could not be denied that her affections, having lately been obliged to admit that they had no right to consider themselves occupied, were not in a condition to repel a new comer. And Parkman was a man who, when he had made up his mind to offer his valued self, would do it with a vigor and earnestness that could not easily be withstood.

It was a long time before Chester Parkman went to sleep that night, so engaged was he in thinking upon what he was going to do on the morrow. But, shortly after he arose the next morning, he was attacked by a very queer feeling in his left leg, which made it decidedly unpleasant for him when he attempted to walk. Indisposition of any kind was exceedingly unusual with the young athlete, but he knew that under the circumstances the first thing necessary for his accurately developed muscles was absolute rest, and this he gave them. He sent a note to Kate, telling her what had happened to him, and expressing his great regret at not being able to keep his appointment for the day. He would see her, however, at the very earliest possible moment that this most unanticipated disorder would allow him. He sent for a trainer, and had himself rubbed and lotioned, and then betook himself to a pipe, a novel, and a big easy-chair, having first quieted his much perturbed soul by assuring it that if he did not get over this thing in a few days, he would write to Kate, and tell her in the letter all he had intended to say.

The next day, much to his surprise, he arose perfectly well. He walked, he strode, he sprang into the air; there was absolutely nothing the matter with him. He rejoiced beyond his power of expression, and determined to visit Kate's studio even earlier than the usual hour; but before he was ready to start he received a note from her, which stated that she had been obliged to stay at home that day

on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, and therefore, even if he thought himself well enough, he need not make the exertion necessary to go all the way up to her studio. This note was very prettily expressed, and on the first reading of it Parkman could see nothing in it but a kind desire on the part of the writer that he should know there would be no occasion for him to do himself a possible injury by mounting to her lofty studio before he was entirely recovered. Of course she could not know, he thought, that he would be able to come that day, but it was very good of her to consider the possible contingency.

But, after sitting down and reflecting on the matter for ten or fifteen minutes, Parkman took a different view of the note. He now perceived that the girl was making fun of him. What imaginable reason was there for believing that she, a perfectly healthy person, should be suddenly afflicted by a rheumatism which apparently was as much like that of which he had told her the day before as one pain could be like another. Yes, she was making game of the muscles and sinews on which he prided himself. She did not believe the excuse he had given, and trumped up this ridiculous ailment to pay him back in his own coin. Chester Parkman was not easily angered, but he allowed this note to touch him on a tender point. It seemed to intimate that he would asperse his own physical organization in order to get an excuse for not keeping an appointment. To accuse him of such disloyalty was unpardonable. He was very indignant, and said to himself that he would give Miss Balthis some time to come to her senses; and that if she were that kind of a girl, it would be very well for him to reflect. He wrote a coldly expressed note to Kate, in which he said that, as far as he was concerned, he would not inconvenience her by giving her even the slightest reason for coming to her studio during the continuance of her most inexplicable malady.

Mr. Chester Parkman's mind might have been much more legitimately disturbed had he known that during the night before Kate had been lying awake, and had been thinking of me. She had heard that day from a friend, to whom I had written, of the great misfortune which had happened to me in Switzerland; and she had been thinking, dear girl, that if it were possible how gladly would she bear my trouble for a time, and give me a chance to enjoy that lovely land which I had tried so hard to reach. And if he had been told that at that very time, as I lay awake in the early morning, the idea had come into my head, although most instantly

dismissed, that I would like to be beholden to Kate for a day of Alpine pleasure, he would reasonably have wondered what that had to do with it.

After I had become acquainted with these facts, I asked young Tom Latham, the oarsman, to whom I supposed I had transferred my physical condition on the day after I walked with Parkman's legs to see the sun rise, if he had been at all troubled with rheumatism during the past few months. He replied with some asperity that he had been as right as a trivet straight along; and why in the world did I imagine he was subject to rheumatism!

Of course Kate was annoyed when she received Parkman's note. She saw that he had taken offense at something, although she had no idea what it was. But she did not allow this to trouble her long, and said to herself that if Mr. Parkman was angry with her she was very sorry, but she would be content to postpone work on the portrait until he should recover his good humor.

When she had retired that night she had determined that, if she should not be well enough to go to her studio in a few days, she would send for some of her working materials and try to paint in her room. But the next morning she arose perfectly well.

If, however, she had known what was going to happen, she would have preferred spending another day in her pleasant chamber with her books and sewing. For, about eleven o'clock in the morning, there walked into her studio Professor Dynard, a gentleman who for some time had taken a great deal of interest in her and her work.

She had usually been very well pleased to talk to him, for he was a man of wide information and good judgment. But this morning there seemed to be something about him which was not altogether pleasant. In the first place, he stood before the unfinished portrait of Chester Parkman, regarding it with evident displeasure. For some minutes he said nothing, but hemmed and grunted. Presently he turned and remarked, "I don't like it."

"What is the matter with it?" asked Kate from the easel at which she was at work. "Have I not caught the likeness?"

"Oh, that is good enough as far as it goes," said the Professor. "Very good indeed! too good! You are going to make an admirable picture. But I wish you had another subject."

"Why, I thought myself extraordinarily fortunate in getting so good a one!" exclaimed Kate. "Is he not an admirable model?"

"Of course he is," said the Professor, "but I don't like to see you painting a young fellow like Parkman. Now don't be angry," he

continued, taking a seat near her and looking around to see if the portière of the pupils' room was properly drawn. "I take a great interest in your welfare, Miss Balthis, and my primary object in coming here this morning is to tell you so; and, therefore, you must not be surprised that I was somewhat annoyed when I found that you were painting young Parkman's portrait. I don't like you to be painting the portraits of young men, Miss Balthis, and I will tell you why." And then he drew his chair a little nearer to her, and offered himself in marriage.

It must be rather awkward for a young lady artist to be proposed to at eleven o'clock in the morning, when she is sitting at her easel, one hand holding her palette and maul-stick, and the other her brush, and with three girl pupils on the other side of some moderately heavy drapery, probably listening with all their six ears. But in Kate's case the peculiarity of the situation was emphasized by the fact that this was the first time that any one had ever proposed to her. She had expected me to do something of the kind; and two days before, although she did not know it, she had just missed a declaration from Parkman; but now it was all really happening, and a man was asking her to marry him. And this man was Professor Dynard! Had Kate been in the habit of regarding him with the thousand eyes of a fly, never, with a single one of those eyes, would she have looked upon him as a lover. But she turned towards him, and sat up very straight, and listened to all he had to say.

The Professor told a very fair story. He had long admired Miss Balthis, and had ended by loving her. He knew very well that he was no longer a young man, but he thought that if she would carefully consider the matter, she would agree with him that he was likely to make her a much better husband than the usual young man could be expected to make. In the first place, the object of his life, as far as fortune was concerned, had been accomplished, and he was ready to devote the rest of his days to her, her fortune, and her happiness. He would not ask her to give up her art, but, on the contrary, would afford her every facility for work and study under the most favorable circumstances. He would take her to Europe, to the isles of the sea, wherever she might like to go. She could live in the artistic heart of the world, or in any land where she might be happy. He was a man both able and free to devote himself to her. He had money enough, and he was not bound by circumstances to special work or particular place. Through him the world would be open to her, and his greatest happiness would be to see her enjoy her oppor-

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tunities. "More than that," he continued, "I want you to remember that, although I am no longer in my first youth, I am very strong, and enjoy excellent health. This is something you should consider very carefully in making an alliance for life; for it would be most unfortunate for you if you should marry a man who, early in life, should become incapacitated from pursuing his career, and you should find yourself obliged to provide, not only for yourself, but for him."

This, Kate knew very well, was intended as a reference to me. Professor Dynard had reason to believe I was much attached to Kate, and he had heard exaggerated accounts of my being laid up with rheumatism in Switzerland. It was very good in him to warn her against a man who might become a chronic invalid on her hands; but Kate said nothing to him, and let him go on.

"And even these devotees of muscularity," said the Professor, "these amateur athletes, are liable to be stricken down at any moment by some unforeseen disease. I do not wish to elevate the body above the mind, Miss Balthis, but these things should be carefully considered. You should marry a man who is not only in vigorous health, but is likely to continue so. And now, my dear Miss Balthis, I do not wish you to utter one word in answer to what I have been saying to you. I want you to consider, carefully and earnestly, the proposition I have made. Do not speak now, I beg of you, for I know I could not expect at this moment a favorable answer. I want you to give your calm judgment an opportunity to come to my aid. On the day after to-morrow I will come to receive your answer. Good-bye."

During that afternoon and the next day Kate thought of little but the offer of marriage which had been made to her. Sometimes she regretted that she had not been bold enough to interrupt him with a refusal, and so end the matter. And then, again, she fell to thinking upon the subject of love, thinking and thinking. Naturally her first thoughts fell upon me. But I had not spoken, nor had I written. This could not be accidental. It had a meaning which she ought not to allow herself to overlook. She found, too, while thus turning over the contents of her mind, that she had thought a little, a very little she assured herself, about Chester Parkman. She admitted that there was something insensibly attractive about him, and he had been extremely attentive and kind to her. But even if her thoughts had been inclined to dwell upon him, it would have been ridiculous to allow them to do so now, for in some way she had offended him, and might never see him again. He must be of a very irritable disposition.

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And then there came up before her visions of Europe and of the isles of the sea; of a life amid the art wonders of the world,—a life with every wish gratified, every desire made possible. Professor Dynard had worked much better than she had supposed at the time he was working. He had not offered her the kind of love she had expected, should love ever be offered, but he had placed before her, immediately and without reserve, everything to which she had expected to attain by the labors of a life. All this was very dangerous thinking for Kate; the fortifications of her heart were being approached at a very vulnerable point. When she started independently in life, she did not set out with the determination to fall in love, or to have love made to her, or to be married, or anything of the kind. Her purpose was to live an art life; and to do that as she wished to do it, she would have to work very hard and wait very long. But now, all she had to do was to give a little nod, and the hope of the future would be the fact of the present. Even her own self would be exalted. "What a different woman would I be," she thought, "in Italy or in Egypt." This was a terribly perilous time for Kate. The temptation came directly into the line of her hopes and aspirations. It tinged her mind with a delicately spreading rosiness.

The next morning when she went to her studio she found there a note from Professor Dynard, stating that he could not keep his appointment with her that day on account of a sudden attack of something like rheumatism, which made it impossible to leave his room. This indisposition was not a matter of much importance, he wrote, and would probably disappear in a few days, when he would hasten to call upon her. He begged that in the mean time she would continue the consideration of the subject on which he had spoken to her; and hoped very earnestly that she would arrive at a conclusion which would be favorable to him, and which, in that case, he most sincerely believed would also be favorable to herself.

When she read this, Kate leaned back in her chair and laughed. "After all he said the other day about the danger of my getting a husband who would have to be taken care of, this is certainly very funny!" She forgot the rosy hues which had been insensibly tinting her dreams of the future on the day before, and only thought of a middle-aged gentleman, with a little bald place on the top of his head, who was subject to rheumatism, and probably very cross when he was obliged to stay in the house. "It is a shame," she said to herself, "to allow the poor old gentleman to worry his mind about me any

longer. It will be no more than a deception to let him lie at home and imagine that as soon as he is well he can come up here and get a favorable answer from me. I'll write him a note immediately and settle the matter." And this she did, and thereby escaped the greatest danger to herself to which she had ever been exposed.

Nearly all Kate's art friends had been very much interested in her portrait of Chester Parkman, which, in its nearly completed state, was the best piece of work she had done. Among these friends was Bufford, whose pupil Kate had been, and to whom she had long looked up, not only as to a master, but as to a dear and kind friend. Mrs. Bufford, too, was extremely fond of Kate, and was ever ready to give her counsel and advice, but not in regard to art, which subject she resigned entirely to her husband. It was under Mrs. Bufford's guidance that Kate, when she first came to the city from her home in the interior of the State, selected her boarding-house, her studio, and her church. More than half of her Sundays were spent with these good friends, and they had always considered it their duty to watch over her as if her parents had appointed them her guardians. Bufford was greatly disappointed when he found that the work on Parkman's portrait had been abruptly broken off. He had wished Kate to finish it in time for an approaching exhibition, where he knew it would attract great attention, both from the fact that the subject was so well known in art circles and in society, and because it was going to be, he believed, a most admirable piece of work. Kate had explained to him, as far as she knew, how matters stood. Mr. Parkman had suddenly become offended with her, why she knew not. He was perfectly well and able to come, she said, for some of her friends had seen him going about as usual; but he did not come to her, and she certainly did not intend to ask him to do so. Bufford shook his head a good deal at this, and when he went home and told his wife about it, he expressed his opinion that Kate was not to blame in the matter.

"That young Parkman," he said, "is extremely touchy, and has an entirely too good opinion of himself; and by indulging in some of his cranky notions he is seriously interfering with Kate's career, for she has nothing on hand except his portrait which I would care to have her exhibit."

"Now don't you be too sure," said Mrs. Bufford, "about Kate not being to blame. Young girls, without the slightest intention, sometimes do and say things which are very irritating, and Kate is just as high-spirited as Parkman is touchy. I have no doubt that the

whole quarrel is about some ridiculous trifle, and could be smoothed over with a few words, if we could only get the few words said. I was delighted when I heard she was painting Chester's portrait, for I hoped the work would result in something much more desirable even than a good picture."

"I know you always wanted her to marry him," said Bufford.

"Yes, and I still want her to do so. And a little piece of nonsense like this should not be allowed to break off the best match I have ever known."

"Since our own," suggested her husband.

"That is understood," she replied. "And now, do you know what I think is our duty in the premises? We should make it our business to heal this quarrel, and bring these young people together again. I am extremely anxious that go time should be lost in doing this, for it will not be long before young Clinton will be coming home. He was to stay away only three months altogether."

"And you are afraid he will interfere with your plans?" said Bufford.

"Indeed I am," answered his wife. "For a long time Kate and he have been very intimate,—entirely too much so,—and I was very glad when he went away, and gave poor Chester a chance. Of course there is nothing settled between them so far, because if there had been Clinton would never have allowed that portrait to be thought of."

"Jealous wretch!" remarked Bufford.

"You need not joke about it," said his wife. "It would be a most deplorable thing for Kate to marry Clinton. He has, so far, made no name for himself in art, and no one can say that he ever will. He is poor, and has nothing on earth but what he makes, and it is not probable that he will ever make anything. And, worse than all that, he has become a chronic invalid. I have heard about his condition in Switzerland."

"And having originally very little," said her husband, "and having lost the only valuable thing he possessed, you would take away from him even what he expected to have."

"He has no right to expect it," said Mrs. Bufford, "and it would be a wicked and cruel thing for him to endeavor to take Kate away from a man like Chester Parkman. Chester is rich, he is handsome, he is in perfect health, and to a girl with an artistic mind like Kate he should be a constant joy to look upon."

"But," said Bufford, "why don't you leave Kate to find out these superiorities for herself?"

"It would never do at all. Don't you see how she has let the right man go on account

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of some trifling misunderstanding? And Clinton will come home, and find that he has the field all to himself. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. You must go to Kate to-morrow, find out what this trouble is about, and represent to her that she ought not to allow a little misunderstanding to interfere with her career in art."

"Why don't you go yourself?" said Bufford.

"That is out of the question. I could not put the matter on an art basis, and anything else would rouse Kate's suspicions. And, besides, I want you afterwards to go to Parkman, and talk to him; and, of course, I could not do that."

"Very well," said Bufford, "I am going to see them both to-morrow, and will endeavor to make things straight between them; but I don't wish to be considered as having anything to do with the matrimonial part of the affair. What I want is to have Kate finish that picture in time for the exhibition."

"You attend to that," said his wife, "and the matrimonial part will take care of itself."

But Bufford did not see either Kate or Parkman the next day, being prevented from leaving his room by a sudden attack of something like rheumatism. He was a man of strong good sense and persuasive speech, and I think he would have had no difficulty in bringing Parkman and Kate together again; and if this had happened, I am very certain that Parkman would have lost no time in declaring his passion. What would have resulted from this, of course, I cannot say; but it must be remembered that Kate at that time supposed that she had made a great mistake in regard to my sentiments towards her. In fact, if Bufford had seen the two young people that day, I am afraid, I am very much afraid that everything would have gone wrong.

The next day Bufford did see Kate, and easily obtained her permission to call on Parkman, and endeavor to find out what it was that had given him umbrage; but as the young athlete had started that very morning for a trip to the West, Bufford was obliged to admit to himself, very reluctantly, that it was probably useless to consider any further the question of Kate's finishing his portrait in time for the exhibition.

When I returned to America, and at the very earliest possible moment presented myself before Kate, I had not been ten seconds in her company before I perceived that I was an accepted lover. How I perceived this I will not say, for every one who has been accepted can imagine it for himself; but I will say that, although raised to the wildest pitch of joy by the discovery, I was very much surprised at it. I had never told the girl I loved

her. I had never asked her to love me. But here it was, all settled, and Kate was my own dear love. Of course, feeling as I did towards her, it was easy for me to avoid any backwardness of demeanor, which might indicate to her that I was surprised, and I know that not for a moment did she suspect it. Before the end of our interview, however, I found out how I had been accepted without knowing it. It had been on account of the letter I had written Kate from Switzerland. In this very carefully constructed epistle I had hinted at a great many things which I had been careful not to explain, not wishing to put upon paper the story of my series of wonderful deliverances, which I intended with my own mouth to tell to Kate. It was a subtly quiet letter, with a substratum of hilarity, of enthusiasm, surging beneath it, which sometimes showed through the thin places in the surface. Of course, writing to Kate, my mind was full of her, as well as of my deliverances, and in my hypersubtlety I so expressed my feelings in regard to the latter of these subjects that it might easily have been supposed to pertain to the first. In fact, when I afterwards read this letter I did not wonder at all that the dear girl thought it was a declaration of love. That she made the mistake I shall never cease to rejoice; for, after leaving Switzerland, I should not have been able, involuntarily and unconsciously, to ward off until my return the attacks of possible lovers.

From day to day I met nearly all the persons who, without having the slightest idea that they were doing anything of the kind, had been of such wonderful service to me while I was abroad; and I never failed to make particular inquiries in regard to their health the past summer. Most of them replied that they had been very well as a general thing, although now and then they might have been under the weather for a day or two. Few of my friends were people who were given to remembering ailments past and gone, and if I had needed any specific information from them in regard to any particular day on which they had been confined to the house by this or that slight disorder, I should not have obtained it.

But when I called upon Henry Brinton, the editor of "Our Mother Earth," I received some very definite and interesting information.

"Everything has gone on pretty much as usual since you left," he said, "except that about a month ago we had a visitation of a curious sort of epidemic rheumatism, which actually ran through the office. It attacked me first, but as I understand such things and know very well that outward applications are

of no possible use, I took the proper medicine, and in one day, sir, I was entirely cured. The next day, however, Barclay, our book-keeper, was down with it, or, rather, he was obliged to stay at home on account of it. I immediately sent him my bottle of medicine, and the next day he came down to the office perfectly well. After him Brown, Simmons, Cummings, and White, one after another, were all attacked in the same way, but each was cured by my medicine in a day. The malady, however, seemed gradually to lose its force, and Cummings and White were only slightly inconvenienced, and were able to come to the office."

All this was very plain to me. Brinton's medicine was indeed the proper remedy for my ailment, and had gradually cured it, so that when I resumed it after my month's exemption, there was very little left of it, and this soon died out of itself. If I could only have known this, I would have sent it over to Brinton in the first instance.

In the course of time I related to Kate the strange series of incidents which had finally brought us together. I am sorry to say she

did not place entire belief in the outreaching powers of my mind. She thought that the relief from my disability was due very much to imagination.

"How," I said, "do you account for those remarkable involuntary holidays of Parkman, yourself, and the others, which were so opportune for me?"

"Things did happen very well for you," she said, "although I suppose a great many other people have had a series of lucky events come into their lives. But even if this were all true, I do not think it turned out exactly as it should have done in a moral point of view. Of course I am delighted, you poor boy, that you should have had that charming month in Switzerland, after all the trouble you had gone through; but wasn't it a little selfish to pass off your disability upon your friends without asking them anything about it?"

"Well," said I, "it may be that if this affair were viewed from a purely moral stand-point, there was a certain degree of selfishness about it, and it ought to have turned out all wrong for me. But we live in a real world, my dear, and it turned out all right."

THE END

Frank R. Stockton.

* THE MAID OF THRACE.

A MAIDEN dwelt in fabled Thrace,
So light of form, so fair of face,
So like the spirit of the dew,
The sunbeams would not let her pass,
Nor yield her shadow to the grass;
They kissed her, clasped her, shone her
through.

And all wild things for her were tame;
The eagle to her beck'ning came,
The stag forgot that he was fleet,
The cruel little pebbles rolled
Their flinty edges in the mold,
And turned their smoothness to her feet.

Whene'er she slept, the birds were hushed;
And when she woke, the lilies blushed,
The roses paled, for very joy.
'Twas whispered that a star each night
Forsook its heaven, and took delight
To be her jewel or her toy.

Whene'er she wept—Oh! could she weep?
Could any shade of sorrow creep
O'er one so born to Pleasure's throne?
Ah me! she drowned the brook with tears,
Her sighs come floating down the years,
She taught the wind its minor tone.

Away from marvels, worship, state,
Her yearning gaze turned, desolate,
To where, beyond a chasm's breach,
Upon a pathless crag, there waved
A far-off blossom that she craved,—
The one, sole flower—quite out of reach.

Since just that prize she could not gain,
Her whole bright world was bright in vain,
And might in vain her love beseech.
With royal bloom on every side,
She broke her heart, she pined and died;—
For oh! that one flower out of reach!

Fanny Foster Clark.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF SOCIALISM.

THE time has passed when socialism can be dismissed with curses, or threats, or sneers, or interjections of amazement. We may be greatly astonished to hear that men entertain theories so chimerical; we may think it a sufficient answer to call them cranks or lunatics; we may denounce them as free-booters and look about for forcible measures to suppress them; but none of these methods will avail. They are here; they are the natural progeny of existing industrial conditions; and they will not be exterminated by all the hard words we may fling at them, nor silenced by any amount of indifference or contempt.

There is, indeed, a class among these socialists to whom it is difficult to make any reply. The more violent wing of them, whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness; who constantly threaten us with revolution and with rapine; who march about the streets of our cities with bands and banners, shouting that our homes are soon to be pillaged and our churches destroyed,—these crazy nihilists are not entitled to any consideration at our hands. On their rage discussion is wasted. It is idle to ask them what they mean; they tell us plainly: they mean murder and arson; they mean the destruction of the present social order, that anarchy may take its place. To such a frenzy no answer is possible. The kingdom that is based on unreason cannot be overthrown by reason. When these men begin to carry out their threats we shall know exactly what to do with them; and the business will be speedily and thoroughly done. Meantime the best thing to do is to give the utmost publicity to their movements and their outgivings. Few of their speeches and manifestoes are uttered in the English language, but they ought to be reported and translated and disseminated as widely as possible. Let the workmen of this country hear what are the plans and the threats of these destructionists. They are able to judge for themselves whether the nihilistic programme is practicable and desirable.

It must not, however, be supposed that these miscreants are the exclusive representatives of socialism in this country. Mr. Rae, in the introductory chapter of "Contemporary Socialism," justly says that "American socialism is a mere episode of German socialism; that it is confined almost exclusively to the German population of the United States." A writ-

ter in the "North American Review," quoted by Mr. Rae, mentions the fact that the socialist vote has been increasing of late more rapidly in New York and Chicago than in Berlin, and attributes the fact to German immigration. Beyond a doubt a considerable portion of this increase consists of the more extreme and violent elements of the Social Democracy of Germany. The severe measures resorted to by the German Government, after the attempt to assassinate the Emperor, had the effect to hasten the departure of many of these rash spirits from their native land. Probably, therefore, the proportion of nihilists among the German socialists of this country at the present time is greater than among the same class in Germany. Nevertheless, in this country, as in Germany and even in Russia, the violent elements are but a small minority. What Mr. Rae says about Russian nihilism will bear pondering by Americans: "A party of violence and extreme principles can only thrive in the warmth of the countenance lent it by the less demonstrative disaffection of the more moderate members of society; and it always withers away when the latter classes are satisfied by timely concessions. Procrastination only swells instead of mitigating the revolutionary spirit, for it but prolongs the political unrest from which that spirit is thrown off. The nihilists of Russia are merely the extremers and more volatile minds who have been touched by the impact of the present upheaval. They are the spray and the foam which curls and roars on the ridge of the general political movement which has for years been rolling over Russia, and their whole real importance is borrowed from the volume and momentum of the wave that bears them up. Folly, it is said, is always weak and ridiculous till wisdom joins it; and the excesses of nihilism, if they stood alone, could not be the source of any formidable danger. But they do not stand alone; they flame out of an atmosphere overcharged with social discontent and political disaffection."*

It is not, then, the spray and the foam of these nihilistic assemblies that should engage our thought, so much as the wave that bears them on. That "less demonstrative disaffection of the more moderate members of society," which furnishes the Russian destroyers with their excuse for being, is present in Germany and in America. Among the German

* "Contemporary Socialism," pages 316, 317.

immigrants are many socialists of the more rational as well as of the more violent type; and the theories of Rodbertus, and Winkelblech, and Karl Marx, and Ferdinand Lassalle have been transplanted to our soil. About the roots of these exotics not a few Americans have been digging somewhat cautiously; the feeling that something is fundamentally wrong with the present organization of society is entertained by many thoughtful and humane persons; and the books that expound the socialistic philosophy have been widely read, by some for the sake of controversy and by some for the sake of information.

There is, therefore, in this country at the present time a considerable number of persons who have some knowledge of the various schemes for the reorganization of the social and industrial order, and not a few who expect these schemes to be realized. These persons are by no means all lunatics. Their hopes for the future of society may seem vague, but there are those among them who are ready to give you a reason for their hopes. They have studied history. They are familiar with the theories of political economy. They rest their demands on a reasoned system of philosophy. They can only be answered by a completer induction of historical facts, a broader political economy, and a sounder philosophy.

On what grounds do these people base their demand for a reorganization of society? Not solely, as some suppose, on their envy of those who are better off than themselves, but on certain economical evils, acknowledged and deplored by all intelligent political economists.

They observe that the wealth of the world is rapidly growing, and that the share of it which falls to those who work for wages is increasing much less rapidly. This is a fact that they have learned of the most orthodox political economists. "It is only too manifest," says Mr. Rae, in the work from which I have already quoted, "that the immense increase of wealth which has marked the present century has been attended with surprisingly little amelioration in the general lot of the people, and it is in no way remarkable that this fact should tend to dishearten the laboring classes, and fill reflective minds with serious concern." Mr. J. E. Cairnes, one of the most careful and thorough thinkers among recent economists, says:

"The fund available for those who live by labor tends, in the progress of society, while actually growing larger, to become a constantly smaller fraction of the entire national wealth. If, then, the means of any one class of society are to be permanently limited to

this fund, it is evident, assuming that the progress of its numbers keeps pace with that of other classes, that its material condition in relation to theirs cannot but decline. Now, as it would be futile to expect, on the part of the poorest and most ignorant of the population, self-denial and prudence greater than that actually practiced by the classes above them, the circumstances of whose life are much more favorable than theirs for the cultivation of these virtues, the conclusion to which I am brought is this, that, unequal as is the distribution of wealth already in this country, the tendency of industrial progress, on the supposition that the present separation between industrial classes is maintained, is toward an inequality greater still. The rich will be growing richer, and the poor, at least relatively, poorer. It seems to me, apart altogether from the question of the laborer's interest, that these are not conditions which furnish a solid basis for a progressive social state."

It may be imagined that the reasonings of Mr. Cairnes apply only to the state of things in his own country; but this is not the case. His conclusions are drawn from the operation of the laws of free contract and competition in the labor market, and they are just as applicable to America as to England. Indeed, some of the most thoughtful of our own teachers of economy have joined with Mr. Cairnes and Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett in teaching the same doctrine.

This, then, is the foundation fact on which the theories of the socialists rest. Their philosophers, men like Karl Marx and Lassalle, are profound students and independent investigators in all this field of political economy, and they have disciples in every nation. A book lately published in this country, "The Coöperative Commonwealth," by Laurence Gronlund, exhibits these economical laws lying at the basis of their system. To bring the fact now under consideration before the eyes of his readers Mr. Gronlund has prepared a series of diagrams, representing the increase of the net product of the industries of the United States through the last four decades, and the manner in which this product has been divided between "wages" and "surplus." The diagrams with the accompanying figures, drawn from the census, show that while the net product of our manufactures increased from \$437,000,000 in 1850 to \$1,834,000,000 in 1880, or more than four hundred per cent., the average annual wages of labor increased from \$248 in 1850 to \$346 in 1880, or about forty per cent. The increase of the "net product" is due, of course, in great part to the increased use of machinery and the improvement in methods of production. That the laborer has been benefited to some extent by this enormous increase of the productive energies of the nation is thus apparent; the fact is one that well-informed socialists do not deny; they only point out that the increase is

* "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy," page 340.

disproportionately small; that the laborer is getting some share of the growing wealth, but by no means his fair share.

Attempts have recently been made by Mr. Giffen in a paper read before the Statistical Society of England, by Mr. Mallock in his "Property and Progress," by Mr. Rae in "Contemporary Socialism," and by others, to break the force of this assertion. Figures have been marshaled from many quarters, tending to show that wages have risen as rapidly as wealth has increased, and that the laboring class are receiving their full share of the gains of modern society. These figures cannot be examined here in detail. Suffice it to say that the conclusions based upon them are far from being settled. Mr. Giffen's reasonings, for example, are confined to the improvement which has taken place in the condition of the English working classes during the last half century; but the point of comparison from which he starts was notoriously one of the very lowest in English history. The laboring classes had reached a point below which they could not have sunk without becoming extinct. From that point they have rapidly risen during the past fifty years. This improvement is mainly due to three causes: the abolition of the corn laws, the factory legislation protecting women and children, and the effective combinations of the trades-unions. But, as Mr. Thorold Rogers has clearly pointed out, the recent rise in British wages cannot be rightly estimated without taking account of the previous depression. If from any causes the laborer is thrust below the level at which he can subsist and rear his family, his return to that level can hardly be reckoned as "progress." And, as a matter of history, Mr. Rogers declares that the English workman was better off four hundred years ago than he is to-day,—not only relatively, but positively better off; that the real wages of labor were higher then than now. There have been great fluctuations in the remuneration of labor in England, as Mr. Rogers so clearly shows in his monumental book on "Work and Wages." By taking one of the extreme points of depression in the past, and comparing the condition of the laborer then with his present condition, it is easy to show that he is far better off than formerly; but a complete and exhaustive study of wages and prices, running through six centuries, like that of Mr. Rogers, leaves the student in a much less optimistic frame of mind. The real question is, however, what has been the effect upon the laboring class of the large system of productive industry now in vogue,—the system which comprises the massing of capital, the division of

labor, and the use of machinery, with free contract and competition as the regulative forces. And the answer to this question given by the socialists is, I am persuaded, substantially correct. Doubtless they exaggerate the facts, but, making all due allowance for exaggeration, the facts support their assertions. Indeed, although Mr. Rae, in the chapter to which I have referred, tries to dispute the conclusions of Mr. Cairnes, I do not see why he does not himself fully admit, in the sentences I have already quoted from him, all that Mr. Cairnes asserts and all that the socialists claim. If "it is only too manifest that the immense increase of wealth which has marked the present century has been attended with surprisingly little amelioration in the general lot of the people," Mr. Cairnes's law is exactly fulfilled; and I confess myself quite unable to reconcile Mr. Rae's statement just quoted on page 319, with his contention on page 324 that "it is a mistake to suppose" that the wage-laborer "has a less share in the wealth of the country than he had when the wealth of the country was less."

The socialists lay much stress upon what they call the "iron law of wages" enunciated by Ricardo, who taught that the natural rate of wages is "that price which is necessary to enable the laborers one with another to subsist, and to perpetuate their race without increase or diminution." It is true that Ricardo qualified this law by teaching that the consent of the laborer is an element in the determination of the price of labor, and that this consent is influenced by custom. The "natural" price is the lowest on which the workman will consent to marry and rear a family. But the introduction of this element into the problem takes away all its scientific value. To say that the natural rate of wages is what the laborer is willing to accept is to utter an extremely indeterminate proposition. And, although Ricardo did endeavor to qualify his law by adding custom and choice to physical necessity, there is not much doubt but that the actual working of unrestricted competition strongly tends to fulfill the law in its narrowest statement, and to confine the remuneration of laborers to the stipend actually required for the maintenance of life and the perpetuation of their race "without increase or diminution." A bare support is all that the economical forces, working unhindered, will guarantee to the laborer. So long as competition is the sole arbiter of his destiny, that is about all he will get. If in England during the last fifty years he has been getting more than this, his prosperity is due to the restriction of competition by the factory acts and the trades-unions. If in America he has had more than

this "natural" rate of wages, it has been because free land has constantly tempered the iron rule of competition.

The socialists point out the fact that the multiplication of commercial crises and the frequent recurrence of periods of stagnation and depression, causing great insecurity and distress among laborers, are natural consequences of the present industrial system. It is all due, they say, to over-production, and is a natural and inevitable result of the system of competition. "Private enterprise," says Mr. Gronlund, "compels every producer to produce for himself, to sell for himself, to keep all his transactions secret, without any regard whatever for anybody else in the wide world. But the producer and merchant—the small ones especially—find out daily that their success or failure depends, in the first place, *precisely on how much others produce and sell*; and, in the second place, on a multitude of causes—often on things that may happen thousands of miles away—which determine the power of purchase of their customers. They have got no measure at hand at all by which they can, even approximately, estimate the actual effective demand of consumers or ascertain the producing capacity of their rivals. In other words, 'private enterprise' is a defiance of Nature's law which decrees that the interests of society are *interdependent*; and Nature punishes that defiance in her own crude way by playing ball with these individualists, and, what is worse, by rendering all production, all commerce, chaotic."*

The existence of this evil is not disputed, nor the suffering that it causes to multitudes of laborers. Karl Marx, as paraphrased by Dr. Ely, shows how the latter class is affected by it. "During prosperous times manufacturers employ all the men, women, and children who will work. The laboring classes prosper, marriage is encouraged, and population increases. Suddenly there comes a commercial crisis. The greater part of the laborers are thrown out of employment, and are maintained by society at large; that is, the general public has to bear the burden of keeping the laborers—the manufacturers' tools—for their employer until he may need them again. These laborers without work constitute an army of reserve forces for the manufacturer. When times begin to improve he again gradually resumes business and becomes more prosperous. The laborer's wages have previously been reduced on account of hard times, and the manufacturer is not obliged to raise them, as there is a whole army in waiting, glad to take work at any price."†

The verification of this statement was easy when this was written. In many of our cities from one-twentieth to one-tenth of the population were receiving during the winter of 1884-5 partial support, either from the city authorities or from voluntary charities. But this is only a fraction of the burden thrown upon the general public by laborers out of employment. Count in all the rent bills, board bills, butchers' and grocers' bills, store bills of all sorts, which remain unpaid in times like these, and are finally charged up to profit and loss, and it will be evident that the wage-receivers become in these times of depression heavy pensioners upon society at large. This evil, according to the socialists, is inseparable from the present industrial system, and can only be cured by reforming that system out of existence.

They call attention also to the fact that the tendency of trade and manufactures at present is toward the creation of great enterprises and the destruction of the lesser ones. The class of small tradesmen and capitalists is rapidly becoming extinct. "The same causes," says Mr. Rae, "have of course exercised very important effects upon the economic condition of the working class. They have reduced them more and more to the permanent condition of wage-laborers, and have left them fewer openings than they once possessed for investing their savings in their own line, and fewer opportunities for the abler and more intelligent of them to rise to a competency."‡ That this will be increasingly true under a system of unmitigated competition is a simple deduction from the recognized laws of political economy. The wage-laborer has now "less chance than before of becoming anything else," and his chances will lessen as time goes on. The concentration of industrial direction in fewer and fewer hands is part of the logic of events.

As a consequence of this we have the growth of the plutocracy, into whose hands is gradually falling the power of the state, as well as the direction of commerce. Against the vast combinations that are made by the great corporations and the great capitalists the people seem to have little power. During the past ten years the number of rich men in the Senate of the United States has greatly increased. Doubtless these gentlemen have not resorted to Washington as a mere pastime. That some of them have used money freely in obtaining their seats is notorious; and these are "business" men, and not likely to expend so much time and money without a definite, "practical" purpose. We may expect to see

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 42.

† "French and German Socialism in Modern Times," page 181.

‡ Page 324.

this class of men increase in the Congress of the United States. If this is becoming, indeed, a plutocracy,—if, in other words, our economical system is contrived in such a manner as to throw a steadily increasing proportion of the wealth of the country into the hands of a few rich men,—we must expect that those whom we thus exalt will possess themselves, in one way or another, of a steadily increasing share of the political power of the country. Until human nature is greatly changed the political power will rest in the hands of those who possess the physical power.

Such is the indictment of the present order which socialism has drawn. Is it a true bill? It must be said, at any rate, that a *prima facie* case is made out, and that the complainants are entitled to a hearing. Indeed, these tendencies to which they point,—the tendency of wages to sink to starvation point, the tendency of the workman's share of the national wealth to grow constantly smaller, the tendency of commercial crises and depression to become more frequent and disastrous, the tendency of all business operations and enterprises to become concentrated in fewer hands, and the consequent tendency to confine the wage-laborers more and more rigidly to their present condition, with the steady growth of a plutocracy on the one side and a proletariat on the other,—all these are, as I believe, the natural issues of an industrial system whose sole motive power is self-interest, and whose sole regulative principle is competition.

To show that this prediction of the socialists is not a mere scarecrow, let me quote a few sentences from a master in political science who will not be accused of rashness. "If, however," says Dr. Woolsey, "that to which we have referred more than once already should be found to be a law of social progress,—that the free use of private property must end in making a few capitalists of enormous wealth, and a vast population of laborers dependent on them; and if there could be no choice between this disease of free society and the swallowing up of all property by the state,—then, we admit, it would be hard to choose between the two evils. Nothing would lead the mass of men to embrace socialism sooner than the conviction that this enormous accumulation of capital in a few hands was to be not only an *evil in fact*, if not prevented, but a *necessary evil*, beyond prevention. . . . If such a tendency should manifest itself, it would run through all the forms of property. A Stewart or a Claflin would root out smaller tradespeople. Holders of small farms would sink into tenants. The buildings of a city would belong to a few owners. Small manu-

facturers would have to take pay from mammoths of their own kind or be ruined. Then would the words of the prophet be fulfilled: 'Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place that they may be placed alone in the earth.' For if this went to an extreme in a free country the 'expropriated' could not endure it; they would go to some other country, and leave these proprietors alone in the land, or would drive them away. A revolution, slow or rapid, would certainly bring about a new order of things."

It is evident that this cautious thinker recognizes the *possibility* of the result which the socialists prophesy. In another place he says, still more significantly: "If any such law, fatal and inevitable, is at work, its progress must be measured, not by years, but by centuries. The socialists have done existing order a favor by calling to it the attention of men."† This must imply that the danger, though remote, is real. The socialists would be entitled to no thanks for discoursing of purely imaginary perils.

These words, and, indeed, the respectful treatment which all the more intelligent students of political science give to the discussions of the philosophical socialists, make it quite plain that they have something to say; and it is precisely here, in its criticisms of the present order, that the strength of socialism is found. Its arraignment of the methods of industry and commerce now existing is trenchant and timely. The warnings that it utters every wise man will heed.

But criticism is always easy; construction is another matter. When the socialists begin to outline the new order which is to supplant the old one, they reveal their weakness. The first problem, of course, is to dispose of the stock of political and social goods now on hand. What shall be done with the present order?

The nihilists and anarchists, as we have seen, have their answer ready. In one word, it is dynamite. They propose to wipe out the present civilization, to raze it, even to its foundations. They want to blow the whole social fabric into fragments. Out of the chaos thus produced they expect to evolve some sort of socialistic cosmos—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein every man shall do that which is right in his own eyes. Those brutal outbursts of reasonless and reckless hate to which they treat us now and then are the signs of a fatal weakness. The spasms of an epileptic exhibit the same sort of energy.

But it would be unfair to hold the philosophical socialists responsible for the freaks of these

* "Communism and Socialism," pages 297, 298. † Page 281.

madmen. Their programme is, for the most part, much more rational. They denounce the present system, but they hold the men guiltless who have been nourished by it. Nay, they hold that the present order is a natural and necessary outgrowth of the past; a stage that was inevitable in the process of evolution, and, until it had fulfilled its purpose, beneficent. "The social state of each epoch," says Mr. Gronlund, "was just as perfect as the corresponding development of our race permitted. The evils, therefore, of the 'let-alone' policy are to be considered the legitimate workings of a principle to which humanity in times to come will find itself greatly indebted. This conception ought to guard us against any ill-feeling towards the individual members of our plutocracy. Passions directed against the system are most proper, for it is only passion that can nerve us sufficiently to overthrow the system; but our capitalists are as much the creatures of circumstances as our paupers are. Neither should we forget that there have here and there been employers and capitalists who would willingly have sacrificed them all to right society. Robert Owen was the more noble a man for being rich."* This is the tone which the more moderate socialists adopt, though even these are sometimes found emitting the sulphurous breath of the anarchist. Thus the generally reasonable writer whose words I have just quoted refers in the last chapter of his book to the natural force called *vril*, described in Bulwer's romance, "The Coming Race." "It can be stored in a small wand which rests in the hollow of the palm, and, when skillfully wielded, can rend rocks, remove any natural obstacle, scatter the strongest fortress, and make the weak a perfect match for any combination of number, strength, and discipline. No wonder that these people attribute their equality, their freedom, felicity, and advancement to this discovery. What if this *vril*" — so Mr. Gronlund muses — "is but a poetic anticipation of the civilizing power of that real, energetic substance, which we call — *dynamite*!"† Coming, as this does, in the course of a conjectural discussion of the ways in which socialism may be realized, it is little better than fiendish. Dynamite is, and will always be, the weapon of dastards. When the ideas of socialism shall have gained possession of the minds of the majority of the people, its reign can be ushered in without resorting to assassination. Until that time shall come, the men who undertake to force it upon a disbelieving and hostile community by the methods of the dynamiters are savages.

It is not, however, by these diabolical

methods that intelligent socialists expect to see the new order replace the old one. They regard it as the next step in the evolution of society, — sure to follow the capitalistic régime, as that was to follow feudalism and slavery. And they regard these very tendencies which we have been considering as movements in the direction of socialism. The large system of industry, by which laborers are drawn together in masses, the trades-unions, the Knights of Labor, and other organizations of similar character, are all preparing the way for the new order. The separation of society into two distinct classes, of the very rich and the very poor, — a plutocracy on one side and a proletariat on the other, — is, to them, a cheering sign. They are quite willing that the wage-laborer should remain a wage-laborer, and they look with no favor upon any attempts to introduce coöperative industries or industrial partnerships. The faster the work of concentration and division goes on, the better they are pleased. When that time shall come of which Roscher speaks, in which there shall be "a well-defined confrontation of rich and poor," the middle class having practically become extinct, the hour of the new order will strike.

Another sign of the good time coming, to which the socialists point, is the increasing amount of governmental interference. When Sir Arthur Helps wrote his "Thoughts on Government," twelve years ago, his plea for paternalism was thought to be extremely heretical; but the current is now setting strongly in this direction. As an acute writer has recently said: "*Laisses faire* is at the present time losing ground because of evolutionary tendencies, which neither political power nor social philosophy can resist; the Government must assume a larger share of duties, and *laisses faire* must so far stand aside."‡ Mr. Herbert Spencer's late essays on "The Man and the State" are one prolonged complaint of this tendency. "Evidently, then," he writes, "the changes made, the changes in progress, and the changes urged will carry us not only toward state ownership of land and dwellings, and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by state agents, but toward state usurpation of all industries; the private forms of which, disadvantaged more and more in competition with the state, which can arrange everything for its own convenience, will more and more die away, just as many voluntary schools have, in presence of board schools; and so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists."§ So universal is this tendency that

* "The Coöperative Commonwealth," page 59. † Page 275.

‡ "Reforms: Their Difficulties and Possibilities," p. 212. § "The Man and the State," p. 39.

Adolf Wagner, the great German economist, has enunciated it as a law—the law of the increasing function of government. From the operation of this law, which causes Mr. Spencer so much anxiety, the socialists expect the introduction of the new régime.

What is to be the new régime? It is, briefly, the nationalization of capital. The state is to own all the land, all the mines and factories, all the machinery, all the raw material of production; it is to assume the direction of all the productive and distributive industries; it is to own and manage all the railroads, the telegraphs, the telephones,—all the means of transportation and communication; it is to keep in its storehouses the fruits of the earth and the products of labor; it is to distribute them where they are needed, and to facilitate exchanges between different groups of workers. Gold and silver and their representatives will be abolished; the only currency will be labor-checks, given in exchange for certain amounts of labor, and exchangeable at the government stores for commodities. All callings are to be classified, and the government is to be administered through these classes of laborers, the principle being that of appointments from below and removal from above. Let Mr. Gronlund tell us how the thing may be done:

"Suppose, then, every distinct branch of industry, of agriculture, and, also, teachers, physicians, etc., to form, each trade and profession by itself, a distinct body, a trades-union (we simply use the term because it is convenient), a guild, a corporation managing its internal affairs itself, but subject to collective control. Suppose, further, that, *e. g.*, the 'heelers' among the operatives in a shoe-factory at Lynn come together and elect their foreman; and that the 'tappers,' the 'solers,' the 'finishers,' and whatever else the various operators may be called, do likewise. Suppose that these foremen assemble and elect a superintendent of the factory, and that the superintendents of all the factories in Lynn, in their turn, elect a—let us call him—district superintendent. Again, we shall suppose these district superintendents of the whole boot and shoe industry to assemble themselves somewhere from all parts of the country, and elect a bureau chief; and he, with other bureau chiefs of related industries, say the tanning industry, to elect a chief of department. However, we do not want too many of these chiefs, for we mean to make a working body, not a talking body, out of them. We mean that these chiefs of department shall form the *national board of administrators*, whose function it shall be to

supervise the whole social activity of the country. Each chief will supervise the internal affairs of his own department, and the whole board control all those matters in which the general public is interested."*

This national board is, however, in Mr. Gronlund's scheme, less a legislative than an executive body; for all general laws framed by it are to be referred to the people, and will only become laws when ratified by them. He also proposes that every directing officer have the right of dismissing any of his subordinates, and that the highest in every department, the chief, be made liable to removal by the whole body of his subordinates. "The subordinates elect, the superiors dismiss," except in the case of the highest in rank, who, since he can be responsible to nobody above him, is to be responsible to everybody below him. The question what the foreman of the primary group is to do with refractory or negligent workers is not an easy one to this philosopher. "Whereto could a worker be removed?" he inquires. "He must be employed somewhere. Of course, there must be some kind of remedy by which society could protect itself against any rebellious or negligent worker. For such cases, a trial by his comrades might be provided, the issue of which might be removal to a lower *grade*, or some sort of compulsion." The question, however, concerns the *lowest grade*. What could be done with people who would not work even there? This part of the programme must be carefully thought out, for unless human nature changes mightily before the dawn of the new order, there will be a great multitude of these people; and their persistent attempts to get a living without work are likely to make trouble in the best-regulated phalanstery.

The state will have three chief functions: it will be Superintendent, Statistician, and Arbitrator. It will direct and control all the farming, mining, manufacturing, carrying, teaching, healing, buying, and selling. It will also collect information from all parts of the country, upon which it will base its decrees concerning the amount of each product necessary for the year. "In the socialistic state," says Schaeffle, "the functionaries who would have to do with sales would ascertain the amounts needed, would distribute the national work accordingly among the different classes of people doing business and the persons concerned in production, transportation, and storage, and would assign to the products a value according to the mass of socially necessary work spent upon them."

Nothing like trade or commerce would

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 79.

therefore exist in this state; the shops and stores by which our products are now distributed would give place to vast government bazaars, where your labor-check would be good for a given amount of any product that might happen to be in stock. No leasing would be possible, for all the lands and tenements would belong to the state. Householders would pay taxes to the state for the premises occupied. The state would help itself, out of the storehouses, to any additional amount needed to defray its own expenses. These expenses would not be small, for a pretty large army of officials would be required to supervise all the multifarious details of production, and distribution, and transportation, and instruction. Physicians, teachers, judges (arbitrators, Mr. Gronlund calls them), and all such "non-productive" laborers would be remunerated out of the government stores. The pay of all workers would be assimilated to that of the common laborer, making due allowance for the amount of time required by the skilled worker to fit himself for his calling. The compensation would be graded on this principle. The difference in the various kinds of work, Mr. Gronlund says, "consists simply in being more or less complicated. It takes, simply, more time to learn the one than the other. The most complicated kind of work can always be reduced to ordinary unskilled labor, may always be considered as multiplied common labor." Thus, for example, the actuaries of the new order may determine that the average number of working years in a man's life is thirty. A coal-heaver, who needs to take no time to learn his trade, would have thirty years to work. A teacher must spend five additional years in study; he would have, therefore, but twenty-five years for work. He should receive, therefore, for his twenty-five years' labor as much as the coal-heaver for his thirty years' labor. The teacher's daily stipend should be one-fifth larger than that of the coal-heaver.

It will be observed that, under socialism, every citizen would be directly and consciously in the employ of the government. The government would be the only employer. The civil service would include the whole population. The shoe-maker or the hod-carrier would be a government officer as much as the post-master or the department clerk.

Under this régime private property would not be abolished, but it would be greatly restricted. A man might live, doubtless, on less than the amount of his daily earnings, and thus an accumulation of labor-checks might be made upon which he could subsist while devoting his leisure to study or travel; but the savings of day-wages must needs be small.

Loans with interest would be prohibited; for it is the very foundation-stone of socialism that capital—that is, property of any kind from which income is derived—shall all belong to the state. Every man's income would be strictly confined to his actual earnings; and the state would be his employer and would fix his stipend. Inheritance would also be restricted or forbidden. Private property would not be allowed to accumulate in this way, in families, by transmission. On this question, however, there is not entire agreement among socialists; some of them holding that the right of bequeathing one's personal savings should not be denied. The limitation of private property would, however, be pretty strict, if Mr. Gronlund is a prophet. This is his judgment:

"Every millionaire is a criminal.

"Every one who amasses a hundred thousand dollars is a criminal.

"Every president of a company with nominal duties, if his salary is but a thousand dollars, is a criminal.

"Every one who loans his neighbor one hundred dollars and exacts one hundred and six in return is a criminal."

It is evident that the reign of the plutocrat will cease when socialism comes to its own.

One interesting feature of the new order is conveyed in the assurance that the question of domestic service will be forever settled. "Domestics will be incorporated in the family, as members of it. No one, then, surely will be so slavish as to accept the position on less honorable terms." After making this fact known, Mr. Gronlund imagines some objector crying out, "Is the man crazy? No one to black our boots, sweep our rooms, attend us at meals, nurse our children! No one to look after our comfort!" To which he makes this answer: "We really think you will have to 'look after your comfort' yourself. Most of your fellow-men, many of them far more worthy than you, now have to do that. At the public places, of course, you can have all your wants supplied and yourself attended to, but mark! by persons as much public functionaries as you yourself will be, and conscious of being so, and whom you cannot familiarly call 'Ben' or 'John' except on an equal footing. But at home you will have to be 'served' by members of your family, and such people whom (*sic*) your personal qualities will attach to your person."

Socialism aims, fundamentally, at the reconstruction of the industrial order; and it need not concern itself with questions of morality or religion. Whatever may be said by its expositors about these questions should be taken as mere *obiter dicta*, and should not be suffered

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to bind or to ban the system. Nevertheless it is noteworthy that those socialists who touch upon domestic and ethical matters indicate their preference for a somewhat radical reconstruction of society along these lines. Their prediction is that marriage will be purely voluntary; that society will interpose no obstacles to the separation of discontented partners; that the control of children by their parents will be much less absolute than at present; that in many of the most important interests of life society will stand *in loco parentis*. "Children do not belong to their parents," says Mr. Gronlund; "they belong to society." "In the very nature of things family supremacy will be absolutely incompatible with an *interdependent*, solidaric commonwealth, for in such a state the first object of education must be to establish in the minds of the children an indissoluble association between their individual happiness and the good of all. To that end family exclusiveness must be broken down first of all."*

As to morals, the socialists are inclined to charge all evil-doing upon the present order of society, and to excuse, if not to justify, the existing race of criminals. The new order will make men good by furnishing them with a better environment; it will successfully tempt them to do right.

As to religion, something of that nature will still remain, no doubt. There is no reason in the nature of things, as Dr. Woolsey says, why socialists should not be Christians. They might even make Christianity the state religion. There is in Germany at the present time a considerable body of Christian Socialists whose programme is, indeed, much less radical than that of the Social Democrats, but who are fairly entitled to the name. As a matter of fact, however, the great majority of socialists are violently opposed to all that is known by the name of religion at the present day.

"Socialists," says Schaeffle, "pronounce the church to be a police institution in the hands of capital, and that it cheats the proletarian 'by bills of exchange on heaven.' It deserves to perish."

This exposition of the philosophy and the aims of socialism is necessarily rough and incomplete; I have endeavored to set forth, as fairly as I could, the main features of the system. In doing so I have exhibited its weakness. As a positive programme for the reconstruction of society its ineptitude must be apparent. It can never survive a thorough popular discussion. So long as it is content with criticising the present order it can gain a hearing; and, as a matter of fact, it does, for

the most part, confine itself to this rôle. Its advocates are chary of definite information about their plans. They are able clearly to point out the evils of competition and capitalism; but when they are asked to tell what they would put in the place of the existing system, they at once begin to deal in generalities. An attempt such as Mr. Gronlund has made to furnish an outline of the new order is the most convincing argument against it. The reflections that must force themselves on all who take the trouble to think out this scheme are briefly these:

1. The attempt to regulate the social and industrial life of a great nation like ours by a centralized bureaucracy would break down under its own weight. The work would be so vast and complicated, the details so multifarious, the adjustments so difficult, the administration so herculean, that its collapse would be speedy. To do all this work an army of "non-productive" government officials would be required, whose draft upon the products of industry would be enormous; it is a question whether the "productive" workers would obtain any larger portion of the net product of their industry than they are now receiving. Under any system labor must be supervised and directed, and exchanges of products must be effected, and this work of direction and exchange must be remunerated. Socialists must carefully count the cost of all this before they enter upon the warfare in which they are now enlisting. The cumbersome rather than the cost of the method is, however, the feature upon which attention should be fixed. That a "National Board of Administrators" at Washington should set out to ascertain and measure the desires of fifty millions of people for the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries of life, and should undertake to produce all these "satisfactions" and distribute them to those who crave them, seems, on the face of it, preposterous.

2. Closely connected with this objection another fundamental weakness of the scheme appears. This is the attempt to base all values upon cost of production, without any consistent reference to the principle of supply and demand. Things are to be worth just what it costs to produce them; the strength or the weakness of the desire of the consumer is not to have any measurable influence in determining the price that shall be paid for them. Mr. Gronlund admits that supply and demand is a natural law, and that it has at present a great deal to do in fixing the prices of commodities, and he thinks that a little room may perhaps be found for the play of this force under the socialistic régime; but it is evident

* "Coöperative Commonwealth," page 224.

that he likes it not, and would willingly be rid of it altogether. The practical difficulties which would arise on account of it are easily conceived. Suppose, for example, a group of manufacturing tailors produce one hundred thousand coats, which are sent to the government warehouses, to be sold. The price of each is fixed by the time expended by the workman in making it. Suppose another group manufactures the same number of coats out of material costing exactly the same, and with the same amount of labor, and these go into the warehouses in the same way, to be sold, of course, at the same price. Owing to the differences in the color and style of the material, and in the pattern and finish of the work, the one lot of coats is quickly disposed of, while the other lot proves unsalable. What is the government to do with this product for which it has paid, and which nobody wants? Will it dispose of the stock for less than its actual cost in labor? Will it not continually find its storehouses filling up with goods that nobody will buy? Mr. Gronlund allows that sacrifices would sometimes have to be made in this way, which the government, "as the universal insurer," would be obliged to meet. He thinks, however, that the government would find ways of controlling this troublesome factor—that is, of causing the people to demand those commodities, and those only, of which it has the supply. It is easy to see how this might be done, in part, by establishing uniformity in a great many of the features of life where now diversity exists; by compelling the people all to dress exactly alike; to dwell in houses of uniform size and cost; to lay aside their individual tastes and preferences and live a life prescribed by governmental regulation. The socialistic scheme can never be worked without the enforcement of such a uniformity in most of the details of life.

3. It is evident that the freedom of the individual would be greatly limited under such a régime. No despotism could be more absolute or more intolerable than that which this fierce democracy would be sure to exercise. Many of the questions which men are now left to determine for themselves would be determined for them by the state; the range of their choices and responsibilities would be greatly narrowed; the forces by which high character is developed would be correspondingly weakened. It is by no means clear that the right of movement from place to place would be left to the individual. Mr. Gronlund insists that it would be, but he has not shown us how this great governmental machine will be able to carry on its work

successfully, unless it has the power to compel its workmen to stay where they are put and do the work assigned to them. As Baron J. Eötvös* has strongly said, "The unconditional subjection of the individual under the state" is the first principle of socialism. "What the form of the state would be in its socialistic era," says Dr. Woolsey, "would be of little importance. The essential characteristic is that it must become all but unlimited; and our readers are well aware that all unlimited governments are more like one another, whether they be called monarchies or oligarchies or democracies, than they are each like to a limited government of their own name."† That this unlimited government, though democratic at first, would easily pass under the control of a single despot, is a truth which reason announces and history confirms. It was revolutionary and communistic France that flung herself so suddenly and so eagerly into the arms of Napoleon. Mr. Gronlund's "National Board of Administrators" would soon find some single will ruling in its councils, and the question of the responsibility of this body, with which its inventor labors, would be promptly solved.

4. But socialism is fundamentally an economical method, and is, therefore, fundamentally wrong, because it is based on a doctrine of economy which is false; namely, the doctrine that all value is the product of labor. This doctrine of value, formulated by Karl Marx, is the corner-stone of socialism. "Nothing," says Mr. Gronlund, "can so effectually kill our cause as the successful impeachment of the answer we shall give to the question, 'What is value?'"‡ This is undoubtedly true, and therefore socialism can never survive a thorough discussion of its economical basis; for no matter whether Ricardo or Marx be the author of this doctrine, it is unsound. Other elements besides the "quantity of common human labor measured by time" help to make up value. Here are two groups of a thousand men, equally industrious and capable. The workmen of the one group find such occupation as they can; but many of them have poor tools, and many others are lacking in constructive or artistic skill and do not know how to direct their own powers; and many others make mistakes of judgment in determining what they will produce, and continually find that they have expended their energies upon products for which there is no demand; and many, still more helpless, though willing to work, are idle a good part of the time because they can find nothing profitable to do. The other group are employed by a man of intelligence and experience. He possesses an ample supply of the

* Quoted by Woolsey, "Communism and Socialism," page 269. † Page 232. ‡ Page 16.

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best tools and machines; he knows, by wide observation and careful study of the market, for what articles there will be an efficient demand; he has the constructive skill and the taste that enable him to produce the goods that will please the people; he knows when to get them to the market and how to put himself in communication with purchasers. Under his direction the second group of men work for a year. Will any man say that the product of their labor, thus directed, will possess no more value than the product of the first group, who wrought blindly during the same time, without direction? Will any man say that the knowledge, the skill, the taste, the judgment, the enterprise, the organizing ability of this employer are not elements in the production of this enhanced value? The majority of the men who work lack the power of directing their own labor so as to secure from it the most valuable product. A very large share of the value produced by their labor is given to it by the intelligence and the organizing power of their employers. To say that this intelligence and this organizing power have nothing to do, or but little to do, with the creation of value is to talk arrant nonsense.

The power to organize and direct labor is highly useful to society. We owe to it the great multiplication of wealth and the rapid progress of the industrial arts. The workmen themselves have derived from it incalculable benefits. And this power has been developed in great degree by the operation of that same "private enterprise" whose doings the socialists so constantly execrate. Even Mr. Gronlund is forced to acknowledge this: "We heartily admit that it has performed wonders. It has built monuments greater than the pyramids. Its Universal Expositions have moved greater masses of men than the crusades ever did. It has done mankind an immense service in proving by hard facts that wholesale manufacture is the most sensible form of labor." (Page 53.)

This is a grudging admission. It has done far more than this. With all its mischiefs and its curses,—and they are multitudinous,—private enterprise has filled the world with blessings. It has been the motive power of material civilization.

But socialism proposes to dispense with it. It will suffer private property, in a restricted sense, but it will not suffer private enterprise. The State is to monopolize the enterprise. The organizing genius, the constructive skill, the executive energy which have built up modern civilization have been developed by giving an open field to private enterprise, and permitting individuals to reap for themselves the rewards of their own vigilance and sagacity.

The closing of this door would paralyze industry and put a stop to development. The prospect of profit from industrial investment is the mainspring of industrial progress. In the words of Mr. Cairnes: "The inducement thus offered to the acquisitive propensity in man constitutes under the actual system of things the ultimate security for all the results which go to form our industrial civilization. The feeling appealed to may, if you like, be a coarse one, but it is at any rate efficacious; it does lead to habitual and systematic saving, and furnishes society with the necessary basis for civilized progress." The proposition of the socialists to exterminate or repress this central principle of human nature is clearly unscientific; the reform for which they call is "a reform against nature."

The just demand of the working class is that they shall share in the growing wealth of the world. "Now this," says Mr. Rae, "involves two things: first, progress; and second, diffusion of progress; and socialism is so intent on the second that it fails to see how completely it would cut off the springs of the first."

The two coordinate forces of the ideal society are self-interest and benevolence. In the perfect society they will exactly balance each other. The present industrial order makes self-interest the sole motive power. Under this one-sided régime the mischiefs have arisen of which socialism complains. The remedy which socialism proposes is the entire reconstruction of society upon the other principle of benevolence, allowing no opportunity for the free play of the self-regarding motives. From the one extreme it flies to the other. Because civilization has gone on one leg till it is lame, socialism insists that it shall go on the other, exclusively, till that too breaks down. Its health and its progress will be promoted by permitting it to go on both legs. Private property and private enterprise must be maintained, and some means must be found of infusing into them a larger measure of good-will. The manual laborer is not entitled to the whole of the net product of his labor; but a wise philanthropy, studying his conditions, freely allows that a larger share of it than he now receives equitably belongs to him, and insists that some adjustment shall be made by which he shall obtain a larger share. The wage-laborer ought to have not only the market rate of wages, under competition, but a stipulated share in the profits of business. He ought to be identified in interest with his employer; and he must be, before there can ever be peace between them. The system of profit-sharing, or industrial partnership, saves and enlarges the gains of private enterprise, and permits the work-

man to participate in them. By some application of this principle the efficiency of the present wage system will be preserved, and its worst mischiefs averted. If any one wishes to know whether this method is practicable or not, let him read that eloquent little book by Sedley Taylor on "Profit-Sharing," in which the results of a large number of experiments along this line are clearly set forth. More than a hundred establishments upon the continent of Europe are now working happily and prosperously upon this basis.

The socialists, indeed, as I have said, are altogether unfriendly to this method. They prefer that the gulf between the laborers and their employers should go on widening and deepening. The faster this proceeds the sooner will come the social revolution for which they pray. Therefore they denounce all workmen who enter into such partnerships with their employers, as a class "with one foot in the camp of the *bourgeoisie* and the other in the camp of the proletariat." Exactly so. In this lies the wisdom and the glory of the method. It is not divisive, it is unitary. "It is only," says Mr. Rae, "by linking a lower class to a higher that you can raise the level of the whole."

This simple readjustment of the economical relations of employer and laborer would put a new face upon industrial society. Peace would take the place of strife, confidence of distrust, hope of despair. The efficiency of labor would be promoted, and the gains of civilization, for all classes, indefinitely increased.

Instead, therefore, of pulling down the existing order, as the socialists propose, the thing to be done is to enlarge its foundations. They are right in saying that an industrial system whose sole motive power is self-interest and whose sole regulative principle is competition will end in pandemonium; but they are foolish in thinking that humanity will thrive under a system which discards or cripples these self-regarding forces. What is needed is the calling into action of the goodwill which is equally a part of human nature. This also must be made an integral part of the industrial system; it must be the business of the employer to promote the welfare of his workmen, and the business of the workmen to promote the interest of their employer. The organization of labor must be such that the one class cannot prosper without directly and perceptibly increasing the prosperity of the other. This is the true remedy for the evils of which the socialists complain. The reform needed is not the destruction but the Christianization of the present order.

Yet, in the language of Sedley Taylor, these

methods of profit-sharing and industrial partnership, "valuable as they are in themselves, constitute no self-acting panacea; . . . their best fruits can be reaped only by men who feel that life does not consist in abundance of material possessions, who regard stewardship as nobler than ownership, who see in the ultimate outcome of all true work issues reaching beyond the limits of the present dispensation, and who act faithfully and strenuously on these beliefs." Those who are under the sway of such motives must take the initiative in this great enterprise of making peace between the workmen and their employers. Edme-Jean Leclaire, founder of the *Maison Leclaire* in Paris, and a man whose life was devoted to the building up of a noble and beneficent industry upon this foundation, wrote, upon his death-bed, this confession of his faith: "I am the humble disciple of Him who has told us to do to others what we would have others do to us, and to love our neighbor as ourselves; it is in this sense that I desire to remain a Christian until my last breath." Out of such a faith ought to grow such fruit. If our Christianity has any life in it, it can solve this problem of the relation between labor and capital. And every employer over whom Christian motives have any power ought to feel the weight of the obligation resting on him to establish between himself and his workmen a relation in which it will be natural for them as well as for him to obey the Christian law.

As a consequence of this economical readjustment better relations would be established between all classes in society, and sympathy and kindness would take the place of suspicion and alienation. The iron law of wages would be broken, and the yawning chasm between rich and poor would be bridged by goodwill.

The principal remedy for the evils of which socialists complain is to be found, therefore, in the application by individuals of Christian principles and methods to the solution of the social problem. The notion that the state can cure all these mischiefs is not to be entertained. Nevertheless, though the state cannot do everything, there are some things that it can do, and must do. The limits of governmental interference are likely to be greatly enlarged in the immediate future. New occasions bring new duties; the function of the state must be broadened to meet the exigencies of our expanding civilization. We may go far beyond Mr. Spencer's limits and yet stop a great way this side of socialism. Out of unrestricted competition arise many wrongs that the state must redress, and many abuses that it must check. It may become the duty

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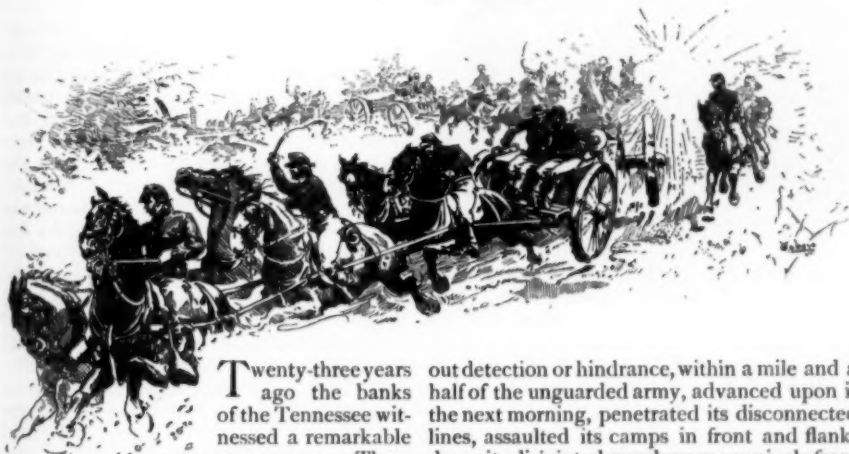
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of the state to reform its taxation, so that its burdens shall rest less heavily upon the lower classes; to repress monopolies of all sorts; to prevent and punish gambling; to regulate or control the railroads and the telegraphs; to limit the ownership of land; to modify the laws of inheritance; and possibly to levy a progressive income tax, so that the enormous fortunes should bear more, instead of less, than their share of the public burdens. The keeping up of such fortunes is against public policy, and the state has the same right to discourage them that it has to inspect factories

or ships, to tax saloons, or to prohibit the erection of a slaughter-house upon the public square. By some such measures the state may clearly indicate its purpose, while carefully guarding the essential liberty of its citizens, to restrain those oppressive evils which grow out of the abuses of liberty; and, while protecting property and honoring industry, to check, by every means in its power, those tendencies by which society is divided into the two contrasted and contending classes of plutocrats and proletarians.

Washington Gladden.

SHILOH REVIEWED.

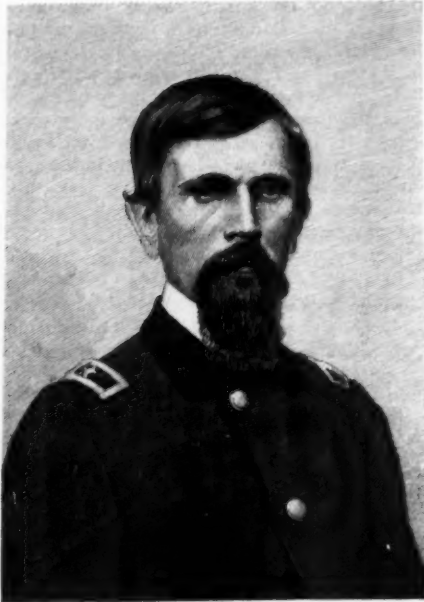


BATTERY, FORWARD!

Twenty-three years ago the banks of the Tennessee witnessed a remarkable occurrence. There was a wage of battle. Heavy blows were given and received,

and the challenger failed to make his cause good. But there were peculiar circumstances which distinguished the combat from other trials of strength in the rebellion: An army comprising seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a sufficiency of cavalry, lay for two weeks and more in isolated camps, with a river in its rear and a hostile army claimed to be superior in numbers twenty miles distant in its front, while the commander made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. It had no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no outposts, properly speaking, to give warning, or check the advance of an enemy, and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander. On a Saturday the hostile force arrived and formed in order of battle, with-

out detection or hindrance, within a mile and a half of the unguarded army, advanced upon it the next morning, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed members successively from position to position, capturing some and routing others, in spite of much heroic individual resistance, and steadily drew near the landing and depot of its supplies in the pocket between the river and an impassable creek. At the moment near the close of the day when the remnant of the retrograding army was driven to refuge in the midst of its magazines, with the triumphant enemy at half-gunshot distance, the advance division of a reinforcing army arrived on the opposite bank of the river, crossed, and took position under fire at the point of attack; the attacking force was checked, and the battle ceased for the day. The next morning at dawn the reinforcing army and a fresh division belonging to the defeated force advanced against the assailants, followed or accompanied by such of the broken columns of the previous day as had not lost all cohesion, and after ten hours of conflict drove the enemy from the captured camps and the field of battle.



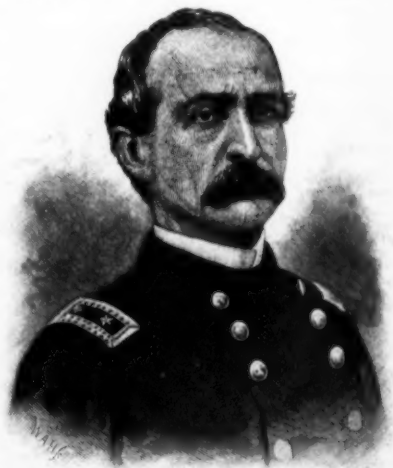
GENERAL THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Such are the salient points in the popular conception and historical record of the battle of Shiloh. Scarcely less remarkable than the facts themselves are the means by which the responsible actors in the critical drama have endeavored to counteract them. At society reunions and festive entertainments, in newspaper interviews and dispatches, in letters and contributions to periodicals, afterthought official reports, biographies, memoirs, and other popular sketches, the subject of Shiloh from the first hour of the battle to the present time has been invaded by pretensions and exculpatory statements, which revive the discussion only to confirm the memory of the grave faults that brought an army into imminent peril. These defenses and assumptions, starting first, apparently half suggested, in the zeal of official attendants and other partisans, were soon taken up more or less directly by the persons in whose behalf they were put forward; and now it is virtually declared by the principals themselves, that the Army of the Ohio was an unnecessary intruder in the battle, and that the blood of more than two thousand of its members shed on that field was a gratuitous sacrifice.

With the origin of the animadversions that were current at the time upon the conduct of the battle, the Army of the Ohio had little to do, and it has not generally taken a willing

part in the subsequent discussion. They commenced in the ranks of the victims, and during all the years that have given unwonted influence to the names which they affected, the witnesses of the first reports have without show of prejudice or much reiteration firmly adhered to their earlier testimony. It does not impair the value of that testimony if extreme examples were cited to illustrate the general fact; nor constitute a defense that such examples were not the general rule. I have myself, though many years ago, made answer to the more formal pleas that concerned the army which I commanded, and I am now called upon in the same cause to review the circumstances of my connection with the battle, and investigate its condition when it was taken up by the Army of the Ohio.

WHEN by the separate or concurrent operations of the forces of the Department of the Missouri, commanded by General Halleck, and the Department of the Ohio, commanded by myself, the Confederate line had been broken, first at Mill Springs by General Thomas, and afterward at Fort Henry and at Fort Donelson by General Grant and the navy, and Nashville and Middle Tennessee were occupied by the Army of the Ohio, the shattered forces of the enemy fell back for the formation of a new line, and the Union armies prepared to follow for a fresh attack. It was apparent in advance that the Memphis and Charleston railroad between Memphis and Chattanooga would constitute the new line, and Corinth, the point of intersection of the Memphis and Charleston road running east



GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD. (COPIED FROM AN ENGRAVING
BY PERMISSION OF D. VAN NOSTRAND.)

and west, and the Mobile and Ohio road running north and south, soon developed as the main point of concentration.

While this new defense of the enemy and the means of assailing it by the Union forces were maturing, General Halleck's troops, for the moment under the immediate command of General C. F. Smith, were transported up the Tennessee by water to operate on the enemy's railroad communications. It was purely an expeditionary service not intended for the selection of a rendezvous or depot for future operations. After some attempts to debark at other points farther up the river, Pittsburg Landing was finally chosen as the most eligible for the temporary object; but when the concentration of the enemy at Corinth made that the objective point of a deliberate campaign, and the coöperation of General Halleck's troops and mine was arranged, Savannah, on the east bank of the river, was designated by Halleck as the point of rendezvous. This, though not as advisable a point as Florence, or some point between Florence and Eastport, was in a general sense proper. It placed the concentration under the shelter of the river and the gun-boats, and left the combined force at liberty to choose its point of crossing and line of attack.

On the restoration of General Grant to the immediate command of the troops, and his arrival at Savannah on the 17th of March, he converted the expeditionary encampment at Pittsburg Landing into the point of rendezvous of the two armies, by placing his whole force on the west side of the river, apparently on the advice of General Sherman, who, with his division, was already there. Nothing can be said upon any rule of military art or common expediency to justify that arrangement. An invading army may, indeed, as a preliminary step, throw an inferior force in advance upon the enemy's coast or across an intervening river to secure a harbor or other necessary foothold; but in such a case the first duty of the advanced force is to make itself secure by suitable works. Pittsburg Landing was in no sense a point of such necessity or desirability as to require any risk, or any great expenditure of means for its occupation. If the force established there was not safe alone, it had no business there; but having been placed there, still less can any justification be found for the neglect of all proper means to make it secure against a superior adversary. General Grant continued his headquarters at Savannah, leaving General Sherman with a sort of control at Pittsburg Landing. Sherman's rank did not allow him the command, but he was authorized to assign the arriving regiments to brigades and divisions

as he might think best, and designate the camping-grounds. In these and other ways he exercised an important influence upon the fate of the army.

The movement of the Army of the Ohio from Nashville for the appointed junction, was commenced on the night of the 15th of March by a rapid march of cavalry to secure the bridges in advance, which were then still guarded by the enemy. It was followed on the 16th and successive days by the infan-



GENERAL ALEXANDER McD. MCCOOK.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

try divisions, McCook being in advance with instructions to move steadily forward; to ford the streams where they were fordable, and when it was necessary to make repairs in the roads, such as building bridges over streams which were liable to frequent interruption by high water, to leave only a sufficient working party and guard for that purpose; to use all possible industry and energy, so as to move forward steadily and as rapidly as possible without forcing the march or straggling; and to send forward at once to communicate with General Smith at Savannah, and learn his situation.

When the cavalry reached Columbia the bridge over Duck River was found in flames, and the river at flood stage. General McCook immediately commenced the construction of a frame bridge, but finding, after several days, that the work was progressing less rapidly than had been expected, I ordered the building of a boat bridge also, and both were completed on the 30th. On the same day the river became fordable. I arrived at Columbia on the 26th. General Nelson succeeded in getting a portion of his division across by fording on the 29th, and was given the ad-



GENERAL WILLIAM NELSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

General Nelson had an altercation with General Jefferson C. Davis in the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, on the morning of September 29, 1862. General Davis shot General Nelson, who died almost instantly.—EDITOR.

vance. Most of his troops crossed by fording on the 30th. The other divisions followed him on the march with intervals of six miles, so as not to incommode one another—in all five divisions, about thirty-seven thousand effective men. On the first day of April, General Halleck and General Grant were notified that I would concentrate at Savannah on

Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th, the distance being ninety miles. On the 4th General Nelson received notification from General Grant that he need not hasten his march, as he could not be put across the river before the following Tuesday, but the rate of march was not changed.

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left Columbia on the evening of the 3d, and arrived at Savannah on the evening of the 5th with my chief of staff and an orderly, leaving the rest of my staff to follow rapidly with the headquarters train. Nelson had already arrived and gone into camp, and Crittenden was close in his rear. We were there to form a junction for the contemplated forward movement under the command of General Halleck in person, who was to leave St. Louis the first of the following week to join us. General Grant had been at Nelson's camp before my arrival, and said he would send boats for the division "Monday or Tuesday, or some time early in the week." "There will," he said, "be no fight at Pittsburg Landing; we will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified. If they come to attack us we can whip them, as I have more than twice as many troops as I had at Fort Donelson." I did not see General Grant that evening—probably because he was at Pittsburg Landing when I arrived, but he had made an appointment to meet me next day.

We were finishing breakfast at Nelson's camp Sunday morning, when the sound of artillery was heard up the river. We knew of no ground to apprehend a serious engagement, but the troops were promptly prepared to march, and I walked with my chief of staff, Colonel James B. Fry, to Grant's quarters at Savannah, but he had started up the river. I there saw General C. F. Smith, who was in his bed sick, but apparently not dangerously ill. He had no apprehension about a battle, thought it an affair of outposts, and said that Grant had sixty thousand men. This would agree approximately with the estimate which Grant himself made of his force, at Nelson's camp.

As the firing continued, and increased in volume, I determined to go to the scene of action. Nelson only waited for the services of a guide to march by land. The river bottom between Savannah and Pittsburg Landing was a labyrinth of roads from which the overflows had obliterated all recent signs of travel, and left them impassable except in certain places, and it was with great difficulty that a guide could be obtained. The artillery had to be left behind to be transported by water. After disposing of these matters and sending orders for the rear divisions to push forward without their trains, I took a small steamer at the Landing and proceeded up the river, accompanied only by my chief of staff. On the way we were met by a descending steamer which came alongside and delivered a letter from General Grant addressed to the "Commanding Officer, advanced forces, near Pittsburg, Tenn.," and couched in the following words:

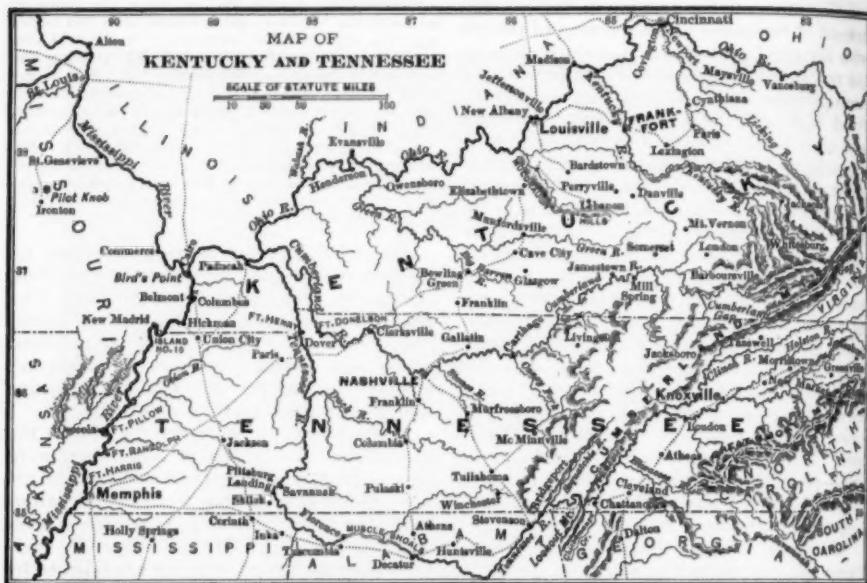
VOL. XXXI.—78.

"PITTSBURG, April 6, 1862.—GEN.: The attack on my forces has been very spirited since early this morning. The appearance of fresh troops on the field now would have a powerful effect, both by inspiring our men and disheartening the enemy. If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us. The rebel forces are estimated at over one hundred thousand men. My headquarters will be in the log building on the top of the hill, where you will be furnished a staff-officer to guide you to your place on the field.

"Respectfully, &c. U. S. GRANT, Maj.-Gen."

About half-way up we met a stream of fugitives that poured in a constantly swelling current along the west bank of the river. The mouth of Snake Creek was full of them swimming across. We arrived at the Landing about one o'clock. I inquired for General Grant and was informed that he was on his headquarters boat, nearly against which we had landed. I went on board, and was met by him at the door of the ladies' cabin, in which there were besides himself two or three members of his staff. Other officers may have entered afterward. He appeared to realize that he was beset by a pressing danger, and manifested by manner more than in words that he was relieved by my arrival as indicating the near approach of succor; but there was nothing in his deportment that the circumstances would not have justified without disparagement to the character of a courageous soldier. Certainly there was none of that masterly confidence which has since been assumed with reference to the occasion. After the first salutation, and as I walked to a seat, he remarked that he had just come in from the front, and held up his sword to call my attention to an indentation, which he said the scabbard had received from a shot. I did not particularly notice it, and after inquiring about the progress of the battle and requesting him to send steamers to bring up Crittenden's division, which was coming into Savannah as I left, I proposed that we should go ashore. As we reached the gangway I noticed that the horses of himself and his staff were being taken ashore. He mounted and rode away, while I walked up the hill; so that I saw him no more until the attack occurred at the Landing late in the evening. I state these particulars of our meeting with so much detail because a totally incorrect version of the place, manner, and substance of the interview has been used to give a false impression of the state of the battle, and a false coloring to personal traits which are assumed to have had the issue in control.


On the shore I encountered a scene which has often been described. The face of the bluff was crowded with stragglers from the battle. The number there at different hours has been estimated at from five thousand in the morn-



ing to fifteen thousand in the evening. The number at nightfall would not have fallen short of fifteen thousand, including those who had passed down the river, and the less callous but still broken and demoralized fragments about the camps on the plateau near the landing. At the top of the bluff all was confusion. Men mounted and on foot, and wagons with their teams and excited drivers, all struggling to force their way closer to the river, were mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion with a battery of artillery which was standing in park without men or horses to man or move it. The increasing throng already presented a barrier which it was evidently necessary to remove, in order to make way for the passage of my troops when they should arrive. In looking about for assistance I fell upon one officer, the quartermaster of an Ohio regiment, who preserved his senses, and was anxious to do something to abate the disorder. I instructed him to take control of the teams, and move them down the hill by a side road which led to the narrow bottom below the landing, and there park them. He went to work with alacrity and the efficiency of a strong will, and succeeded in clearing the ground of the wagons. It proved before night to have been a more important service than I had expected, for it not only opened the way for Nelson's division, but extricated the artillery and made it possible to get it into action when the attack occurred at the Landing about sunset.

It is now time to glance at the circumstances which had brought about and were urging on the state of affairs here imperfectly portrayed.

UPON learning on the 2d of April of the advance of the Army of the Ohio toward Savannah, General Sidney Johnston determined to anticipate the junction of that army with General Grant's force, by attacking the latter, and at once gave orders for the movement of his troops on the following day. It was his expectation to reach the front of the army at Pittsburg Landing on Friday, the 4th, and make the attack at daylight on Saturday; but the condition of the roads, and some confusion in the execution of orders, prevented him from getting into position for the attack until three o'clock on Saturday. This delay and an indiscreet reconnoissance which brought on a sharp engagement with the Federal pickets, rendered it so improbable that the Union commander would not be prepared for the attack, that General Beauregard advised the abandonment of the enterprise, to the success of which a surprise was deemed to be essential. General Johnston overruled the proposition, however, and the attack was ordered for the following morning. The army was drawn up in three parallel lines, covering the front of the Federal position. Hardee commanded the first line, Bragg the second, and Polk and Breckinridge the third, the latter being intended as a reserve.



The locality on which the storm of battle was about to burst has often been described with more or less of inaccuracy or incompleteness. It is an undulating table-land, quite broken in places, elevated a hundred feet or thereabout above the river; an irregular triangle in outline, nearly equilateral, with the sides four miles long, bordered on the east by the river, which here runs nearly due north, on the north-west by Snake Creek and its tributary, Owl Creek, and on the south, or south-west, by a range of hills which immediately border Lick Creek on the north bank, two hundred feet or more in height, and sloping gradually toward the battle-field. In these hills rise the eastern tributaries of Owl Creek, one of them, called Oak Creek, extending half-way across the front or south side of the battle-field, and interlocking with a ravine called Locust Grove Creek, which runs in the opposite direction into Lick Creek a mile from its mouth. Other short, deep ravines start from the table-land and empty into the river, the principal among them being Dill's Branch, six hundred yards above the Landing. Midway in the front, at the foot of the Lick Creek hills, start a number of surface drains which soon unite in somewhat difficult ravines and form Tillman's Creek, or Brier Creek. It runs almost due north, a mile and a quarter from the river, in a deep hollow, which divides the table-land into two main ridges. Tillman's Creek empties into Owl Creek half a mile above the Snake Creek bridge by which the division of Lew. Wallace arrived. Short, abrupt ravines break from the main ridges into Tillman's Hollow, and the broad surface of the west ridge is further broken by larger branches which empty into Owl Creek. Tillman's Hollow, only about a mile long, is a marked feature in the topography, and is identified with some important incidents of the battle.

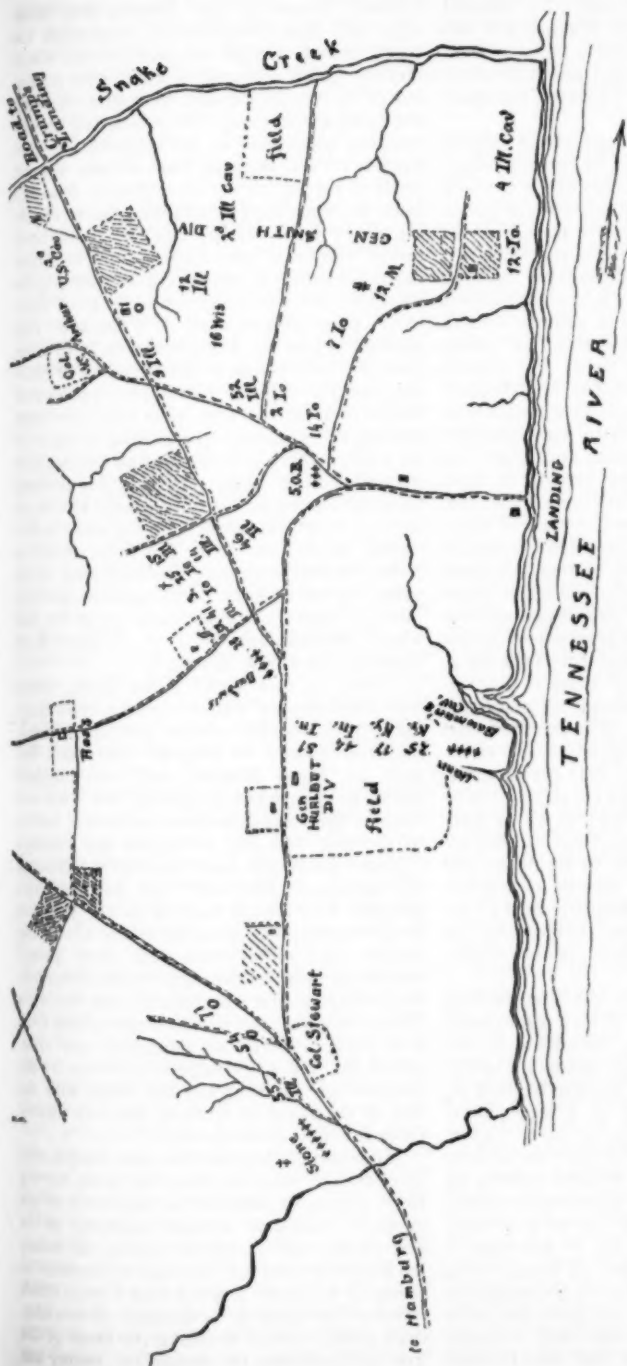
Pittsburg Landing is three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of Snake Creek, and two and a quarter miles below the mouth of Lick Creek. Shiloh Church is on Oak Creek two miles and a half south-west of Pittsburg Landing. The table-land comes up boldly to the river at the Landing and for a mile south. Beyond those limits the river bends away from the high land, and the bottom gradually widens.

The principal roads are the River road, as it will here be called, which crosses Snake Creek at the bridge before mentioned, and running a mile west of Pittsburg Landing, obliquely along the ridge east of Tillman's Creek, crosses Lick Creek three quarters of a mile from the river at the east end of the Lick Creek hills; the Hamburg and Purdy road, which branches from the River road a mile and two-thirds in a straight line south of

Pittsburg Landing, and extends north-west four hundred yards north of Shiloh Church; and two roads that start at the Landing, cross the River road two-thirds of a mile apart, and also cross or run into the Hamburg and Purdy road nearly opposite the church. In the official reports these various roads are called with some confusion, but not altogether inaccurately, Crump's Landing road, Hamburg road, Corinth road or Purdy road, even over the same space, according to the idea of the writer. The Corinth road from the Landing has two principal branches. The western branch passes by the church, and the eastern passes a mile east of the church into the Bark road, which extends along the crest of the Lick Creek hills. The military maps show many other roads, some of them farm-roads, and some only well-worn tracks made in hauling for the troops. In some places the old roads were quite obliterated, and are improperly represented on the maps, as in the case of the River road, which is not shown on the official map between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters, immediately west of the Landing. It is shown on Sherman's camp map, and its existence is not doubtful. At the time of the battle, much the largest part of the ground was in forest, sometimes open, sometimes almost impenetrable for horsemen, with occasional cleared fields of from twenty to eighty acres; and these variations operated in a signal manner upon the fortune of the combatants. There was not a cleared field within the limits of the battle that has not its history.

We may now locate the troops in their encampments, for there is where the battle found them, and its currents and eddies will frequently be discovered by the reference to certain camps in the official reports. The camp map which I received from General Sherman will serve as a useful guide, subject to some necessary modifications, to make a field sketch agree with an actual survey. But the regimental camps did not always conform to the lines laid down for the brigades and divisions. Sometimes they were in front, sometimes in rear of the general line. I have not pretended generally to introduce these variations into the map which I have prepared to accompany this article.

Starting at the Landing, we find the Second Division, commanded by W. H. L. Wallace, in the space bounded by the river, Snake Creek, the River road, and the right-hand road leading west from the Landing. Along that road are, in this order, the camps of the Twelfth, Seventh, Fourteenth and Second Iowa, and the Fifty-second and Ninth Illinois. At the point where that road crosses the River road,



from the church, and the left is two hundred yards from Hildebrand's brigade, which is thus obliquely in its front. The other two brigades, on a general line starting from the right of the Third, form an obtuse angle with the Third, and are along the ridge nearly parallel with Tillman's Creek, the extreme right being not far from the bluff overlooking Owl Creek bottom. The First Brigade is on the east side of the adjacent field instead of the west side, as the Sherman map, according to the road, would seem to place it, though that map does not show the field. It remains to be added that three of the five divisions were for that period of the war old and experienced troops. Hurlbut's Third Brigade belonged to the Army of the Ohio, and had been sent to reinforce Grant before Donelson. Eight other regiments were furnished by me for the first movement up the Tennessee, and remained with Grant's army. Sherman's division, one of the newest had been under his command more than a month, and ought to have been in a tolerably efficient state of discipline. Prentiss's division, composed largely of raw regiments, had only been organized a few days; yet it was posted in the most exposed and assailable point on the front. The effective force at the date of the battle, exclusive of Lew. Wallace's division, which was at or near Crump's Landing, six miles below, is stated by Gen-

eral Sherman at 32,000 men; by General Grant at 33,000. General Wallace left two regiments of his division and a piece of artillery at Crump's Landing, and joined the army Sunday evening, with, as he states, not more than 5000 men.

I proceed now, in the light of the official reports and other evidence, to explain briefly what happened: the object being not so much to criticise the manner of the battle, or give a detailed description of it, as to trace it to its actual condition at the close of the first day, and outline its progress during the second. With this object the question of a surprise has little to do. I stop, therefore, only to remark that each revival of that question has placed the fact in a more glaring light. The enemy was known to be at hand, but no adequate steps were taken to ascertain in what force or with what design. The call to arms blended with the crash of the assault, and when the whole forest on the rising ground in front flashed with the gleam of bayonets, then General Sherman, as he reports, "became satisfied for the first time that the enemy designed a determined attack." Yet among the more watchful officers in the front divisions, there was a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due heed to the presence of hostile reconnoitering parties, though they little imagined the magnitude of the danger that impended. On Saturday General Sherman was notified of these parties. He answered that the pickets must be strengthened, and instructed to be vigilant; that he was embarrassed for the want of cavalry; his cavalry had been ordered away, and the cavalry he was to have instead had not arrived; as soon as they reported he would send them to the front and find out what was there. In one of his brigades the regimental commanders held a consultation, at which it was determined to strengthen the pickets. These are curious revelations to a soldier's ear.

Prentiss's vigilance gave the first warning of the actual danger, and in fact commenced the contest. On Saturday, disquieted by the frequent appearance of the enemy's cavalry, he increased his pickets, though he had no evidence of the presence of a large force. Early Sunday morning one of these picket-guards, startled no doubt by the hum of forty thousand men half a mile distant, waking up for battle, went forward to ascertain the cause, and soon came upon the enemy's pickets, which it promptly attacked. It was then a quarter-past five o'clock, and all things being ready, the Confederate general, accepting the signal of the pickets, at once gave the order to advance. Previously, however, General Prentiss, still apprehensive, had sent forward

Colonel Moore of the Twenty-first Missouri, with five companies to strengthen the picket-guard. On the way out Colonel Moore met the guard returning to camp with a number of its men killed and wounded. Sending the latter on to camp and calling for the remaining companies of his regiment, he proceeded to the front in time to take a good position on the border of a cleared field and open fire upon the enemy's skirmishers, checking them for a while; but the main body forced him back upon the division with a considerable list of wounded, himself among the number. All this occurred in front of Sherman's camp, not in front of Prentiss's. This spirited beginning, unexpected on both sides, gave the first alarm to the divisions of Sherman and Prentiss. The latter promptly formed his division at the first news from the front, and moved a quarter of a mile in advance of his camp, where he was attacked before Sherman was under arms. He held his position until the enemy on his right passed him in attacking Sherman, whose left regiment immediately broke into rout. He then retired in some disorder, renewing the resistance in his camp but forced back in still greater disorder, until at nine o'clock he came upon the line which Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were forming half a mile in rear.

Upon the first alarm in his camp, which was simultaneous with the attack upon Sherman, McClelland rapidly got under arms, and endeavored to support Sherman's left with his Third Brigade, only two hundred yards in rear, while he placed his First and Second Brigades in inverted order still farther to the rear and left, to oppose the enemy's columns pouring in upon his left flank through the opening on Sherman's left; but his Third Brigade was forced back with the fugitives from Sherman's broken line by the advancing enemy, and endeavored with only partial success to form on the right of McClelland's line, which at first was formed with the left a little south, and the center north of the Corinth road. Before the formation was completed the line was compelled to retire by the pressure on its front and left flank, with the loss of six pieces of artillery, but it re-formed three hundred yards in rear.

Hildebrand's brigade had now disappeared in complete disorder from the front, leaving three pieces of artillery in the hands of the enemy. Buckland formed promptly at the first alarm, and in order to keep the enemy back endeavored by Sherman's direction to throw a regiment beyond Oak Creek, which covered his front at a distance of two hundred yards, but on reaching the brow of the low hill bordering the stream the enemy was

encountered on the hither side. Nevertheless the brigade resisted effectively for about two hours the efforts of the assailants to cross the boggy stream in force. The enemy suffered great loss in these efforts, but succeeded at last. Before being quite forced back, Buckland received orders from Sherman to form line on the Purdy road four hundred yards in rear, to connect with McClelland's right. Orders were also given to McDowell, who had not yet been engaged, to close to the left on the same line. These orders were in effect defeated in both cases, and five pieces of artillery lost by faults in the execution and the rapid advance of the enemy. Sherman's division as an organized body disappeared from the field from this time until the close of the day. McDowell's brigade preserved a sort of identity for a while. Sherman reports that at "about 10:30 A. M. the enemy had made a furious attack on General McClelland's whole front. Finding him pressed, I moved McDowell's brigade against the left flank of the enemy, forced him back some distance, and then directed the men to avail themselves of every cover—trees, fallen timber, and a wooded valley to our right." It sounds like the signal to disperse, and a little after one o'clock the brigade and regiments are seen no more. Some fragments of the division and the commander himself attached themselves to McClelland's command, which now, owing to its composite and irregular organization, could hardly be denominated a division.

The contest which raged in McClelland's camp was of a fluctuating character. The ground was lost and won more than once, but each ebb and flow of the struggle left the Union side in a worse condition. In his fifth position McClelland was driven to the camp of his First Brigade, half of his command facing to the south and half to the west, to meet the converging attack of the enemy. His nominal connection with the left wing of the army across the head of Tillman's Hollow had been severed, by the dispersion or defeat of the detached commands that formed it. Another reverse to his thinned ranks would drive him over the bluff into Owl Creek bottom, and perhaps cut him off from the river. He determined, therefore, between two and three o'clock to retire across Tillman's Hollow in the direction of the Landing. That movement was effected with a good deal of irregularity, but with the repulse of a small body of pursuing cavalry, and a new line was formed on the opposite ridge along the River road, north of Hurlbut's headquarters. I shall have occasion farther along to remark upon the display of force on the right of this line in

the vicinity of McArthur's headquarters. The movement must have been completed about three o'clock. Leaving the right wing, as it may be called, in this position prior to the attack of four o'clock, which drove it still farther back, we will return to the current of events in the left wing.

With Stuart on the extreme left, as with the other commanders, the presence of the enemy was the first warning of danger. He was soon compelled to fall back from his camp to a new position, and presently again to a third, which located him on the prolongation and extreme left of the line formed by Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, but without having any connection with it. As soon as the first advance of the enemy was known, these two commanders were called upon by those in front for support. In the absence of a common superior it was sent forward by regiments or brigades in such manner as seemed proper to the officer appealed to, and after that was left to its own devices. It seldom formed the connection desired, or came under the direction of a common superior. Indeed, the want of cohesion and concert in the Union ranks, is conspicuously indicated in the official reports. A regiment is rarely overcome in front, but falls back because the regiment on its right or left has done so, and exposed its flank. It continues its backward movement at least until it is well under shelter, thus exposing the flank of its neighbor, who then must also needs fall back. Once in operation, the process repeats itself indefinitely. In a broken and covered country which affords occasional rallying points and obstructs the pursuit, it proceeds step by step. On an open field in the presence of light artillery and cavalry, it would run rapidly into general rout.

This outflanking, so common in the Union reports at Shiloh, is not a mere excuse of the inferior commanders. It is the practical consequence of the absence of a common head, and the judicious use of reserves to counteract partial reverses and preserve the front of battle. The want of a general direction is seen also in the distribution of Hurlbut's and Wallace's divisions. Hurlbut sent a brigade under Colonel Veatch, to support Sherman's left; Wallace sent one under General McArthur to the opposite extreme to support Stuart; and the two remaining brigades of each were between the extremes—Wallace on Veatch's left but not in connection with it, and Hurlbut on McArthur's right, also without connection. Stuart himself with his brigade was two miles to the left of Sherman's division to which he belonged. When the three Confederate lines were brought together successively at the front, there was, of course, a great apparent

mingling of organizations; but it was not in their case attended with the confusion that might be supposed, because each division area was thereby supplied with a triple complement of brigade and division officers, and the whole front was under the close supervision of four remarkably efficient corps commanders. The evils of disjointed command are plainly to be seen in the arrangement of the Federal line, but the position of the left wing after the forced correction of the first faulty disposition of Hurlbut's brigades was exceedingly strong, and in the center was held without a break against oft-repeated assaults from nine o'clock until five o'clock. From twelve until two it was identical with the second position taken by Nelson and Crittenden on Monday, and it was equally formidable against attack from both directions. Its peculiar feature consisted in a wood in the center, with a thick undergrowth, flanked on either side by open fields, and with open but sheltering woods in front and rear. The Confederates gave the name of Hornets' Nest to the thickest part of it on Sunday, and it was in the open ground on the east flank that General Sidney Johnston was killed.

On this line, between and under the shelter of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace, Prentiss rallied a considerable force, perhaps a thousand men, of his routed division at nine o'clock, and fought stubbornly until near the close of the day. By three o'clock the withdrawal of the right wing, accompanied by Veatch's brigade, exposed Wallace's right flank, which also partially crumbled away; and the retirement of Stuart about the same hour before the strong attack brought against him, and of Hurlbut at four o'clock under the same powerful pressure upon his left flank, left Prentiss, and Wallace with his remaining regiments isolated and unsupported. Still they held their ground while the enemy closed upon each flank. As they were about being completely enveloped, Wallace endeavored to extricate his command, and was mortally wounded in the attempt at five o'clock. Some of his regiments under Colonel Tuttle fought their way through the cross-fire of the contracting lines of the enemy, but six regiments of the two divisions held fast until the encompassment was complete, and one by one with Prentiss, between half-past five and six o'clock, they were forced to surrender. This gallant resistance, and the delay caused by the necessary disposition of the captives, weakened the force of the attack which McClernand sustained in his seventh position on the River road at four o'clock, and retarded the onward movement of the enemy for nearly three hours after the retirement of the right wing from the west side of Tillman's Creek.

Before the incumbrance of their success

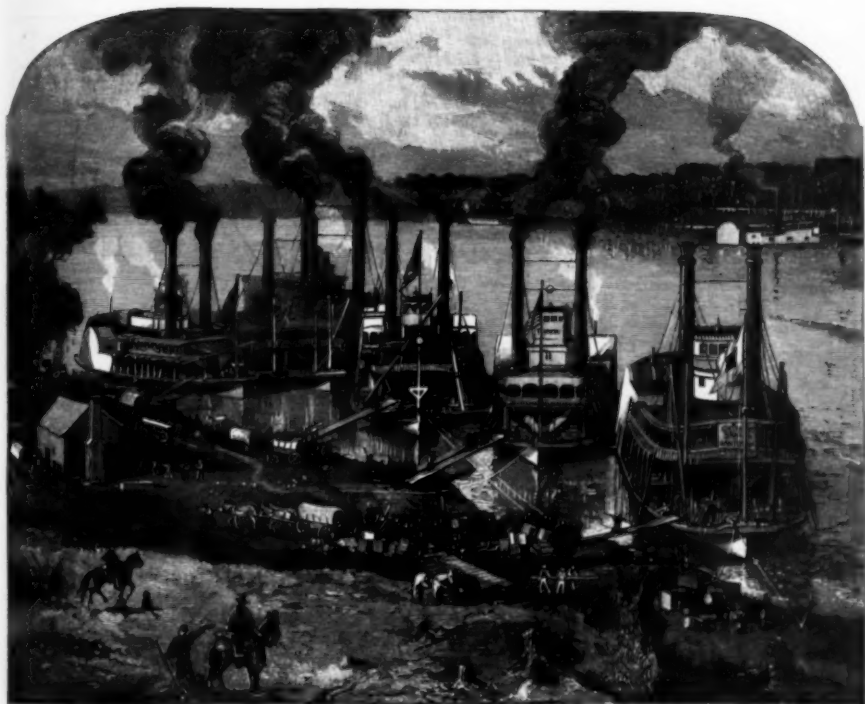
was entirely put out of the way the Confederates pressed forward to complete a seemingly assured victory, but it was too late. Jackson's brigade, and the Ninth and Tenth Mississippi of Chalmers's brigade crossed Dill's ravine, and their artillery on the south side swept the bluff at the landing, the missiles falling into the river far beyond. Hurlbut had hurriedly got into line in rear of the reserve artillery five hundred yards from the river, but from there to the Landing there was not a soldier in ranks or any organized means of defense. Just as the danger was perceived Colonel Webster, Grant's chief of artillery, rapidly approached Colonel Fry and myself. The idea of getting the battery which was standing in park into action was expressed simultaneously by the three, and was promptly executed by Colonel Webster's immediate exertion. General Grant came up a few minutes later, and a member of his escort was killed in that position. Chalmers's skirmishers approached to within one hundred yards of the battery. The number in view was not large, but the gunners were already abandoning their pieces, when Ammen's brigade, accompanied by Nelson, came into action. The attack was repelled, and the engagement ended for the day.

In his report of April 9, to General Halleck, General Grant says of this incident:

"At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate effort was made by the enemy to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, &c. This point was guarded by the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, Captains Gwin and Shirk, U. S. Navy, commanding, four twenty-pounder Parrott guns, and a battery of rifled guns. As there is a deep and impassable ravine for artillery or cavalry, and very difficult for infantry, at this point, no troops were stationed here, except the necessary artillerists and a small infantry force for their support. Just at this moment the advance of Maj.-Gen. Buell's column (a part of the division under General Nelson) arrived, the two generals named both being present. An advance was immediately made upon the point of attack and the enemy soon driven back. In this repulse, much is due to the presence of the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*, and their able commanders, Captains Gwin and Shirk."

My own official report is to the same effect. In a calm review of the battle, not unfriendly to General Grant, and written some years after the occurrence, General Hurlbut said:

"About six p. m. this movement (for a final attack at the Landing) was reported to General Hurlbut. He at once took measures to change the front of two regiments, or parts of regiments, of which the Fifty-fifth Illinois was one, and to turn six pieces of artillery to bear upon the point of danger. At that instant, he being near the head of the Landing road, General Grant came up from the river, closely followed by Ammen's brigade of Nelson's division. Information of the expected attack was promptly given, and two of Ammen's regiments deployed into line, moved rapidly forward, and after a few sharp exchanges of volleys from them, the enemy fell back, and the bloody series of engagements of Sunday at Pittsburg Landing closed with that last repulse."



PITTSBURG LANDING. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

Of the six transports, the one farthest up stream, on the right, is the *Tycosa*, which was dispatched by the Cincinnati Branch of the Sanitary Commission with stores for the wounded. The next steamer, lower down, is the *Tigeress*, which was General Grant's headquarters boat. On the opposite side of the river is seen the gun-boat *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

The reports of all the officers who took part in the action at the Landing, Nelson, Ammen, and the regimental commanders, fully sustain the main point in these accounts, and are totally at variance with General Grant's statement in his CENTURY article. I have myself never described the attack at the Landing as "a desperate effort" of the enemy; but I have said that the condition of affairs at that point made the occasion critical. We know from the Confederate reports that the attack was undertaken by Jackson's and Chalmers's brigades as above stated; that the reserve artillery could effect nothing against the attacking force under the shelter of Dill's ravine; that the fire of the gun-boats was equally harmless on account of the elevation which it was necessary to give the guns in order to clear the top of the bluff; and that the final assault, owing to the show of resistance, was delayed. Jackson's brigade made its advance without cartridges. When they came to the crest of the hill and found the artillery supported by infantry, they shrank from the assault with bayonets alone, and Jackson went in search of coöperation and

support. In the meantime the attack was superseded by the order of the Confederate commander calling off his troops for the night. The attack was poorly organized, but it was not repelled until Ammen arrived, and it cannot be affirmed under the circumstances that the action of his brigade in delaying and repelling the enemy was not of the most vital importance. Had the attack been made before Nelson could arrive, with the means which the enemy had abundantly at hand, it would have succeeded beyond all question.

As fast as Nelson's division arrived it was formed in line of battle in front of Grant's troops, pickets were thrown across Dill's ravine, and the dawn of another day was awaited to begin the second stage in the battle; or speaking more correctly, to fight the second battle of Shiloh. Let us in the meantime examine more in detail the condition in which the first day had left General Grant's command, and its prospects unaided for the morrow.

THE evidence relied upon to refute the accepted belief in the critical condition of



PITTSBURG LANDING, VIEWED FROM THE FERRY LANDING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

General Grant's command on Sunday evening is of two sorts: first, the *official map*, as it is called, and second, the personal statements and assumptions of General Grant and General Sherman. I shall examine these data upon the evidence of the official reports and my own observation.

The official map was prepared after the arrival of General Halleck at Pittsburg Landing, by his topographical engineer, General Thom. The topographical part of it was made from an approximate survey, and though not strictly accurate, is sufficiently so for an intelligent study of the battle. For the errors in the location of the troops General Thom cannot be supposed to be responsible, since he could have no knowledge of the facts except what he derived from the statements of others; but in what is given and what is withheld they are of a very misleading nature. They consist, first, in the extension of Grant's line on the evening of the 6th a full half-mile to the west of its true limit—placing Hurlbut's division on the front actually occupied by McClernand, McClernand on and four hundred yards beyond Sherman's ground, and Sherman entirely on the west side of Tillman's Hollow on the right of the camping-ground of McClernand's division, and within the lines occupied by the Confederates. On the morning of the 7th they place, from left to right, McClernand, then Sherman, then Lew. Wallace, along the bluff bordering Owl Creek bottom, all west of Tillman's Creek, and on ground which we did

not possess until after four hours of fighting; followed on the left by Hurlbut's division; thus occupying a solid front of a mile and a third, in comparison with which the undeveloped front of my army presents a very subordinate appearance. They give no account of the positions during the battle, in which the right of that army was substantially in contact with Wallace's division on the extreme right. They give two of its positions,—one in the first formation before its front was developed, and the other at the close of the day, when Grant's troops had taken possession of their camps again, and mine had been withdrawn from the ground on which they fought. These two positions are taken from my official map, but not the intermediate positions shown on that map. On the copy of the Thom map published with General Grant's article in the February number of *THE CENTURY* (1885), it is stated that "the positions of the troops were indicated in accordance with information furnished at the time by Generals Grant, Buell, and Sherman." It would be presumed that Grant and Sherman, the latter especially, in consequence of his intimate relations with Halleck's headquarters, were consulted about the location of the troops; and it is not to be doubted that their information was the guide. If any information of mine was adopted, it was only through the map that accompanied my report, and with reference to the position of my own troops.

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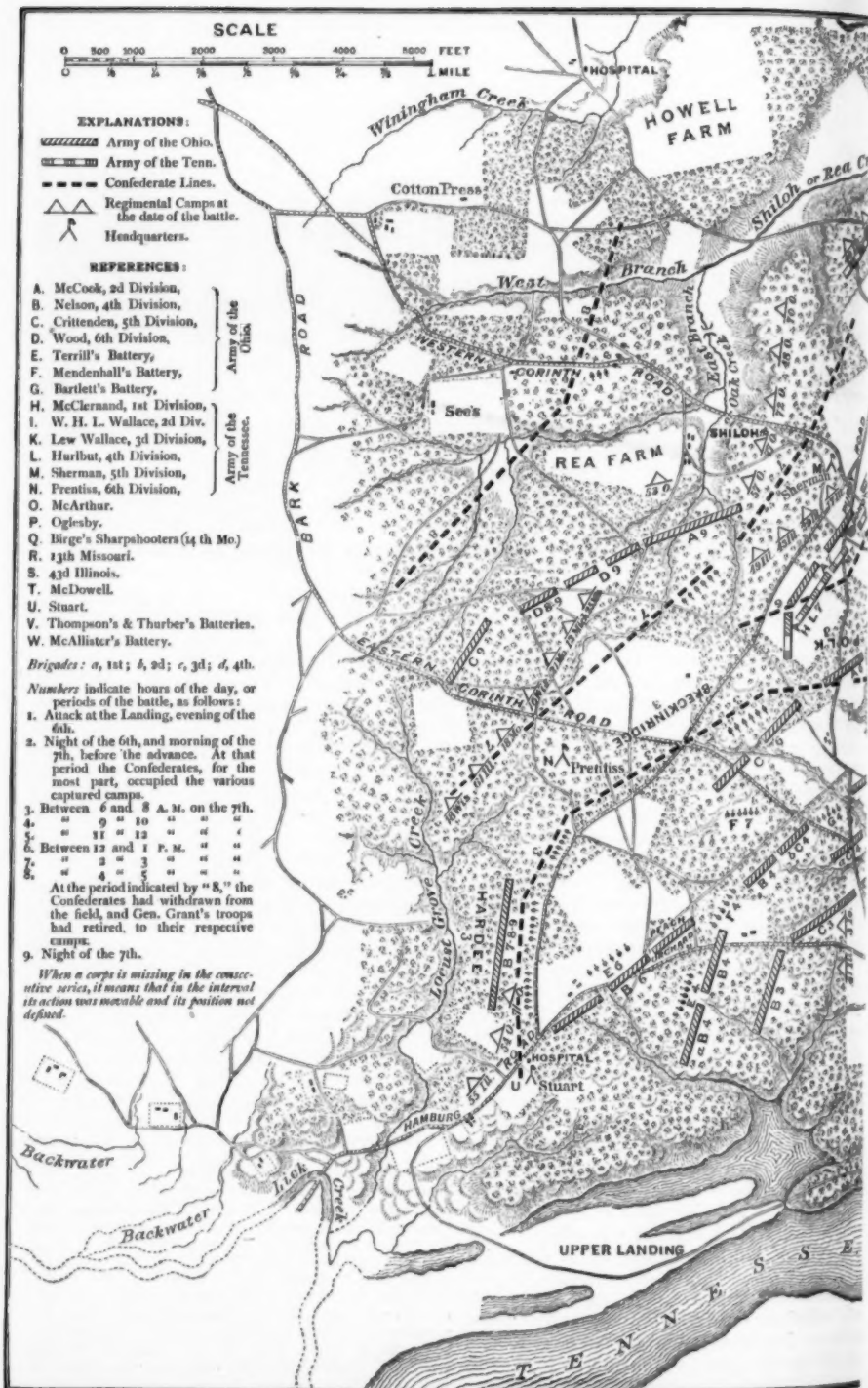


ABOVE THE LANDING—THE STORE, AND A PART OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sherman revised the official map, and deposited his version with the archives of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for historical use. Ostensibly it accepts the topography of the Thom map, but modifies the positions of the troops in the most radical manner. On the Thom map the line of battle Sunday evening is represented as being along the right-hand road leading west from the Landing, with the reserve artillery and Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions on the left, and Hurlbut, McClelland, and Sherman in the order mentioned, toward the right. The modification of this position of the troops by the Sherman edition, may be described as follows: Looking west over the map, we see a line on the east bank of the river marked "Buell." No part of my army is represented on the west bank. On the west side of the river, four hundred yards back from the Landing and parallel with the river, is a line one hundred yards long marked "Grant." Extending back from the river along Dill's Branch, is a line half a mile long marked "Detachments." This might mean the Reserve Artillery. From the outer extremity of the "Detachments" is a line two-thirds of a mile long running west, but swelling in the center well to the south, with its right resting on Tillman's Creek, and marked "Hurlbut." On the right of Hurlbut extending in the same west course, and entirely on the west side of Tillman's Creek, is a double line one-eighth of a mile long marked "McClelland." Then commencing one hundred yards north-west of McClelland's right and extending due north,

along the edge of the field in front of the camp of McClelland's First Brigade, is a line two-thirds of a mile long marked "Sherman." On the right of this line are three houses covered in front by a sort of demi-lune and wing, between which and the main Sherman line is a bastion-like arrangement. The demi-lune figure General Sherman designates as a "strong flank," and says it was occupied by Birge's Sharpshooters. Off to the right is seen Lew. Wallace's division crossing Snake Creek bridge, and marching toward the demi-lune by a road which had no existence in fact or on the original Thom map. At the angle between Sherman and McClelland is a ravine which extends into the camp of McClelland's division, and along the sides of this ravine from the right and left respectively of McClelland and Sherman are two dotted lines terminating in a point at the head of the ravine. In his speech submitting his map to the society, General Sherman explains how that horn-like projection was formed, with other particulars, as follows:

"In the very crisis of the battle of April 6, about four o'clock p. m., when my division occupied the line from Snake Creek bridge to the forks of the Corinth and Purdy road, there occurred an incident I have never seen recorded. Birge's Sharpshooters, or 'Squirrel Tails,' occupied the stables, granaries and house near the bridge as a strong flank. My division occupied a double line from it along what had once been a lane with its fences thrown down, and the blackberry and sassafras bushes still marking the border of an open cotton-field in front, and the left was in a ravine near which Major Ezra Taylor had assembled some ten or twelve guns. This ravine was densely wooded and extended to the front near two hundred



MAP OF THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

Near Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn., showing the positions of the U. S. forces under the command of Maj.-Gen'l U. S. Grant, U. S. Vol., and Maj.-Gen'l D. C. Buell, U. S. Vol., on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. Surveyed under the direction of Col. Geo. Thom, Chief of Top'l Eng'rs, Dept. of the Mississippi.

REVISED AND AMENDED BY GEN. D. C. BUELL.

Note.—The topography is substantially that of the original Thom, or "Official Map," with some proper corrections taken from a survey made under the direction of Capt. A. T. Andreas, an officer in the battle, and now President of the Western Art Association; and from the official map of the Army of the Ohio, made by Capt. Michler, Topographical Engineers.

The camps are located partly in accordance with a camp map made prior to the battle, and obtained from Gen. W. T. Sherman; partly from information, original or confirmatory, obligingly furnished by Capt. Andreas, and from other authority. All camps referred to in the official reports have been carefully identified.

The positions, A, B, and C, numbers, 3 and 9, agree with the positions of McCook, Nelson, and Crittenden for "the morning," and "evening of the 7th" on the Thom map, and also on the Michler map.

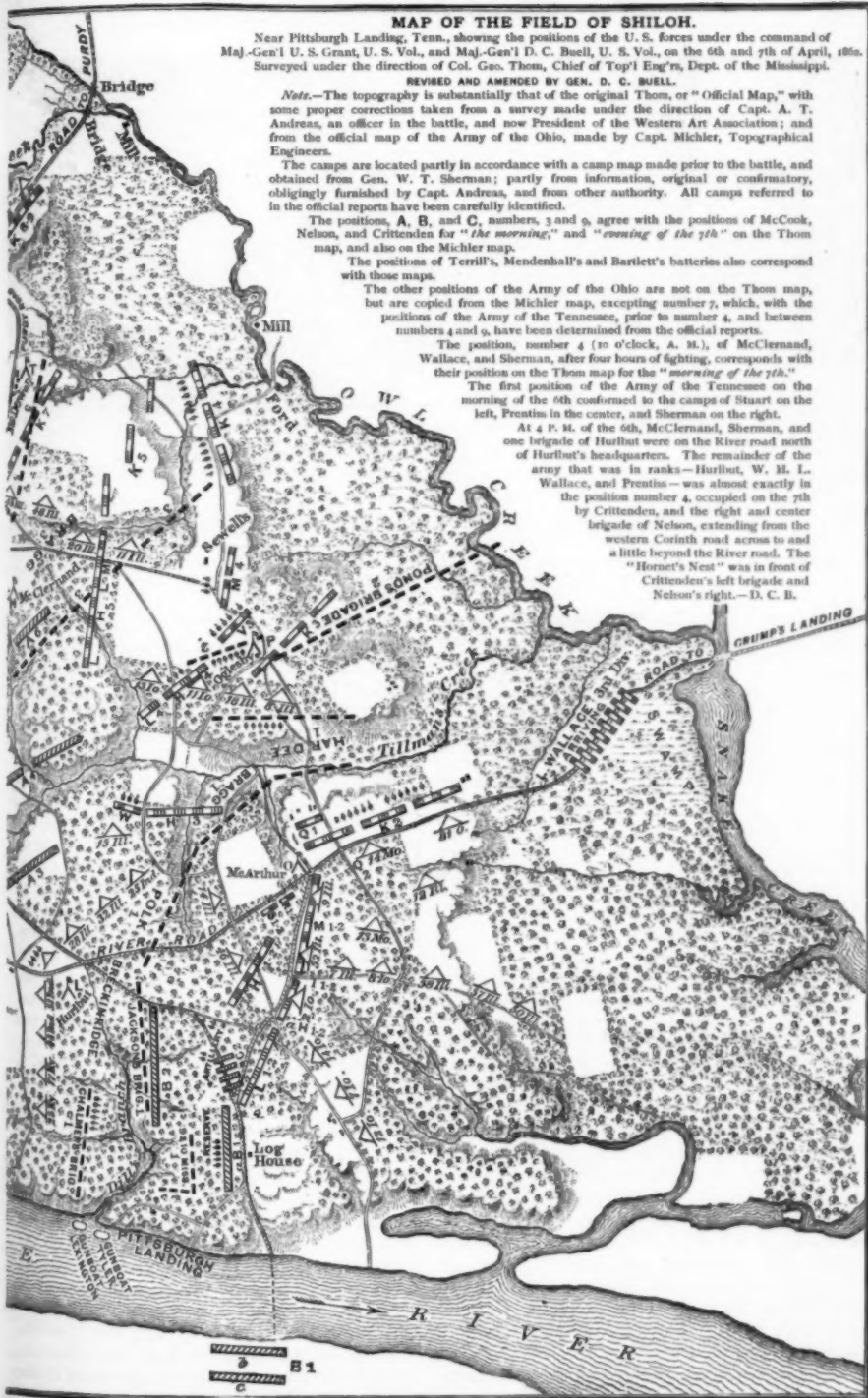
The positions of Terrill's, Mendenhall's and Bartlett's batteries also correspond with those maps.

The other positions of the Army of the Ohio are not on the Thom map, but are copied from the Michler map, excepting number 7, which, with the positions of the Army of the Tennessee, prior to number 4, and between numbers 4 and 9, have been determined from the official reports.

The position, number 4 (10 o'clock, A. M.), of McClelland, Wallace, and Sherman, after four hours of fighting, corresponds with their position on the Thom map for the "morning of the 7th."

The first position of the Army of the Tennessee on the morning of the 6th conformed to the camps of Stuart on the left, Prentiss in the center, and Sherman on the right.

At 4 P. M. of the 6th, McClelland, Sherman, and one brigade of Hurlbut were on the River road north of Hurlbut's headquarters. The remainder of the army that was in ranks—Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, and Prentiss—was almost exactly in the position number 4, occupied on the 7th by Crittenden, and the right and center brigade of Nelson, extending from the western Corinth road across to and a little beyond the River road. The "Hornet's Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade and Nelson's right.—D. C. B.





THE SIEGE BATTERY, ABOVE THE LANDING, THAT WAS A PART OF THE "LAST LINE" IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.)

yards, and I feared it might be occupied by the enemy, who from behind the trees could drive the gunners from their posts. I ordered the colonel of one of my regiments to occupy that ravine to anticipate the enemy, but he did not quickly catch my meaning or comprehend the tactics by which he could fulfill my purpose. I remember well that Colonel Thomas W. Sweeney, a one-armed officer who had lost an arm in the Mexican War and did not belong to my command, stood near by and quickly spoke up: 'I understand perfectly what you want; let me do it.' 'Certainly,' said I, 'Sweeney, go at once and occupy that ravine, converting it into a regular bastion.' He did it, and I attach more importance to that event than to any of the hundred achievements which I have since heard 'saved the day,' for we held that line and ravine all night, and the next morning advanced from them to certain victory."

And yet it will be seen that this new line, prepared with such elaboration of detail and introduced with such richness of anecdotal embellishment, was a thorough delusion; that Birge's Sharpshooters were not there, and that General Sherman was in a different place! Setting aside historical accuracy, however, the advantage of the revised arrangement is obvious. It extended General Grant's territory a half mile to the south, fully as much to the west, taking in Tillman's Hollow, one-third of McClelland's captured camp, and a large part of the Confederate army, giving a battle front of two miles and a half instead of one mile, and requiring no greater power of imagination to man it than to devise it. In presenting his map to the society, General Sherman said: "The map as thus modified tells the story of the battle!"

There can be no doubt that General Sher-

man's position will carry unhesitating credence to his naked assertion in the minds of a considerable number of persons; while the more cautious but still unsearching readers will say, that until the accuracy of the official map is disproved, it must be accepted as the standard representation of the battle. It is proper, therefore, to cite the proof which rejects both, and establishes a materially different version. The investigation may be confined, for the present, to the location of the Federal line of battle on Sunday evening. The other errors in the maps will be developed incidentally as the general subject progresses. Moreover, the inquiry will be directed specifically to the Sherman map, as that includes the faults of the Thom map as well as its own peculiar errors.

It is unnecessary to remark upon the exclusion of Nelson's leading brigade from the west bank of the river on the Sherman map. Its presence there at the time in question is as notorious as the battle itself. The distance from the Landing to Dill's Branch is six hundred yards. Sherman places his "Detachments," *i. e.*, the "Reserve Artillery," exactly on the line of that branch, whereas, they were five hundred yards north of it. During the engagement the Confederates passed the ravine and reached the crest of the hill on the north side. After the engagement Nelson's division occupied the ravine, and his pickets held ground beyond it during the night. None of Grant's troops were ever in that position.

In adducing evidence from the official reports to determine the further position of the

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Union line, the extracts will be somewhat extended when the context is pertinent, in order to show at the same time the number and condition of the troops occupying it. The reader will be spared the impression of some irrelevancy if he will keep these additional objects in mind.

Of the position of General Hurlbut's division, the next on the right of the "Detachments," that officer says in his official report:

"On reaching the twenty-four-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns."

That brought his division on the line of the right-hand road leading back from the river, but not entirely to the right of the artillery where the Thom map places it. He adds:

"I passed to the right and found myself in communication with General Sherman, and received his instructions. In a short time the enemy appeared on the crest of the ridge, led by the Eighteenth Louisiana," etc. . . . "General Sherman's artillery also was rapidly engaged, and after an artillery contest of some duration, the enemy fell back." . . . "About dark the firing ceased. I advanced my division one hundred yards to the front, threw out pickets, and officers and men bivouacked in a heavy storm of rain. About twelve p. m. General Nelson's leading columns passed through my line and went to the front, and I called in my advance guard."

The next division in the regular order is McClelland's, though the reader will not have failed to observe the presence of General Sherman, with at least a portion of his command, in communication with Hurlbut's right. General Sherman, it will be remembered, locates this division (McClelland's) on the west side of Tillman's Creek. We trace its retrogression step by step, from its permanent camp, across Tillman's Hollow, at the close of the day, by the following extracts from General McClelland's report:

"Continuing this sanguinary conflict until several regiments of my division had exhausted their ammunition, and its right flank had been borne back, and it was in danger of being turned, the remainder of my command . . . also fell back to the camp of the First Brigade. Here the portion that had first fallen back re-formed parallel with the camp, and fronting the approach of the enemy from the west, while the other portion formed at right angles with it, still fronting the approach of the enemy from the south. . . . It was two o'clock when my fifth line had been thus formed. . . . Deterred from direct advance, he (the enemy) moved a considerable force by the right flank, with the evident intention of turning my left. To defeat this purpose, I ordered my command to fall back in the direction of the Landing, across a deep hollow and to re-form on the east side of another field, in the skirts of a wood. This was my sixth line. Here we rested a half hour, continuing to supply our men with ammunition,

until the enemy's cavalry were seen rapidly crossing the field to the charge. Waiting until they approached within some thirty paces of our line, I ordered a fire, which was delivered with great coolness and destructive effect. First halting, then wavering, they turned and fled in confusion, leaving behind a number of riders and horses dead on the field. The Twenty-ninth Illinois Infantry, inspired by the courageous example of their commanding officer, Lt.-Colonel Ferrell, bore the chief part in this engagement. . . . In the meantime, under cover of this demonstration strengthened by large additions from other portions of the field yielded by our forces, the enemy continued his endeavors to turn the flanks of my line, and to cut me off from the landing. To prevent this I ordered my left wing to fall back a short distance and form an obtuse angle with the center, opposing a double front to the enemy's approach. Thus disposed, my left held the enemy in check, while my whole line slowly fell back to my seventh position. Here I re-formed the worn and famishing remnant of my division, on favorable ground along a north and south road, supported on my right by fragments of General Sherman's division, and on my left by the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] under command of Colonel Veatch, acting brigadier-general."

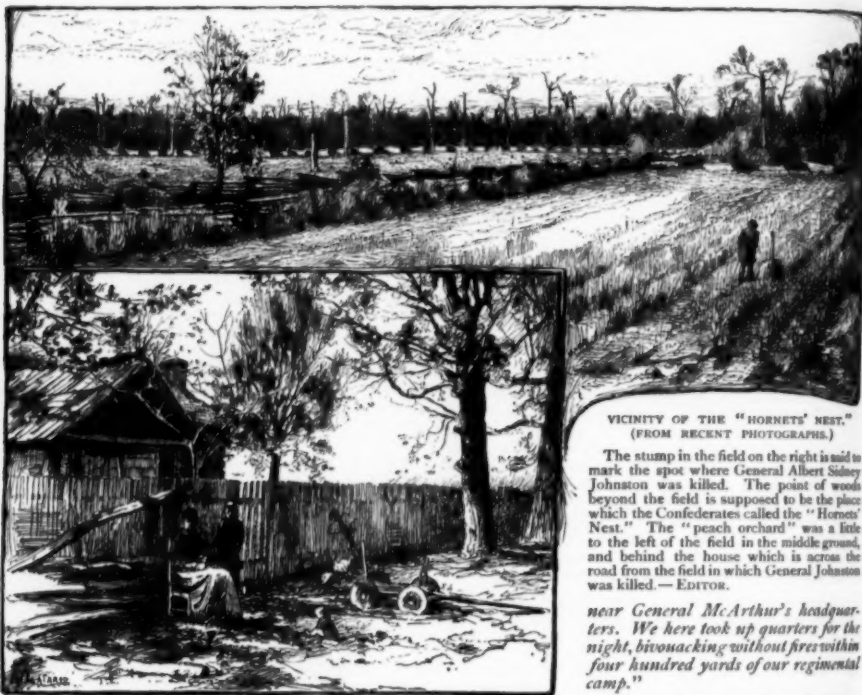
The identity of this seventh position of General McClelland is determined by the following extracts. Colonel Marsh, commanding McClelland's Second Brigade, says:

"At this time, my command having been reduced to a merely nominal one, I received orders to fall a short distance to the rear and form a new line, detaining all



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM B. TERRILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)
General Terrill, who, as Captain, was Chief of Artillery of McCook's Division at Shiloh, was killed at the battle of Perryville, October 8th, 1862.—EDITOR.

stragglers, portions of commands, and commands which should attempt to pass. In obedience to this, though with some difficulty as regarded portions of some commands, whose officers seemed little inclined to halt short of the river, . . . I had gathered quite a force, and formed a line near the camp of the Second Division, concealing my men in the timber facing an open field. I here requested Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth



VICINITY OF THE "HORNET'S NEST."
(FROM RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The stump in the field on the right is said to mark the spot where General Albert Sidney Johnston was killed. The point of woods beyond the field is supposed to be the place which the Confederates called the "Hornet's Nest." The "peach orchard" was a little to the left of the field in the middle ground, and behind the house which is across the road from the field in which General Johnston was killed.—EDITOR.

near General McArthur's headquarters. We here took up quarters for the night, bivouacking without fire within four hundred yards of our regimental camp."

Illinois, to take position on my right. He promptly and cheerfully responded . . . In a short time General McClelland, with portions of the First and Third Brigades of his own division, and two regiments of Ohio troops, came up and formed on the left of the line I had already established."

Colonel Davis, of the Forty-sixth Ill., says:

"It being now one o'clock, my ammunition exhausted, the men tired and hungry, and myself exhausted, having lost my horse in the first engagement, and compelled to go on foot the balance of the time, and finding myself within one-half mile of my regimental encampment, I marched my men to it and got dinner for them. Calling my men into line immediately after dinner, I formed them upon the right of the brigade commanded by Colonel C. C. Marsh, at his request, in front and to the left of my camp, where we again met the enemy on Sunday evening."

Colonel Engelman, of the Forty-third Illinois, whose report in many respects is a remarkably clear and interesting one, says:

"We now fell back by degrees (from McClelland's sixth position), and a new line being formed, we found ourselves posted between the Forty-sixth Illinois and the Thirtieth Missouri, our position being midway between the encampments of the Forty-sixth and Ninth Illinois."

Colonel Wright, Thirtieth Mo., of McArthur's brigade, Second Division, but attached during the battle to Sherman's division, says:

"After advancing and falling back several times, the regiment was forced to retire, with all the others there, to the road which crosses the Purdy road at right angles

The "Purdy road" here mentioned is the continuation of the right-hand road leading from the Landing. The camp of the Ninth Illinois was in the north-east angle of the intersection of that road with the River road, and General McArthur's headquarters were in the south-west angle of the same intersection. The camp of the Forty-sixth Illinois was located in the south-east angle of the intersection of the River road and a middle road leading west from the Landing, about five hundred yards from McArthur's headquarters. These reports plainly identify General McClelland's seventh position, of which General Sherman formed part, with the River road between McArthur's and Hurlbut's headquarters. It is a full half-mile in rear of the position given to Sherman's division on the Thom map, and of the position which General Sherman assigns to himself on his edition, with the deep hollow of Tillman's Creek intervening.

The struggle which drove General McClelland from his seventh position is described by that officer as follows:

"The enemy renewed the contest by trying to shell us from our position. . . . Advancing in heavy columns led by the Louisiana Zouaves to break our center, we awaited his approach within sure range, and opened a terrific fire upon him. The head of the

column was instantly mowed down; the remainder of it swayed to and fro for a few seconds, and turned and fled. This second success of the last two engagements terminated a conflict of ten and a half hours' duration, from 6 o'clock a. m. to 4:30 o'clock p. m. and probably saved our army, transports and all, from capture. Strange, however, at the very moment of the flight of the enemy, the right of our line gave way, and immediately after, notwithstanding the indignant and heroic resistance of Colonel Veatch, the left, comprising the [Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana] was irresistibly swept back by the tide of fugitive soldiers and trains seeking vain security at the Landing. . . . *Left unsupported and alone, the Twentieth and Seventeenth Illinois, together with other portions of my division not borne back by the retreating multitude, retired in good order under the immediate command of Colonel Marsh and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, and re-formed under my direction, the right resting near the former line, and the left at an acute angle with it. A more extended line, comprising portions of regiments, brigades, and divisions, was soon formed on this nucleus by the efforts of General Sherman, myself, and other officers. Here, in the eighth position occupied by my division during the day, we relied in line of battle upon our arms, uncovered and exposed to a drenching rain during the night.*"

This last position would locate McClelland, excepting his First Brigade, perhaps three hundred yards south of, and obliquely with reference to the right-hand road leading from the Landing, facing a little to the west. His First Brigade is traced to within half a mile of the river, where it was rallied by its commander "in front of the camp-ground of the Fourteenth Iowa," on the road to the Landing. It did not join the division again until after the battle, but acted in connection with my troops. Colonel Veatch, who was on McClelland's left with the Fourteenth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Indiana in the seventh position, fell back in rear of the reserve artillery, and became reunited there with Hurlbut's division to which he belonged. The space along the road in rear of McClelland was filled in with various fragments which constituted Sherman's command, including at last Buckland's two regiments. General Sherman describes Colonel Sweeney as being with him. No doubt some of Sweeney's men also were there. It was the camp-ground of his brigade — the camp of his own regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, being immediately on the road. Two of his regiments were captured with Prentiss, and the remainder had been driven back from W. H. L. Wallace's right and virtually broken up. One of his regiments, the Fiftieth Illinois, was sent in the morning to support Colonel Stuart on the extreme left, and shared the fate of the sufferers in that quarter. The space along the road between Sherman and Hurlbut was occupied by the remnant of Colonel Tuttle's brigade and a portion of McClelland's First Brigade which united itself to Tuttle. It was Tuttle's camp-ground. Two of his regiments had been captured with Prentiss.

From the reports of the Thirteenth Missouri
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and Forty-third Illinois it is inferred that those two regiments did not move from their position on the River road in the last falling back. But that, if certain, is not important. They were at any rate substantially on the general line above indicated. The same, in a careless reading, might be presumed of the Forty-sixth Illinois, which was immediately on the left of the Forty-third. The report of that regiment says: "The regiments both on my right and left fell back, but my line did not waver under the fire of the enemy." But it evidently fell back at last, for the report continues: "After breakfast on Monday morning, still retaining my position on the right of Colonel Marsh's brigade, I moved with him until I reached and went beyond the ground of our last engagement of Sunday, where our pickets were driven in," etc. It remains now to determine the question of the extreme right of the general line.

General Sherman says, and his statement on that point is sustained by the reports, that Birge's Sharpshooters were immediately on his right and constituted the extreme right of the line. The official report of that regiment shows that during the afternoon it occupied a "position near Colonel McArthur's headquarters" in an open field. Its camp was in its rear along the opposite or east side of the River road. This would fix General Sherman's right at the cross-roads near McArthur's headquarters. It is more than a mile from the Snake Creek bridge. Other evidence confirms these positions. The official reports of Lew. Wallace's division show that he marched along the River road from the bridge, and formed in line of battle, facing Tillman's Creek in front of the camp of Birge's Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio, the right of the division being in front of the latter, and the left in front of the former; and that it came in actual contact with the "Sharpshooters," who occupied their camp that night and received the new-comers with cheers. This is clearly and more circumstantially explained by General Force in his book entitled "From Fort Henry to Corinth," page 163. He was present and commanded the right regiment of Lew. Wallace's division on that occasion. The position thus assigned to Wallace must have taken his left well up to the cross-road at McArthur's headquarters, and covered the entire field toward the north; for the distance from the cross-road to the right of the camp of the Eighty-first Ohio was only half a mile.

It is particularly to be observed that in no report, either from Sherman's division or from Lew. Wallace's, is there any mention of actual contact or of any definite proximity of these two divisions on the evening of the sixth, or earlier than ten o'clock on the morning of the

seventh. The inference is, that at the time of Wallace's arrival and subsequently, no part of Sherman's division was on the River road, or anywhere along the heights of Tillman's Creek north of McArthur's headquarters. General Sherman, in his report, says: "General Wallace arrived from Crump's Landing shortly after dark, and formed his line to my right and rear." That relative position could only exist by assuming that Sherman's command was on the road leading to the landing east of McArthur's headquarters, and nearly at right angles with Wallace,—a supposition which is strengthened by the condition indicated in Sherman's revised map, that Birge's Sharpshooters were on his right—not entirely in his front, as they would have been if his front had been on the River road. It is also sustained by General Buckland's statement in the "Journal of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee" for 1881, p. 82: "About dark," he says, "General Wallace's division commenced arriving, and formed to the right of my brigade." Buckland states in his report and in the "Journal" that he lay "on the road." If he had been on the River road, Wallace would have come in contact with him, and when he formed in line would have been entirely in his front—not in rear or on his right. Buckland seems to know nothing about Birge's Sharpshooters. The probable explanation is that when he came along the road from the bridge they were on the west side of the road, in the field near McArthur's headquarters. After Lew Wallace arrived and formed in front of them, they probably retired to their camp on the east side of the road. The explanation of Buckland's position is that, after the retreat across Tillman's Creek from the west side, he found himself, as he says, near Snake Creek bridge "late in the afternoon, after the repulse of the right of the line," entirely apart from the rest of the army, and that to reestablish his connection with it he started on the road to the Landing, where one of his regiments actually went and remained over night; and that he came upon the outer flank of the new line where General Sherman soon after found him, east of McArthur's headquarters, and thus placed himself where he is described by Sherman as being, between Birge's Sharpshooters and the rest of the line.

The Confederate reports mention a considerable appearance of force in a camp opposite their extreme left in the afternoon, evidently referring to McArthur's camp. The student of the reports will not be misled by this appearance. It was caused by the force that clustered with Sherman on McClelland's right near McArthur's headquarters; by the

Ninth Illinois, Eighty-first Ohio, and Birge's Sharpshooters, all belonging to McArthur's brigade; and by the movement of Buckland's regiments from the bridge as already explained. The Sharpshooters and the Eighty-first Ohio had been posted at the bridge, and returned to their camps probably at the time of the retreat from the west side of Tillman's Creek. The Ninth Illinois had during the morning been engaged on the extreme left under its brigade commander. It had lost two hundred and fifty men out of five hundred and fifty, and was ordered to its camp "to replenish cartridge-boxes, clean guns, and be ready for action." While there at three o'clock it was ordered "to support the right wing of General Sherman's division," as the report expresses it, and in the subsequent engagements retired to within half a mile of the Landing. Birge's Sharpshooters retained their position at or in front of their camp. The movements of the Eighty-first Ohio are not very clearly defined, but in the advance next morning, it is found on McClelland's left. The "ten or twelve guns" mentioned by General Sherman in his map-presentation speech as being near a ravine on his left, Sunday afternoon, were Taylor's battery, as it was called, though commanded by Captain Barrett, and Bouton's battery. The former had retired for ammunition from McClelland's camp, probably to near McArthur's headquarters, but afterwards evidently went near the river, where it received "one lieutenant and twenty-four men with three horses" from Fitch's battery. Bouton's battery was taken into action in the field in front of McClelland's right about four o'clock, and was forced to retire, its support helping to draw off its guns. Both the battery and the support went back toward the river, for in the advance next morning the support is found on McClelland's left, and the battery was brought into service with McCook in the afternoon. Sherman had no artillery with him on Monday until about ten o'clock. Major Taylor then brought up three pieces of an Illinois battery under Lieutenant Wood, not belonging to Sherman's command. The final retreat from McClelland's seventh position. Sunday evening, undoubtedly carried with it all of the fragments connected with Sherman near McArthur's headquarters, along the road toward the river, where I found him about dark, excepting Birge's Sharpshooters, the Thirtieth Missouri, and the Forty-third Illinois. The latter belonged to McClelland's Third Brigade, but remained with the Thirtieth Missouri Sunday night. After crossing Tillman's Creek next morning, both were brought into line on McClelland's left, and

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did not form with Sherman, though the Thirtieth Missouri subsequently joined him.

My own observation as to the position and extent of General Grant's line accords substantially with the evidence of the reports. In the dusk of the evening after the close of the engagement on Sunday, I walked out with my chief-of-staff, following the road and the line of the troops. My object was to gain information by which to determine the formation of my divisions, and I not only observed all that I could see at such an hour, but I made inquiry as I passed along. I came to Hurlbut's left five hundred yards from the river; I passed to the front and came to troops that answered as McClelland's, and which I supposed at the time to constitute his division, but which were probably his First Brigade only; I passed to the front of these troops, and when I turned in toward the road again, I came upon Sherman's line, as it happened, not far from where he was, and I was conducted to him. It was then growing dark. I judge the distance to have been about three-quarters of a mile from the river—less than half a mile from Hurlbut's left, and I think now that it was near the camp of Colonel Sweeney's regiment, the Fifty-second Illinois, that I found General Sherman.

The impression made upon my mind by that interview has remained as vivid as the circumstances were peculiar. I had no thought of seeing General Sherman when I set out, but on every score I was glad to meet him, and I was there to gain information. By what precise words I sought and he gave it, I would not pretend at this day to repeat. It is sufficient for the present to say that I learned the nature of the ground in front; that his right flank was some three hundred yards from us; and that the bridge by which Lew. Wallace was to cross Snake Creek was to his right and rear at an angle, as he pointed, of about forty degrees. I do not know whether I asked the question, but I know now that it was a mile and a quarter from his flank, and that he did not cover it in any practical sense, though in advancing Wallace would approach by his right and rear. I also see now that I was mistaken in supposing that these several commands retained a regular organization and had distinct limits; whereas they were in fact much intermixed.

Of course we talked of other incidental matters. In all his career he has, I venture to say, never appeared to better advantage. There was the frank, brave soldier, rather subdued, realizing the critical situation in which causes of some sort, perchance his own fault chiefly, had placed him, but ready, without affectation or bravado, to do any-

thing that duty required of him. He asked me what the plans were for the morrow. I answered that I was going to attack the enemy at daylight, and he expressed gratification at my reply, though apparently not because of any unmixed confidence in the result. I had had no consultation with General Grant, and knew nothing of his purpose. I presumed that we would be in accord, but I had been only a few hours within the limits of his authority, and I did not look upon him as my commander, though I would zealously have obeyed his orders. General Sherman allowed me to take with me the map of which a fac-simile accompanies this article. I never imagined that in the future it would have the interest which now attaches to it, and after the battle it was laid aside and forgotten.

Within two years after that meeting, quite contrary opinions developed themselves between General Sherman and myself concerning the battle of Shiloh, and his Memoirs give a different account of the interview above described. He says that he handed the map to my engineer-officer, Captain Michler, who, in fact, was not present, and complains that it was never returned to him. He says that I grumbled about the stragglers, and that he feared I would not bring my army across the river. One would suppose that his fears would have been allayed by the fact that at that very moment my troops were arriving and covering his front as fast as legs and steamboats could carry them.

In the execution of the retreat described in the reports of McClelland and Sherman, from the west to the east side of Tillman's Creek, there was a quite thorough disintegration of divisions and brigades, lacking nothing but the pressure of a vigorous pursuit to convert it into a complete rout. In its seventh position, McClelland's division recovered some force, and preserved a recognized organization; but not so with Sherman's. Indeed, in that division the disorganization occurred, as has already been stated, at an earlier period. In Hildebrand's brigade it was almost coincident with the enemy's first assault. With McDowell's it commenced with the unsuccessful attempt to form line of battle along the Purdy road, and was complete very soon after one o'clock; and these two brigades never recovered their aggregation again until after the battle. With Buckland's brigade also it occurred at the miscarriage at the Purdy road about ten o'clock, but it was not so thorough as in the other brigades—at least it was afterwards partially repaired during the first day, as his report explains. He says, after the retreat from his camp about ten o'clock, "We formed line on

the Purdy road, but the fleeing mass from the left broke through our lines, and many of our men caught the infection and fled with the crowd. Colonel Cockerill became separated from Colonel Sullivan and myself, and was afterward engaged with part of his command at McClernand's camp. Colonel Sullivan and myself kept together, and made every effort to rally our men, but with very poor success. They had become scattered in all directions. We were borne considerably to the left, but finally succeeded in forming a line, and had a short engagement with the enemy, who made his appearance soon after our line was formed. The enemy fell back, and we proceeded to the road where you (General Sherman) found us. At this point I was joined by Colonel Cockerill, and we there formed line of battle and slept on our arms Sunday night. Colonel Sullivan being out of ammunition, marched to the landing for a supply, and while there was ordered to support a battery at that point."

It is only after a close examination of the records that we can understand the full significance of the following passage in General Sherman's report:

"In this position we rested for the night. My command had become decidedly of a mixed character. Buckland's brigade was the only one with me that retained its organization. Colonel Hildebrand was personally there, but his brigade was not. Colonel McDowell had been severely injured by a fall from his horse, and had gone to the river, and the three regiments of his brigade were not in line. The Thirteenth Missouri, Colonel Crafts J. Wright, had reported to me on the field, and fought well, retaining its regimental organization, and it formed part of my line during Sunday night and all of Monday; other fragments of regiments and companies had also fallen into my division, and acted with it during the remainder of the battle."

It thus appears that from about one o'clock until the time when General Sherman found Colonel Buckland with two regiments on the road from the bridge to the Landing, not a single regiment of his division excepting Cockerill's, and not one prominent individual representative of it excepting that officer and Colonel Hildebrand, was present with him. The only body of troops besides Cockerill's regiment having any recognized organization was the Thirteenth Missouri, which belonged to another division. All the rest were squads or individual stragglers. In all the official reports, not a regiment or part of a regiment is described as being with him at this juncture or for several hours before. Of the nine regiments that composed the three brigades under his immediate command at the church, only five rendered reports, and three of these were from Buckland's brigade. The division did not exist except in the person of its com-

mander. Such is the story of the official reports. The number of men present could not have been large. Less than one thousand, including Buckland's two regiments after they were found, would have told the number that lay on their arms in Sherman's ranks on Sunday night.

This explains the close relation of McClernand and Sherman during the last five hours of Sunday, and the identity of their experiences. General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Everything is conjunctive and general as between McClernand and himself. "*We held this position, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert.*" "*General McClernand and I, on consultation, selected a new line.*" "*We fell back as well as we could.*" "*The enemy's cavalry charged us, and was handsomely repulsed.*" General McClernand's account of this incident has been quoted on a preceding page. When Colonel Hildebrand lost his brigade, it is not with General Sherman that he is identified, but with McClernand, on whose staff he served part of the day. Hildebrand seems to have been active, but not under the direction of his division commander. "About three o'clock," he says, "I assumed command of a regiment already formed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a northwestern direction, where I aided a regiment of sharpshooters in defeating the enemy in an attempt to flank our rear." This movement was evidently made from McClernand's and Sherman's seventh position, and the troops assisted were Birge's Sharpshooters. General Sherman makes no mention of this significant if not important occurrence. His right flank was threatened, and the regiment of Sharpshooters posted in the field near McArthur's headquarters met and, in conjunction with Hildebrand's temporary regiment, repelled the danger.

We have in the official reports a good clue to the condition of McClernand's division also. It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another, the commander reports, was "merely nominal," not long before McClernand took up his seventh position. In the last collision, one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClernand's colors.

Hurlbut's division was in a somewhat better condition than either of the others. Its loss in killed and wounded was greater than

McClernand's division could not have been large. Less than one thousand, including Buckland's two regiments after they were found, would have told the number that lay on their arms in Sherman's ranks on Sunday night.

There is a close relation of McClernand and Sherman during the last five hours of Sunday, and the identity of their experiences. General Sherman has nothing to report of his own command distinctively. Everything is conjunctive and general as between McClernand and himself. "*We held this position, General McClernand and myself acting in perfect concert.*" "*General McClernand and I, on consultation, selected a new line.*" "*We fell back as well as we could.*" "*The enemy's cavalry charged us, and was handsomely repulsed.*" General McClernand's account of this incident has been quoted on a preceding page. When Colonel Hildebrand lost his brigade, it is not with General Sherman that he is identified, but with McClernand, on whose staff he served part of the day. Hildebrand seems to have been active, but not under the direction of his division commander. "About three o'clock," he says, "I assumed command of a regiment already formed of fragmentary regiments. I marched in a northwestern direction, where I aided a regiment of sharpshooters in defeating the enemy in an attempt to flank our rear." This movement was evidently made from McClernand's and Sherman's seventh position, and the troops assisted were Birge's Sharpshooters. General Sherman makes no mention of this significant if not important occurrence. His right flank was threatened, and the regiment of Sharpshooters posted in the field near McArthur's headquarters met and, in conjunction with Hildebrand's temporary regiment, repelled the danger.

We have in the official reports a good clue to the condition of McClernand's division also. It was in a far better state. It was shattered and worn, but it was represented by at least some recognized following of regiments and brigades. One of the brigades had five hundred men, and another, the commander reports, was "merely nominal," not long before McClernand took up his seventh position. In the last collision, one of the brigades became entirely separated from the division, and did not return to it until after the battle. Fifteen hundred, exclusive of that brigade, would cover the number of men that rested that night under McClernand's colors.

Hurlbut's division was in a somewhat better condition than either of the others. Its loss in killed and wounded was greater than

McClernand's, but it had not like the latter been affected in its organization by oft repeated shocks sustained in a cramped and embarrassing position, and his command had received some accessions from the driftings of other divisions. The estimate which he makes of his force is wholly fallacious. It could not have stood on the space which he occupied. There may have been two thousand men in his line on the night of the 6th. These three divisions, if they may be so called, and Tuttle's command, with Birge's Sharpshooters on the extreme right, and the reserve artillery on the left, which, according to General Grant's report, consisted of "four twenty-pounder Parrott guns and a battery of rifled guns," constituted the line of battle, which extended a mile from the river. Five thousand men occupied it. Other partially organized fragments were crowded together about the river and the camps on the plateau, and with proper effort could have been fitted for good service; but no steps to that end were taken. The defect in the command that opened the way for the disaster, facilitated its progress at every step—the want of a strong executive hand guided by a clear organizing head. Some of these fragmentary commands sought places for themselves in the advance next day. The remnant of the Second Division under Colonel Tuttle was one of these. Indeed it deserves a higher name. It presented itself to me on the field without orders, and rendered efficient service with my divisions. There may have been fifteen hundred or two thousand men of these unrecognized commands that went to the front on Monday without instructions. Seven thousand men at the utmost besides Lew. Wallace's five thousand, were ready Sunday night to take part in the struggle which was to be renewed in the morning. Of the original force seven thousand were killed or wounded, three thousand were prisoners, at least fifteen thousand were absent from the ranks and hopelessly disorganized, and about thirty pieces of artillery were in the hands of the enemy.

The physical condition of the army was an exact type of its moral condition. The ties of discipline, not yet of long enough duration or rigidly enough enforced to be very strong, were in much the largest part of the army thoroughly severed. An unbroken tide of disaster had obliterated the distance between grades, and brought all men to the standard of personal qualities. The feeble groups that still clung together, were held by force of individual character more than by discipline, and a disbelief in the ability of the army unaided to extricate itself from the peril that environed it, was, I do not hesitate to affirm, universal. In my opinion that feeling was

shared by the commander himself. A week after the battle the army had not recovered from its shattered and prostrated condition. On the 14th, three days after Halleck's arrival, he instructed Grant: "Divisions and brigades should, where necessary, be reorganized and put in position, and all stragglers returned to their companies and regiments. Your army is not now in condition to resist an attack." We are told that the enemy had stragglers too. Yes, every cause which demands effort and sacrifice will have them; but there is a difference between the straggling which is not restrained by the smile of fortune, and that which tries to elude the pursuit of fate—it is the difference between victory and defeat. The Confederates in their official reports make no concealment of their skeletons, but when the time for action arrived they were vital bodies, and, on Sunday, always in sufficient force to do the work at last.

General McClernand, it will have been observed, ascribes the breaking up of his seventh position to a panic among the troops, but the other reports show a different reason. Colonel Veatch on McClernand's left says:

"Our men were much encouraged by the strength of our position, and our fire was telling with terrible effect. Our forces were eager to advance and charge him (the enemy), when we were surprised by his driving back the whole left wing of our army, and advancing close to our rear near General Hurlbut's headquarters. A dense mass of baggage wagons and artillery crowded upon our ranks, while we were exposed to a heavy fire of the enemy both in front and rear."

General Hurlbut thus describes the crisis at that stage of the battle:

"I had hoped to make a stand on the line of my camp, but masses of the enemy were pressing rapidly on each flank, while their light artillery was closing rapidly in the rear. On reaching the 24-pounder siege-guns in battery near the river, I again succeeded in forming line of battle in rear of the guns."

We see here that there was a stern cause for the falling back. It was the tide of defeat and pursuit from the left wing of the army, and was compulsory in the strictest sense. How fortunate that it did not set in an hour earlier, and strike in flank the disorganized material of the right wing as it struggled across the ravines of Tillman's Creek! How more than fortunate that the onward current of the victor was obstructed still an hour longer by the unyielding tenacity of the remaining regiments of W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss! From the self-assuring interview in which, according to one of General Sherman's reminiscences, it was "agreed that the enemy had expended the furor of his attack" at four o'clock, and General Grant told the "anecdote of his Donelson battle," that officer was aroused by the renewal of the din of the strife, and made his way to the river through

the disorganized throng of his retreating army. While those mutual felicitations were in progress, the enemy, a mile to the left, was disarming and marching six captured regiments to the rear. Thus disbarbarred, his *furor* revived, and manifested itself at last at the very Landing. What worse state of affairs than this could have existed when at noon General Grant wrote: "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the river, it will be a move to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us."

Under the circumstances here described, General Grant and General Sherman have said that reinforcements other than Lew Wallace's division were in no wise necessary at the close of the first day, and that, without reference to them, General Grant would have assumed the offensive and defeated the Confederate army next morning. Those who study the subject attentively will find no ground to accept that declaration as regards either the purpose or the result. The former indeed presents an intangible question which it would seem to be useless to discuss. At the time it is alleged to have been entertained, the reinforcements were actually at hand, and their presence gives to the announcement the semblance of a vain boast, which could never have been put to the test of reality. That with the reinforcements from my army, General Grant confidently expected that the enemy would be defeated the following day, it is impossible to doubt; but it was not known Sunday night that the enemy had withdrawn from our immediate front, and the evidence establishes that General Grant had not determined upon or had not promulgated a plan of action in the morning. Not an order was given or a note of preparation sounded for the struggle which, with or without his assistance, was to begin at daybreak. To my certain knowledge, if words and actions were not wholly misleading, General Sherman when I saw him on the night of the 6th, did not consider that any instructions had been given for battle, and if he had such instructions he did not obey them. His report sustains the impression which I derived from our interview. "At daylight on Monday," he says, "I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps." Then only it was that he dispatched several members of his staff to bring up all the men they could find. Is that the way in which General Sherman would have acquitted himself of the obligation of orders received the day before to engage in battle? I answer unhesitatingly, no! The reports of the other division commanders are to the same effect. General McClelland says: "Your (General

Grant's) order of the morning of the 7th for a forward movement," etc. The hour of the delivery of this order is indicated approximately by the following passage in the report of Colonel Marsh:

"At daylight on Monday morning the men in line were supplied with some provisions. While this was being done firing opened on our right, afterwards ascertained to come from a portion of General Lew Wallace's command. Directly afterwards, firing commenced to our left and front, both artillery and musketry, supposed by me to be a portion of General Buell's command, who, I had been informed during the night, had taken position on our left and considerably in advance. I now received orders from General McClelland to throw out skirmishers and follow with my whole command."

We must presume that General McClelland proceeded to the execution of General Grant's order as soon as it was received, which must then have been after the commencement of the battle in front of Nelson.

General Hurlbut says: "On Monday, about eight a. m., my division was formed in line close to the river bank, and I obtained a few crackers for my men. About nine a. m., I was ordered by General Grant to move up to the support of General McClelland." Colonel Tuttle, commanding the Second Division, acted without any orders. He says: "On Monday morning I collected all of the division that could be found, and such other detached regiments as volunteered to join me, and formed them in column by battalion closed in mass as a reserve for General Buell." The action of General Lew Wallace was not the result of orders, but proceeded from his own motion on discovering the enemy in his front at daylight across Tillman's Hollow. While that action was in progress, General Grant came up and gave Wallace "the direction of his attack." Nelson had been in motion an hour, and was sharply engaged before any of these orders were given.

General Grant's official reports of the battle are in accord with the subordinate reports upon this question. In his first telegraphic announcement of the battle to General Halleck, he says:

"Yesterday the rebels attacked us here with an overwhelming force, driving our troops in from their advanced position to near the Landing. General Wallace was immediately ordered up from Crump's Landing, and in the evening, one division of General Buell's army and General Buell in person arrived. During the night one other division arrived, and still another to-day. *This morning, at the break of day, I ordered an attack, which resulted in a fight, which continued until late this afternoon, with severe loss on both sides, but a complete repulse of the enemy. I shall follow to-morrow far enough to see that no immediate renewal of an attack is contemplated.*"

In his more detailed report of April 9th he says:

"During the night (Sunday) all was quiet, and feeling that a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party, an advance was ordered

as soon as day dawned. The result was a gradual repulse of the enemy at all parts of the line from morning until probably five o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident that the enemy was retreating. Before the close of the action the advance of General T. J. Wood's division arrived in time to take part in the action. *My force was too much fatigued from two days' hard fighting and exposure in the open air to a drizzling rain during the intervening night, to pursue immediately.* Night closed in cloudy and with heavy rain, making the roads impracticable for artillery by the next morning. General Sherman, however, followed the enemy, *finding that the main part of the army had retreated in good order."*

Several points worthy of note present themselves in these dispatches of General Grant. There is still, at the close of the second day, the impression of the enemy's overwhelming force, which the day before he "estimated at over one hundred thousand men." He felt on Monday, after the arrival of reinforcements to the number of twenty-five thousand fresh troops, that "a great moral advantage would be gained by becoming the attacking party." There was, then, a question in his mind, namely, to attack, or to await attack; it was necessary to consider all the advantages, moral and physical; he concluded to secure the former at least, and accordingly gave the order, not on Sunday but on Monday "at break of day," to attack. The severity of the contest on Monday is affirmed in both dispatches; it was of such a nature as to prevent an immediate pursuit, which at any rate he would only make the next morning after the battle, far enough to see that no immediate renewal of the attack was contemplated. The pursuit was made on that plan, and found "that the main part of the army had retreated in good order." If the fact were not duly authenticated, one would wonder whether these dispatches were actually written by an officer who, twenty-three years afterwards, said with boastful assurance over his own signature, "Victory was assured when Wallace arrived with his division of five thousand effective veterans, even if there had been no other support!"

With this tedious but necessary review of the results of the first day, I take up the story of the second.

The engagement was brought on, Monday morning, not by General Grant's order, but by the advance of Nelson's division along the Riverroad in line of battle, at the first dawn of day, followed by Crittenden's division in column. The enemy was encountered at 5:20 o'clock, and a little in advance of Hurlbut's camp Nelson was halted while Crittenden came into line on his right. By this time the head of McCook's division came up and was formed on the right of Crittenden. Before McCook's rear brigade was up the line moved forward, pushing back the enemy's light troops, until

Nelson and Crittenden reached the very position occupied by Hurlbut, Prentiss, and W. H. L. Wallace at four o'clock the previous day where the enemy was found in force. McCook was on the north side of the western Corinth road, and eventually swept across half of McClelland's camp and released his headquarters. "The Hornets' Nest" was in front of Crittenden's left brigade; and "the peach orchard" and the ground where Albert Sidney Johnston fell were in front of Nelson.

Without following the vicissitudes of the struggle in this part of the field, I enter with a little more detail, but still cursorily, upon the operations of Grant's troops, which have not been connectedly explained in any official report. The action here was commenced by Lew. Wallace, one of whose batteries at half-past five o'clock opened fire on the enemy, who was discovered on the high ground across Tillman's Hollow. There is some diversity of statement among the official reports as to the priority of artillery firing in front of Nelson and Wallace. Colonel Hovey, who was in immediate support of Wallace's battery, gives the priority to Nelson, while Colonel Marsh, who was half a mile farther to the left, gives it to Wallace. But this is unimportant. Nelson was in motion three-quarters of an hour before that time, and had been engaged with the enemy's light troops. The first artillery fire was from the enemy, Nelson at first having no artillery. Wallace's action was not yet aggressive, no orders having been given for his advance; but while the firing was in progress General Grant came up, and gave him his "direction of attack, which was formed at a right angle with the river, with which at the time his line ran almost parallel." The enemy's battery and its supports having been driven from the opposite height by the artillery of Wallace, the latter moved his line forward about seven o'clock, crossed the hollow, and gained the crest of the hill almost without opposition. "Here," he says, "as General Sherman's division, next on my left, had not made its appearance to support my advance, a halt was ordered for it to come up." Wallace was now on the edge of the large oblong field which was in front of the encampment of McClelland's right brigade.

The next of Grant's commands to advance was McClelland's. The orders to that effect have already been cited, and their execution is explained by Colonel Marsh, into whose brigade what was present of McClelland's division seems to have merged. He says:

"Moving steadily forward for half a mile, I discovered a movement of troops on the hill nearly a quarter of a mile in front. Dispatching scouts to ascertain who they were, they were met by a message from Colonel

Smith, commanding the left brigade of the Third Division (Wallace's), informing me that he would take position on the right and wait my coming up."

Sherman, it thus appears, was not yet in motion. Hurlbut moved out about nine o'clock, and formed one brigade on McClelland's left.

When Lew. Wallace advanced across Tillman's Hollow, followed next on the left by McClelland, the force opposed to him fell gradually back upon reinforcements beyond the field on the edge of which was the encampment of McClelland's First Brigade; the enemy's left then clinging a little to the bluffs of Owl Creek in that quarter, but yielding without a very stubborn resistance, chiefly because of McCook's vigorous pressure along the western Corinth road, until it fell into a general line running through the center of McClelland's camp, and nearly parallel with the Hamburg and Purdy road. This swinging back of the enemy's left, and the direction of the Owl Creek bluffs, naturally caused a change in the direction of Wallace's front, until about ten o'clock it faced south at right angles to its direction in the beginning. A sharp artillery contest and some infantry fighting had been going on all the time. It was at ten o'clock, according to Sherman's report, that McClelland formed line obliquely in rear of the camp of his First Brigade, to advance against the enemy's position. Here for the first time Sherman's division appears in the movement, from which its absence at an earlier period is mentioned by both McClelland and Wallace. The statement in General Sherman's report in regard to its movements, is as follows:

"At daylight I received General Grant's orders to advance and recapture our original camps. I dispatched several members of my staff to bring up all the men they could find, and especially the brigade of Colonel Stuart, which had been separated from the division all the day before; and at the appointed time the division, or, rather, what remained of it, with the Thirtieth Missouri and other fragments, marched forward and reoccupied the ground on the extreme right of General McClelland's camp, where we attracted the fire of a battery located near Colonel McDowell's former headquarters. Here I remained patiently waiting for the sound of General Buell's advance upon the main Corinth road. About ten a. m. the heavy firing in that direction and its steady approach satisfied me, and General Wallace being on our right flank with his well-conducted division, I led the head of my column to General McClelland's right, formed line of battle, facing south, with Buckland's brigade directly across the ridge, and Stuart's brigade on its right in the woods, and thus advanced slowly and steadily under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery."

The contest thus inaugurated in and around McClelland's camp involved the whole of Grant's available force and McCook's division of the Army of the Ohio, and continued with great violence from ten until four o'clock. The significant facts connected with it are, the narrowness of the space covered by the

interior divisions,—McClelland's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's,—the lapping over them by McCook, so as to form, in fact, a connection with the division of Wallace on the extreme right, and the decisive part ascribed to McCook's division in that part of the field in the reports of McClelland, Wallace and Sherman. McClelland says:

"Here one of the severest conflicts ensued that occurred during the two days. We drove the enemy back . . . to the edge of a field . . . where reserves came to his support. Our position at this moment was most critical, and a repulse seemed inevitable; but fortunately the Louisville Legion, forming part of General Rousseau's brigade, came up at my request and succored me. Extending and strengthening my line, this gallant body poured into the enemy's ranks one of the most terrible fires I ever witnessed. Thus breaking his center, he fell back in disorder, and thenceforth he was beaten at all points."

General Wallace mentions particularly an important service rendered to the left of his division at a crisis in its operations, by one of McCook's regiments.

Colonel McGinnis, of the Eleventh Indiana, whose regiment was on Wallace's extreme left, describes this incident as follows:

"At 2:30 o'clock I discovered that the Federal forces on our left were falling back and the rebels advancing, and that they were nearly in rear of our left flank. I immediately notified you (the brigade commander) of their position, changed front with our left wing, opened our fire upon them, and sent to you for assistance. During this the most trying moment to us of the day, I received your order to fall back if it got too hot for us. . . . Fortunately and much to our relief, at this critical moment the Thirty-second Indiana, Colonel Willich, came up on our left, and with their assistance the advancing enemy was compelled to retire."

General Sherman says:

"We advanced until we reached the point where the Corinth road crosses the line of McClelland's camp, and here I saw for the first time the well-ordered and compact columns of General Buell's Kentucky forces, whose soldierly movements at once gave confidence to our newer and less-disciplined forces. Here I saw Willich's regiment advance upon a point of water-oaks and thicket behind which, I knew the enemy was in great strength, and enter it in beautiful style. Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard, which lasted some twenty minutes, when this splendid regiment had to fall back. This green point of timber is about five hundred yards east of Shiloh Meeting House, and it was evident that here was to be the struggle. The enemy could be seen forming his lines to the south. . . . This was about two o'clock p. m. . . . Willich's regiment had been repulsed, but a whole brigade of McCook's division advanced beautifully, deployed, and entered this dreaded woods. . . . Rousseau's brigade moved in splendid order steadily to the front, sweeping everything before it."

This occurred in front of Sherman, who was between McClelland and Wallace, for he says: "I ordered my Second Brigade . . . to form on its right, and my Fourth Brigade, Colonel Buckland, on its right, all to advance abreast with this Kentucky brigade." Of the action of McCook's division, General Sherman further says: "I concede that General McCook's

splendid division from Kentucky drove back the enemy along the Corinth road, which was the great central line of this battle."

The conclusion to be drawn from these several reports is that at this stage of the battle McCook's division reached across and practically connected the Army of the Ohio with Wallace's division, which formed the extreme right of Grant's force, and that its steady valor and effective service, not without the cooperation of McClelland's, Hurlbut's, and Sherman's commands, decided the issue of the conflict on that portion of the field. The result, however, was not brought about without the concurrence of decisive action, at other points.

While the battle was going on in McClelland's camp, it raged with great fury from an earlier hour in front of Nelson and Crittenden on the left, and vigorously but with less destructive effects in front of Wallace on the right. As soon as the enemy's right began to yield, the splendid batteries of Mendenhall and Terrill directed an enfilading fire upon the Confederate batteries playing fiercely upon McCook, and they were soon silenced. General Sherman ascribes that result to the action of two pieces of artillery to which he says he gave personal direction, but it is probable that he mistook the principal cause. A Confederate view of the contest in front of Nelson and Crittenden is seen in the report of Colonel Trabue, whose brigade at a certain stage of the battle (about one o'clock) was moved with Anderson's brigade to their right, in front of Crittenden. The report describes the conflict at this point as terrific, the ground being crossed and recrossed four times in the course of it. I refer to it, chiefly because in some accounts of the battle it has erroneously been identified with McCook's front, where Trabue's brigade was first engaged.

Without going further into details in which the official reports abound, it may be sufficient to add briefly, that at four o'clock the flag of the Union floated again upon the line from which it had been driven the previous day, and General Grant's troops at once resumed their camps.

What more need be said? Must I sketch the scenes with twenty thousand of the soldiers of the Army of the Ohio left out of their place in the combat, as it is described by General Grant and his own officers? Shall I not, indeed, already have wearied the reader with the citation of evidence to substantiate a view of the case which unbiased intelligence is forbidden to deny?

But if the Army of the Ohio had not arrived, and General Grant had remained on the defensive, what then? Some of those who

frankly acknowledge the reality of their discomfort on Sunday, like now to believe with natural pride and the difficulties that beset them then far in the past, that they would have been more successful the second day; and it has been argued that the withdrawal of the Confederates from their advanced positions on the night of the 6th threw doubt upon the final result. A newspaper interviewer has even said for General Grant that they were then preparing to retreat. The inconsistency of that observation is evident. A general who stops to fight a fresh army is not likely to have had it in contemplation to flee before one that he had already defeated on the same ground. The published reports show that the withdrawal on Sunday night did not proceed from any faltering of the Confederate commander. On the contrary, he believed the victory to have been substantially won, and that the fruit would certainly be gathered the following day. His confidence in that respect was shared in the fullest manner by his entire army, backed by a particularly able body of high officers. All demanded to be led against the last position: not one doubted the result. We can imagine the effort such an army would have put forth when animated by such a spirit.

With the usual apologies for defeat on Monday, they rated their strength at 20,000 men, but with the fruits of victory in view, it will be safe to say they would have brought at least 25,000 into action; and it has been claimed that 25,000, according to the Confederate method of computation, would have been equal to about 28,000 according to the Federal method. Their relative strength would have been materially increased by the large accession of captured cannon. They had also improved their condition by exchanging their inferior arms for better captured ones. Comparatively, the enemy was in a more efficient state than before the battle.

The Union ranks might have been swelled to 15,000—not more. That force could not on such ground have ventured to cover a line of more than a mile—its left at the river and its right near the ravines of Tillman's Creek. The high ground beyond the creek would have enfiladed it, and the ravines would have afforded a lodgment and shelter for the enemy. Dill's ravine on the left might also have proved an element of weakness, and though that flank could not be turned, the peculiar advantage of position that aided the Union troops on the left so much on Sunday would not have existed on Monday.—The field of action in front was a uniform wooded surface.

Nowhere in history is the profane idea that

in a fair field fight, Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions, more uniformly sustained than in our Civil War. It presents no example of the triumph of 15,000 or even 20,000 men against 25,000. It affords some such instances where the stronger force was surprised by rapid and unexpected movements, and still others where it was directed with a want of skill against chosen positions strengthened by the art of defense; but nowhere else. The weaker force is uniformly defeated or compelled to retire. In this case the missiles of the assailant would have found a target in the battle-line of the defense and in the transportation and masses of stragglers crowded together about the Landing. The height of the bluff would have rendered the gun-boats powerless—the example of Belmont could only have been partially repeated, if at all—the bulk of the defeated force must have laid down its arms. There are those who have met the question with the argument that General Grant's personal qualities were a guarantee for his triumph. That is a poor sort of logic, and there are thousands of patriotic citizens, not unfriendly to General Grant, who would draw back in alarm from the contemplation of any contingency that would have deprived the Union cause of its superior numbers at more than one period of his career.

In the usual extravagant newspaper dispatches from the field of battle there was a statement of charges led by General Grant and his staff, which were assumed to have decided the fate of the day on Monday, or at least to have given a crowning touch to the victory. It would be a satire to reproduce that statement in its original form at this time. Its adoption, however, by various books and sketches, and especially the reference to such an incident by General Grant in his recent *CENTURY* article, makes it properly an object of inquiry. Such an act as leading a charge is a conspicuous incident rarely resorted to by the commander of an army. General Grant in some former newspaper interview is made to assume that General Sidney Johnston lost his life under such circumstances, from which he argues the failing fortune of the Confederate attack on Sunday. General Johnston's conduct in that affair is described in the Confederate reports. It was an outburst of impatient valor not caused by any crisis in the battle, though an attack at a certain point had been repulsed. He did not lose his life in the act, and the most substantial successes of the Confederates were achieved at a later hour. We likewise naturally look in the official reports for a circumstantial account of the charge said to have

been led by General Grant, for no colonel of a regiment is likely to overlook the honor of having been led in a charge by the commander of the army.

In the report of Colonel Veatch of Hurlbut's division there occurs the following passage: "Maj.-Gen. Grant now ordered me forward to charge the enemy. I formed my brigade in column of battalions, and moved forward in double-quick through our deserted camps and to the thick woods beyond our lines in pursuit of the retreating enemy, following until we were in advance of our other forces, and were ordered to fall back by General Buell. It is proper to remark that I witnessed this movement. I was in advance on the line toward which it was made, and understand its bearing. It does not answer the description of a charge led by General Grant, since he is not said to have been present in it.

In the report of General Rousseau occurs the following:

"When thus repulsed, the enemy fell back and his retreat began; soon after which I saw two regiments of government troops advancing in double-quick time across the open fields in our front, and saw that one of them was the First Ohio, which had been moved to our left to wait for ammunition. I galloped to the regiment and ordered it to halt, as I had not ordered the movement, but was informed that it was advancing by order of General Grant, whom I then saw in rear of the line with his staff. I ordered the regiment to advance with the other, which it did some two or three hundred yards farther, when it was halted, and a fire was opened upon it from one of our camps, then occupied by the enemy. The fire was instantly returned, and the enemy soon fled, after wounding eight men of the First Ohio."

There is in the official reports no other mention of such an occurrence. This must have been the charge referred to, though it does not satisfy the description, since it appears that General Grant was not taken into the enemy's fire; and there is nothing in it which fills the definition of a charge. The professional soldier at least understands that the term implies something more serious than a movement of troops upon the field of battle, even at a rapid pace, in the presence of an enemy. But putting out of the question all appropriate distinctions in the use of terms, there was nothing in the occasion or in these simple movements which promised any advantage, or entitled them to the slightest prominence. The enemy had retired from the last line, and was believed to be in retreat; but he had withdrawn in good order, and it is known that he halted a half-mile beyond, fully prepared to repel a careless pursuit. The topographical feature of larger fields and intervening woods made the left and left-center of the battle-field more difficult for attack than the ground about McClellan.

nand's camp, as was illustrated by the battle of the previous day. The antagonists, except when in immediate contact, were kept at a greater distance apart, and were more screened from the observation of each other. The resistance, quelled for the moment, would be renewed unexpectedly by reinforcements or on a new line with increased vigor, and did not always allow the assailant to retain the advantage he had gained.

Nelson and Crittenden were working their way step by step over this difficult ground, when the cheers of victory commenced on the right where the enemy could be better observed. It was my misfortune to know nothing about the topography in front, and when at that moment the enemy on the left was found to be yielding readily to our advance, it was my mistake to suppose that the retirement was more precipitate and disordered than proved to be the case. On that supposition Nelson was ordered rapidly to the lower ford of Lick Creek, by which I supposed a part of the enemy had advanced and would retreat, and was thus out of position for the state of the case as it turned out. The last attack of Crittenden was made through thick woods, and his division had become a good deal scattered; but a brigade of Wood's division came up just then and was pushed forward on the eastern Corinth road. It soon came upon and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, and was attracting a flank fire from a battery a considerable distance off on the right. The orderly withdrawal of the enemy was now discovered, and indicated that a single brigade unsupported would be insufficient for a pursuit. Wood's brigade was therefore halted while its skirmishers occupied the enemy's cavalry, and orders were sent to McCook and Crittenden to form on the new line. Just at that moment a feeble column was seen to the right and rear of Wood's brigade, moving in a direction which would bring it into the flank fire of the enemy's artillery on the right. I therefore ordered it to be halted until other dispositions were made; but misapprehending the object of the order, or deeming perhaps that enough had been done for one day, it withdrew altogether, and like the rest of Grant's troops, retired to its camp. Following the same example, and most probably with General Grant's authority, McCook's division had started to the river. Before these misconceptions could be corrected, and my divisions got into position, night came on, and the time for a further forward movement passed for the day. Indeed, while my troops were being called up, I received from General Grant, who had retired to the Landing, the following letter:

"HEADQUARTERS DIST. OF W. TENN., PITTSBURG, April 7, 1862. Major-General D. C. Buell, Gen.: When I left the field this evening, my intention was to occupy the most advanced position possible for the night, with the infantry engaged through the day, and follow up our success with cavalry and fresh troops expected to arrive during my last absence on the field. The great fatigue of our men—they having been engaged in two days' fight, and subject to a march yesterday and a fight to-day—would preclude the idea of making any advance to-night without the arrival of the expected reinforcements. My plan, therefore, will be to feel out in the morning, with all the troops on the outer lines, until our cavalry force can be organized (one regiment of your army will finish crossing soon), and a sufficient artillery and infantry support to follow them are ready for a move. Under the instructions which I have previously received, and a dispatch also of to-day from Major-General Halleck, it will not then do to advance beyond Pea Ridge, or some point which we can reach and return in a day. General Halleck will probably be here himself to-morrow. Instructions have been sent to the division commanders, not included in your command, to be ready in the morning either to find if an enemy was in front, or to advance. Very respectfully, Your obedient Servant, U. S. Grant, Major-General Commanding."

This letter implies the hypothesis expressed also in General Grant's dispatch of the same evening to General Halleck, that the enemy might still be in our front with the intention of renewing the attack. I make no comment on that point further than to contrast it with the later pretensions with which the battle has been reviewed by General Grant and his friends. The idea is again indicated in his orders to his division commanders on the eighth:

"I have instructed Taylor's cavalry to push out the road toward Corinth to ascertain if the enemy have retreated. . . . Should they be retreating, I want all the cavalry to follow them."

Something in the same vein, which I would by no means be understood as dwelling upon censoriously, is seen in a dispatch of the next day to Halleck

"I do not" [he says] "like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements."

The passage is chiefly noteworthy as showing that the fault of Shiloh was not in an excess of rashness or contempt for the adversary, and that the lesson of the occasion had not yet pointed out a means of security other than in reinforcements or retreat. The introduction of the evidence is not to be ascribed to any motive of disparagement. It is entirely pertinent to the subject under consideration.

General Grant has recently admitted that a pursuit ought to have been made, and vaguely intimates that somebody else than himself was responsible that it was not done. The reason given in his letter to me is, of course, insufficient. General McCook may have told him that his men were hungry and tired; but if the order had been issued, both McCook

and his troops would cheerfully have shown how much tired and hungry soldiers can do when an emergency demands it. If General Grant meant to imply that I was responsible that the pursuit was not made, I might perhaps answer that it is always to be expected that the chief officer in command will determine the course to be pursued at such a juncture, when he is immediately upon the ground; but I inwardly imposed upon myself the obligation of employing the army under my command as though the whole duty of the occasion rested upon it. There was no doubt in my mind or hesitation in my conduct as to the propriety of continuing the action, at least as long as the enemy was in our presence, as I considered him still to be; and I make no attempt to excuse myself or blame others when I say that General Grant's troops, the lowest individual among them not more than the commander himself, appear to have thought that the object of the battle was sufficiently accomplished when they were reinstated in their camps; and that in some way that idea obstructed the reorganization of my line until a further advance that day became impracticable.

MUCH harsh criticism has been passed upon General Lew. Wallace for having failed to reach the field in time to participate in the battle on Sunday. The naked fact is apt to be judged severely, and the reports made a year afterward by General Grant's staff-officers—the report of Colonel Rawlins especially—are calculated to increase the unfavorable impression. But some qualification of that evidence must be made, on account of the anxiety produced in the minds of those officers by their peculiar connection with the exciting circumstances of the battle. The statement of Rawlins is particularly to be received with reservation. They found Wallace on a different road from the one by which they expected him, and assumed that he was wrongfully there. Rawlins pretends to give the words of a verbal order that would have taken him to a different place. Wallace denies that version of the order, and the circumstances do not sustain it. He was on the road to and not far from the upper ford of Owl Creek, which would have brought him on the right flank of the Federal line, as it was in the morning, and as he presumed it still to be. It would have been at least an honest if not a reasonable interpretation of the order that took him to a point where the responsibility and danger were liable to be greatly increased. The impression of Major Rowley, repeated more strongly by General Grant in his *CENTURY* article, that when found he was farther from the battle-field

than when he started, the map shows to have been incorrect. The statement of Rawlins that he did not make a mile and a half an hour, is also not correct of the whole day's march. He actually marched nearly fifteen miles in six hours and a half. That is not particularly rapid marching, but it does not indicate any loitering. At the same time it must be said that, under the circumstances, the manner in which the order was given to Wallace is liable to unqualified disapproval, both as it concerned the public interest and the good name of the officer.

To these qualifying facts it must be added that a presumption of honest endeavor is due to Wallace's character. He did good service at Donelson, and at Shiloh on the 7th, and on no other occasion have his zeal and courage been impugned. The verdict must perhaps remain that his action did not respond to the emergency as it turned out, but that might fall far short of a technical criminality, unless under a more austere standard of discipline than prevailed at that, or indeed at any other, period of the war. If he had moved energetically after McPherson and Rawlins arrived and informed him of the urgency of the occasion, no just censure could be cast upon his conduct. The reports of those officers imply that he did not do so, but McPherson, who was most likely to be correct, is least positive on that point. It would probably be easy in any of the armies to point to similar examples of a lack of ardent effort which led to grave disappointment without being challenged, and to many more that would have been attended with serious consequences if any emergency had arisen. It was a defect in the discipline which it was not possible at that time to remedy completely.

WHEN this article was urged upon me by the recent revival of the discussion, I was advised by friends in whose judgment I have great confidence, to write an *impersonal* account of the battle. The idea was perfectly in harmony with my disposition, but a moment's reflection showed me that it was impracticable. It would ignore the characteristics which have made the battle of Shiloh the most famous, and to both sides the most interesting of the war. The whole theme is full of personality. The battle might be called, almost properly, a personal one. It was ushered in by faults that were personal, and the resistance that prolonged it until succor came was personal. This does not pretend to be a history of it, but only a review of some of the prominent facts which determined its character and foreshadowed its result. Even

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this fragmentary treatment of the subject would be incomplete without a revision of the roll of honor. The task is not difficult, for the evidence is not meager or doubtful. It says of McClelland, that, crippled at the start by the rudeness of the unexpected attack and the wreck of the division in his front, before he had time well to establish his line, he struggled gallantly and long with varying fortune to keep back the columns of the enemy; and though he failed in that, he was still able to present an organized nucleus which attracted the disrupted elements of other divisions: of Hurlbut, that he posted the two brigades under his immediate command, not in the strongest manner at first, but with judgment to afford prompt shelter to the defeated division of Prentiss, and maintained his front with some serious reverses to his left flank, for seven hours and until his left was turned, with a greater list of mortality than any other division sustained: of W. H. L. Wallace, that, never dislodged, he sacrificed his life in a heroic effort with Prentiss to maintain his front between the enemy and the Landing: of Prentiss, that with the rawest troops in the army his vigilance gave the earliest warning of the magnitude of the danger, and offered a resolute resistance to its approach; that, though overwhelmed and broken in advance, he rallied in effective force on the line of Hurlbut and Wallace, and firmly held his ground until completely surrounded and overpowered: and of Sherman, that he too strove bravely, but from an early hour with a feeble and ineffective force, to stay the tide of disaster for which his shortcoming in the position of an advanced guard was largely responsible; but it discloses no fact to justify the announcement of General Halleck that he "saved the fortune of the day on the 6th." On the contrary it shows, that of all the division com-

manders, not one was less entitled to that distinction. This will be a strange and may seem like a harsh utterance to many readers, but it is the verdict of the record. The similar indorsement of General Grant a year later that "he held the key-point to the Landing" is equally alien to the evidence, and still further without intelligent meaning. If the key-point was any other than the Landing itself, it was on the left where the attack was strongest and the resistance longest maintained.

Into the list of brave men in the inferior grades—captains and even lieutenants who for the moment led the wrecks of regiments and brigades, and field-officers who represented brigades and divisions, and who poured out their lives on the field or survived its carnage—I cannot here pretend to enter, though it is a most interesting chapter in the battle.

And of Grant himself—is nothing to be said? The record is silent and tradition adverse to any marked influence that he exerted upon the fortune of the day. The contemporaneous and subsequent newspaper accounts of personal adventure are alike destitute of authenticity and dignity. If he could have done anything in the beginning, he was not on the ground in time. The determining act in the drama was completed by ten o'clock. From Sherman's report and later reminiscences we learn that he was with that officer about that hour, and again, it would seem, at three and five o'clock, and he was with Prentiss between ten and eleven; but he is not seen anywhere else in front. We read of some indefinite or unimportant directions given without effect to straggling bodies of troops in rear. That is all. But he was one of the many there who would have resisted while resistance could avail. That is all that can be said, but it is an honorable record.

AIRDRIE, KY., June, 1885.

D. C. Buell.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Controversies in regard to Shiloh.

A STAFF-OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTACK AND WITHDRAWAL.

AT the time of the battle of Shiloh I was on General Bragg's staff as his chief engineer, with the rank of captain. On the night of April 5th I accompanied him to General Johnston's headquarters, where the last council of war was held. I was not present at the meeting of the generals, but with a number of other staff-officers remained near by. We could hear the low, earnest discussion of our superiors, but could not distinguish the words spoken.

When the council closed, and General Bragg started to his own bivouac, I joined him, and received the following instructions: That as the attack would be

made at daylight, the next morning at four o'clock I should proceed to the front along the Bark road, with Lieutenant Steel of the engineers and a squad of cavalry, until I came to the enemy's camp; that I should very carefully and cautiously reconnoiter the camp from where I struck it towards the enemy's left flank; that I should by no means allow any firing by my little force, or do anything to attract attention; that my duty was to get all the information possible about the enemy's position and condition, and send it back by couriers from point to point, as my judgment should suggest. Those orders I carried out the next morning. Lieutenant Steel, now Major Steel, of Nashville, Tenn., had been a civil engineer and surveyor in that section of the country, had already made

several daring and valuable reconnaissances of the Federal camps, and knew the country thoroughly. He was a splendid scout, and as brave a man as ever lived. Under his skillful guidance I reached in safety a point which he said was not more than a few hundred yards from the Federal camps. Here our cavalry escort and our own horses were left, and we two, leaving the road, passed down a narrow valley or gorge, got beyond the Federal pickets, and came within a few rods of a sleepy camp sentinel leaning against a tree. In front of us was a large camp as still and silent as the grave; no signs of life except a few smoldering fires of the last night's supper. Noting these facts, and without disturbing the man at the tree, we returned to our cavalry squad, and I dispatched a courier to General Bragg with a note telling what I had seen. We then moved by our right flank through the woods, from a quarter to half a mile, and repeated our former manoeuvre. This time we found the cooks of the camp astir preparing breakfast. While we were watching the process reveille was sounded, and I saw one or two regiments form by companies, answer to roll-call, and then disperse to their tents. Once more I returned to my cavalry and dispatched a courier.

A third time I made a descent from the hills, down a narrow hollow, still farther to our right, and saw Federal soldiers cleaning their guns and accouterments and getting ready for Sunday morning inspection. By this time firing had begun on our left, and I could see that it caused some commotion in the camps, but it was evident that it was not understood. Soon the firing became more rapid and clearer and closer, and I saw officers begin to stir out of their tents, evidently anxious to find out what it all meant. Then couriers began to arrive, and there was great bustle and confusion; the long roll was beaten; there was rapid falling in, and the whole party in front of me was so thoroughly awake and alarmed that I thought my safest course was to retreat while I could and send another courier to the rear.

How long all this took I cannot now recall, but perhaps not more than an hour and a half or two hours. When I reached my cavalry squad I knew that the battle had opened in earnest, but I determined to have one more look at the Federal position and moved once more to the right. Without getting as near as our former positions, I had a good view of another camp with a line of soldiers formed in front of it. Meantime the Confederate troops had moved on down the hills, and I could plainly see from the firing that there was hot and heavy work on my left and in advance of my present position. I then began to fear that the division in front of me would swing around and take our forces in flank, as it was manifest that the Federal line extended farther in that direction than ours. I therefore disposed my little cavalry force as skirmishers, and sent a courier with a sketch of the ground to General Bragg, and urged the importance of having our right flank protected. How long I waited and watched at this point it is hard to say. Finally, becoming very uneasy at the state of affairs, I left Lieutenant Steel with the cavalry and rode to the left myself to make a personal report. In this ride I passed right down the line of battle of the Confederate forces, and saw some splendid duels both of artillery and infantry. Finally, as I have always thought,

about eleven o'clock, I came to General A. S. Johnston and his staff standing on the brow of a hill watching the conflict in their front. I rode up to General Johnston, saluted him, and said I wished to make a report of the state of affairs on our extreme right. He said he had received that report and a sketch from Captain Lockett of the engineers. I told him I was Captain Lockett. He replied, "Well, sir, tell me as briefly and quickly as possible what you have to say." When my report was finished he said, "That is what I gathered from your note and sketch, and I have already ordered General Breckinridge to send forces to fill up the space on our right. Ride back, sir, towards the right, and you will probably meet General Breckinridge; lead him to the position you indicate, and tell him to drive the enemy he may find in his front into the river. He needs no further orders." The words are, as near as I can remember them, exactly the ones General Johnston used. I obeyed the order given, met General Breckinridge, conducted him to the place where I had left my cavalry, but found both them and the Federal division gone. I rode with General Breckinridge a few hundred yards forward, and we soon received a volley which let us know that the Federal forces had retired but a very short distance from their original position. General Breckinridge deployed Bowen's and Statham's brigades, moved them forward, and soon engaged the Federal forces. I bade the General good-day and good luck, and once more rode down the line of battle until I found General Bragg. With him I remained, excepting when carrying orders and making reconnaissances under his orders, until the close of the first day's fight.

I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the "hornets' nest." During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, General Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field, to take its colors and carry them forward. "The flag must not go back again," he said. Obeying the order, I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him, "General Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear." While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterwards I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle. An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked, "What are you doing with my colors, sir?" "I am obeying General Bragg's orders, sir, to hold them where they are," was my reply. "Let me have them," he said. "If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell General Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front." It was Colonel Allen, afterwards Governor Allen of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to General Bragg, and reported Colonel Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order I think to General Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then General Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Colonel Frank Gardner (afterwards Major-General) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the

front and flanks of that position. The movements were made, and Prentiss was captured.

As Colonel William Preston Johnston says, that capture was a dear triumph to us—dear for the many soldiers we had lost in the first fruitless attacks, but still dearer on account of the valuable time it cost us. The time consumed in gathering Prentiss's command together, in taking their arms, in marching them to the rear, was inestimably valuable. Not only that; the news of the capture spread, and grew as it spread; many soldiers and officers believed we had captured the bulk of the Federal army, and hundreds left their positions and came to see the "captured Yanks." But after a while the Confederates were gotten into ranks, and a perfect line of battle was formed, with our left wing resting on Owl Creek and our right on the Tennessee River. General Polk was on the left, then Bragg, then Hardee, then Breckinridge. In our front only one single point was showing fight, a hill crowned with artillery. I was with General Bragg, and rode with him along the front of his corps. I heard him say over and over again, "One more charge, my men, and we will capture them all." While this was going on a staff-officer (or rather, I think, it was one of the detailed clerks of General Beauregard's headquarters, for he wore no uniform) came up to General Bragg and said, "The General directs that the pursuit be stopped; the victory is sufficiently complete; it is needless to expose our men to the fire of the gun-boats." General Bragg said, "My God, was a victory ever sufficiently complete?" and added, "Have you given that order to any one else?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "to General Polk, on your left; and if you will look to the left, you will see that the order is being obeyed." General Bragg looked, and said, "My God, my God, it is too late!" and turning to me he said, "Captain, carry that order to the troops on the right"; and to Captain Frank Parker, "You carry it to the left." In a short time the troops were all falling back—and the victory was lost. Captain Parker and myself were the only members of General Bragg's staff who were with him at that time. Captain Parker, I think, is still living in South Carolina, and will surely remember all that I have narrated.

In this hasty sketch I have intentionally omitted everything but the beginning and end of that day's operations, to throw what light I can upon the two grand points of dispute: Was the Federal army surprised by our attack? and whose fault was it that the victory was not sufficiently complete on the first day?

In regard to the second day's fight I will touch upon but one point. I, like a great many other staff-officers, was principally occupied in the early hours of the second day in gathering together our scattered men and getting them into some sort of manageable organization. In this duty I collected and organized a body of men about a thousand strong. They were composed of men of at least a half-dozen different regiments. The Seventh Kentucky, with a tattered flag, and the Ninth Arkansas were the most numerously represented. We had not one single field-officer in the command. When I reported to General Beauregard that I had the troops divided into companies, had assigned a captain to duty as lieutenant-colonel and a first lieutenant as major, he himself put me in command of them as colonel. In order that

my command might have a name, I dubbed it the "Beauregard Regiment,"—a name that was received with three rousing cheers. Not long after my regiment was thus officered and christened, a message came from General Breckinridge on our extreme right that he was hard pressed, and needed reinforcements. My regiment, which was at the time just behind General Beauregard, held in reserve by his orders, was sent by him to General Breckinridge's assistance. We marched down the line of battle to the extreme right, passed beyond General Breckinridge's right, wheeled by companies into line of battle, and went in with the "rebel yell." The men on our left took up the yell and the charge, and we gained several hundred yards of ground. From this point we fought back slowly and steadily for several hours, until word came that the army was ordered to retreat, that the commands would fall back in succession from the left, and that the right wing would be the rear-guard. This order was carried out, and when night came the right wing was slowly falling back with face to the foe. We halted on the same ground we had occupied on the morning of the 6th, just before the battle began. If there was any "breaking" and "starting," as General Grant expresses it, I did not witness it.

As a sequel I will state that in the retreat of our troops before General Sherman from Jackson to Meridian in 1864, I was lieutenant-colonel and chief engineer of the Confederate forces; and in one of our day's marches to the rear, while I was passing the army to select a defensive position for our next halt, I recognized the captain whom I had made lieutenant-colonel at the battle of Shiloh. He was then a real lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Ninth Arkansas Regiment. We had not met since the battle of Shiloh, and I could not but slacken my pace a little to recall old memories. I have forgotten his name, but I trust he is still alive. He was as brave as a lion, and led the Beauregard Regiment into that charge at Shiloh like a veteran of a thousand battles.

S. H. Lockett.

THE PLAN OF THE BATTLE, AND THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE FIRST DAY.

In his paper published in THE CENTURY for February, 1885, Colonel William Preston Johnston, assuming to give the Confederate version of the campaign and battle of Shiloh, at which he was not present, has adventured material statements regarding operations on that field, which must have been based on misinformation or misunderstanding in essential particulars, as I take occasion to assert from personal knowledge acquired as an eye-witness and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Beauregard. My personal knowledge runs counter to many of his statements and deductions, but I shall here confine myself to two points.

First, I must dispute that the battle order as promulgated was in any wise different from the one submitted by General Beauregard at his own quarters at Corinth, early in the morning of the 3d of April, to General A. S. Johnston, and which was accepted without modification or suggestion. This assertion I base on these facts: About one o'clock in the morning the adjutant-general of the Confederate forces, Colonel Jordan, aroused me from sleep in my tent, close by General Beauregard's chamber, and desired

me to inform the General at dawn that General Johnston had agreed to his recommendation to move offensively against Pittsburg Landing at meridian that day, and that the circular orders to the corps commanders had been already issued by Colonel Jordan to that effect. Acting upon this request, I found that General Beauregard had already during the night made full notes on loose scraps of paper of the order of march and battle, from which he read aloud for me to copy — my copy being given to Colonel Jordan as soon as completed, as the basis of the official order that he was to frame, and did frame and issue in the name of General Johnston. And that is the order which Colonel Johnston erroneously alleges upon the posthumous authority of General Bragg to differ essentially from the plan settled upon by General Johnston for the battle. This allegation I know to be unfounded, as the order as issued varies in no wise from the notes dictated to me by General Beauregard, excepting the mere verbiage and the details relating to transportation and ordnance service added by Colonel Jordan: that is to say, the plan explained by General Beauregard and accepted by General Johnston at the quarters of the former.

Being limited as to space, I shall pass over a throng of facts within my personal knowledge, which would establish that General Beauregard was as actively and directly handling the Confederate forces engaged in their general conduct of the battle before the death of General Johnston, as he was after that incident. I shall confine myself on this occasion to relating that after General Beauregard became cognizant of the death of General Johnston, he dispatched me to the front with orders that led to the concentration of the widely scattered and disarrayed Confederate forces, which resulted in the capture of General Prentiss and so many of his division after five o'clock on the 6th.

I also, later in the day, carried orders to Hardee, who was engaged on our extreme left or Federal right, where I remained with that officer until almost dark, up to which time no orders had reached him to cease fighting. On the contrary, he was doing his best to force back the enemy in his front. As he was without any of his staff about him for the nonce, I acted as his aide-de-camp. Meantime the gun-boats were shelling furiously, and their huge missiles crushed through the branches of the trees overhead with such a fearful din, frequency, and closeness, that, despite the excitement of our apparently complete victory, there was room left in our minds for some most unpleasant sensations, especially when the top of some lofty tree, cut off by a shell, would come toppling down among the men.

Possibly, had Colonel Johnston been present on the field at that last hour of the battle of the 6th, a witness of the actual fruitless efforts made to storm the last position held by the enemy upon the ridge covering the immediate landing-place, known as Pittsburg, he might be better informed why it was that that position was not carried, and be less disposed to adduce such testimony as that of General Bragg, to the effect that but for the order given by Beauregard to withdraw from action he would have carried all before him.

It so happened that I rejoined General Beauregard at a point near Shiloh Chapel (having escorted General Prentiss from the field to General Beaure-

gard), when General Bragg rode up from the front, and I heard him say in an excited manner: "General, we have carried everything before us to the Tennessee River. I have ridden from Owl to Lick Creek, and there is none of the enemy to be seen." Beauregard quietly replied: "Then, General, do not unnecessarily expose your command to the fire of the gun-boats."

Alexander Robert Chisolm.

The Fourth Regular Infantry at Gaines's Mill.

PROBABLY not much credit attaches to the particular organized force which was the last to cross the Chickahominy River after the battle of Gaines's Mill; but in order to settle the question I desire to state that the cavalry was not the last to cross the river — even if they did leave at the time General Merritt states in the September CENTURY. The Fourth U. S. Infantry was the last organization which crossed, and that regiment passed over about *two hours after daylight* on the morning of the 28th, and a bridge had to be partly relaid to enable it to do so. This regiment was posted on the extreme right flank of the army at the battle of Gaines's Mill, and was ordered to support Weed's battery. Weed was afterwards reinforced by Tidball's battery, and the Fourth Infantry held its position from the commencement of the engagement (about 11 A. M.) until twilight of the 27th, without receiving an order or stirring from its position until Weed reported that he had no more ammunition, and retired from the field by way of the Cold Harbor road, covered by the Fourth Infantry. Night came upon the regiment as it was retiring on this road. It went into bivouac, in line of battle, in the Chickahominy Valley on the road by which it retired from the field. When daylight came we expected orders to renew the engagement, and took up our march to return to the battle-field, about a mile and a half distant. It was then that some wounded were met, who informed that all the army had crossed during the night. We then marched from Grapevine Bridge to Alexander's Bridge, in sight of the enemy's pickets, and when we arrived on the south side we were astonished to find that it was thought we had been captured. We learned afterwards that orders had been sent to the Fourth Infantry during the action but the officer who started with them was killed; another who took them was wounded before they could be delivered, and an orderly who was subsequently dispatched with them did not arrive at his destination, and was never heard of afterwards.

FORT OMAHA, September 8, 1885. *William H. Powell,*
Captain Fourth Infantry, Brevet-Major U. S. A.

A Correction from General Longstreet.

My attention has just been called to a dispatch of General John Buford, written on August 29th, 1862, at 9:30 A. M., in which he gives information of my troops moving through Gainesville some three-quarters of an hour before his note was written. This would place the head of my column at Gainesville about 9 A. M., and the line deployed and ready for battle at 12 M., which agrees with my recollection, and with my evidence in the F. J. Porter case. It seems that the Washington Artillery was halted some distance in rear to await my selection of the position to which it was assigned, — hence the late hour (11:30) mentioned in the diary from which I quoted, in my article in the February CENTURY, in fixing the hour of our arrival at Gainesville.

GAINESVILLE, GA., 8th January, 1886.

James Longstreet.

IN A VOLUME OF ALDRICH'S POEMS.

WITH evening-star's blue tender radiance, caught
Through northern twilight in the winter-time,
These luminous cameos of beryl wrought
A master-workman in the gems of rhyme.

W. Bliss Carmen.

CASTELAR, THE ORATOR.

THE recent death of the King of Spain has drawn public attention once more to that country of volcanic politics, whose periodical eruptions are liable to settle at any moment into a new form of the administration of the Spanish state. Amid the strife of parties contending for supremacy following the death of the King, the figure of one Spaniard will be apt to rise to the vision of the outside world preëminent above all his fellows, the figure of Don Emilio Castelar. Throughout Christendom ten years ago the name of Castelar was a magic word. It was not that he had achieved the highest fame as an orator, but that as a democrat of the latest nineteenth-century type he had risen to the head of a republic in the most reactionary nation in Europe. Indeed, the fame of Castelar in 1873-4 was a star shining against the black night of Spanish political traditions. When the republic which was his creation fell almost with the suddenness of a star, the light of the man was too great to disappear. In the little more than a decade which has followed, Spain has repeated nearly all the vicissitudes of her fickle politics and parties. Castelar, self-pledged to accept office under nothing less than an absolutely popular government, has been content to remain in comparative political obscurity. But a genius like his is not dependent upon politics for its activity, and again and again, in literary addresses before the Academy of Madrid and in orations on themes of general polity, his eloquence has gone abroad.

In the nineteenth century no country but Spain could have produced Castelar. He is a product of her history, as he is a legitimate son of that fervent clime which has changed its children like its mountains to bronze. "Spain, it is that part of Africa commencing with the Pyrenees," said the wits of Paris a century ago. "It is that country sleeping on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making none upon it—a huge, torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the Middle Ages," wrote Buckle, in the present generation.

Such was or seemed Spain only a few years since, ruled over by a woman still living, Isabella II., who came to the Spanish throne three years earlier than Victoria to that of England. Under her reign one could succeed neither in dying nor in getting born in Spain unless he were a Catholic or had a special indulgence from the Pope,—the adherents of other faiths being refused both baptism and burial. Isabella's motto for ruling Spain was the simple traditional one of the Bourbons—"Pet the priests, rob the revenues, suppress the people." Her reign was a seething vat of anarchy till at last Isabella's government had grown well-nigh intolerable. With the ferment of French revolutions and Italian pronunciamientos for liberty in her blood, and prodded by this sore misrule, Spain was slowly heaving out of the lethargy of centuries, but knew not yet what she wanted. There were Royalists and Republicans, Carlists and Progressists, Primists and Esparteroists, Montpensierists and Isabellists,—thirty-four factions in all, with their infinite subdivisions.

Castelar's boyish entrance on this scene of the turbulent drama of Spanish politics thirty years since has been graphically described by a contemporary. It was literally a *coup de théâtre*. It was a September night in 1854, and ripe revolt was in the streets of the cities. A tempestuous electoral meeting was being held in the Teatro de Oriente in Madrid. Many orators had spoken, it was already late, and the audience was tired. An unknown youth, scarcely more than a boy of twenty, mounted the stage to address it. The assembly, annoyed at the appearance of a new speaker, began to disperse. But the young orator had not spoken many words before a few began to hesitate and call, "Hush!"

Then slowly, as there rang from the speaker's lips an accent and utterance such as never before had been heard in that ancient peninsula, the mass grew agitated to enthusiasm—till at last it burst into thunderous bravos of applause. In an hour the youth, who with his pale face and dark Andalusian eyes had entered as by accident into that assembly,

had become a celebrity. It was the boy Emilio Castelar, who, from his lodgings near the Normal School of Madrid, had wandered toward the theater, attracted thither by the sorrows of his agitated country.

In the morning hundreds of thousands of copies of his speech were winging over the provinces of southern Spain, and falling like autumn leaves in the streets of Madrid. And while the young radical was poring over his books in the Normal School, the journals were seeking his address, and inquiries were flying fast through the city as to his history and personality.

The details of his brief life when collected were soon told. Six years before the birth of his great Gallic compeer, Gambetta, Castelar had been ushered into life in southern Spain, at Cadiz, in the month of September, 1832. Like Gambetta, he was born of a family of trade, and had taken his first lessons at the knee of a mother of extraordinary capacity and courage. His father, Don Manuel Castelar, was an agent of exchange in the town of Alicante, in one of the most romantic of the Spanish south-eastern provinces facing the Mediterranean—Valencia. Being also a man of affairs, he had served at the time of his son's birth as commandant of the national militia, and afterwards as secretary to the revolutionary junta of Cadiz, at the period of the entrance of the Duke of Angoulême.

The families of both parents were passionately devoted to the liberal cause,—Castelar's mother having descended from ancestors traditionally hostile to the Bourbons. Don Manuel, dying in broken fortune, had left to his son, at the age of seven, only the heritage of a magnificent library, and to his noble and devoted wife the care of the son's training for a career of letters.

Placed in the schools of Alicante, young Castelar in his leisure hours at home turned himself loose in the paternal library, whose opulent accumulations of history, travels, science, and political economy he had conquered before the age of sixteen. In Alicante he had become already a prodigy of knowledge. Continuing four years longer in the local academy under the guidance of his mother and a brilliant and beautiful aunt, her sister, Francisca, he had been sent at the age of twenty to complete his education at Madrid.

From that inspired hour of the September night, in the theater of the Orient, Castelar was no longer a school-boy. His name was on hundreds of thousands of lips; the journals vied with each other for the service of his pen in their columns. The storm of the revolt of 1854

blew over, but this ardent boy of Valencia continued to make impassioned speeches at occasional assemblies, poured out eloquent radicalism in the newspapers, and completed, two years later, his literary novitiate. The University of Madrid hastened to secure the renown of his learning to adorn its chair of critical and philosophical history. "At the age of twenty-four he turned the chair of philosophical history of the University of Madrid forthwith into a public tribune from which to disseminate throughout Spain the most advanced sentiments with respect to every question of modern economy. Transforming history into a living philosophy of example, he advocated the emancipation of slaves in Cuba, the abolition of the tie between church and state, universal suffrage, and free education."*

No university, indeed, could have restrained within the limits of methodic routine a genius at once so ardent and so balanced as Castelar's. A little later he added to his professorial functions the editorship of a Madrid journal, as he had already been the contributor to a score of newspapers and reviews, and from that moment assailed the existing Government of Spain with the double might of the literary head of her foremost university and of the most brilliant journalist of the peninsula. Through that obscure providence by which history matches genius with occasion, the rule of Isabella was the foil of Castelar's talent as the reign of Napoleon became that of Gambetta. At the age of thirty he had become in Spain a dreaded force against the stability of the Bourbon throne.

An article in his journal denouncing the advisers of the Queen for claiming the crown lands of the state cost him at last, in 1864, his professorship in the university. In the month of June, 1866, there occurred a bloody and desperate rising of the artillery of Madrid. Castelar was implicated, with hundreds of others. He was arrested by the Government, imprisoned and sentenced by a royal council to death. Escaping from his prison by the aid of friends, he fled from Spain, traveling in France, Italy, and England, supporting himself by his pen, and pouring out on the world in books and essays those superb utterances in whose glow his name first rose over the verge of Christendom.

Two years more, and the Spanish Bourbon had reached her last crisis. Another day, another insurrection; a battle beyond the walls of Madrid in which the generals of the Government were overthrown,—the plethoric Queen looking on, out of breath, from distant

* See article on "Spain of To-day," by the present writer, in September number of the *International Review*, 1881.

San Sebastian — not daring to reënter the gates of her capital, not even for her hand-boxes and her poodle dogs. Then Isabella took her ungainly flight over the frontier.

The Spanish Revolution was complete. At its first sound Castelar hastened from exile, like Victor Hugo after Sedan. He had gone out from Spain a convict — he came back in almost Roman triumph. From Barcelona to the gates of the capital, his way through the cities of Spain was an ovation. Twelve thousand republicans assembled in the grand plaza to receive him and hear him speak. He had been martyred into the darling of the democracy. That first hour of Spain's redemption had touched her skies to double brightness. All things seemed possible to Liberty. Madrid, that splendid web of cities, Cordova, Saragossa, Seville, Cadiz, with a host of other towns, vied with one another to secure the services of Castelar as their representative in the Constituent Cortes. He chose for Saragossa, the heroic. The partisans of democracy believed that under his leading they could at once found the Republic. It was not so determined. The Cortes of '69, which Castelar entered as the most powerful and brilliant member, decreed as the first article of the new Constitution that Spain should continue as a monarchy. Then came an extraordinary spectacle. The crown which had pressed the brows of Ferdinand and Isabella the Great went begging for a head to wear it! After being thrown successively at the feet of seven royal dynasties of Europe and successively spurned, it was offered to a scion of German royalty whose name, it was said, no Spaniard could either pronounce or spell,—the very sound of whose title ignited the fiercest conflagration of modern Europe,—the Teutonic Herr, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen!

At last the much-rejected regal bauble was shuffled on the fatuous brow of Amadeo, the second son of Victor Emanuel of Italy. Amadeo was unfortunate from the first. He was designated by the Spanish nobles as the intruder King. The irreverent populace dubbed him Macaroni I. The republicans assailed him in the Cortes. Castelar, addressing the monarchists, said: "It is a duty I owe my country and my conscience to say that on your work, in spite of its having come from far lands, over so many miles of sea and railway transit, all the world can read these words, 'Glass with care—Glass with care—Glass with care.'" The boys in the streets cried, "Italians to the train!"

Amadeo grew sick of his Spanish estates, and at the end of two years decided to accept

the advice of the street gamins. One February morning in 1873 he accordingly took the train for his Italian possessions in the valley of Aosta. Then came at last the awaited hour of the Republic. Castelar held in his brain a ready-made scheme of government—that of the United States. He drew a Constitution in twenty-four hours. In his ardor he believed that it would be a panacea for all the ills of his country; that he could "suddenly engraft on the ancient trunk of Spanish nationality, gnarled and deadened by centuries of superstition and tyranny, the quick buds of liberty."*

He would have builded his republic like that ideal one of Plato, to the sound of music. He rose to its presidency and was to make his trial. The experiment, like the monarchy of Amadeo, was a failure. Jealousies among his own party, the Republicans themselves, crises in the ministry, the priests, and the reactionary factions all conspired against him. The difficulties were overwhelming. "The new government, while offering to Spain for the first time in history the opportunity for freedom, liberated by its very novelty all the lawless elements of the nation. The Spanish people themselves were as yet ludicrously unschooled in the methods of popular government. The Republic and universal suffrage were accepted, in some parts of the country, to mean decorations to be distributed by the Government and worn on Sunday at the bull-fights."*

No human genius could have saved that Republic. But Castelar's figure and bearing through it all, as its animating soul, were magnificent. Disaster was but the setting of his resplendent courage. Against gloom itself his greatness cast a shadow, and before the end the sympathy and admiration of the world were his. Doomed beyond hope to failure, he still upheld for a time by the sheer force of his eloquence the hopes of his Republican countrymen for this ideal shape of human freedom. But there came speedily one of those days familiar to modern Europe—a day of *coup d'état*. On the second of January, 1874, General Pavia, Captain-General of Madrid, invading the Cortes, Cromwell-like, dispersed the assembly at the musket's mouth, and the days of the Republic were over. But its ferment endured in her blood. Castelar's reign had been as the khalifate of Abou Hassan—the reign of a day. The provisional government which ensued offered him a portfolio of office. He refused as haughtily as Cato. "My conscience," he said, "will not allow me to associate with demagogues, and my conscience and my honor keep me aloof from a state of things created by bayonets."

* "Spain of To-day," *International Review*, Sept., 1881.

And then, seeing no further service which in that crisis he could render Spain, he strode with dignity out of it on a second tour through Europe.

Such, until ten years since, when the Spanish Democracy fell, was the career of this great Latin Republican. But Castelar has been something more than the inspired citizen of a political epoch. He is a permanent part of the pride and greatness of his native land. Henceforward the historian must write: "Spain in the sixteenth century produced a cavalier novelist, Cervantes, who, turning his lance into a pen, pierced the bubble of her mediæval society; in the nineteenth century she gave birth to an orator, who, converting eloquence into a sword, hewed down the despotism of her state—Castelar." But the varied talents of this gifted Spaniard have a significance even beyond the bounds of his country: they are cosmopolitan.

Nature would seem to have withheld from him all those defects and rained upon him the excellences with which she has endowed the sons of eloquence since Demosthenes. He is the beau ideal of orators. Bossuet added the force of impassioned utterance to the religious fervors of an epoch. Danton, Mirabeau, and Camille Desmoulins were the mouthpieces of revolutionary tempest. Chatham was the orator of political vehemence and the budget. Webster, the majestic "expounder," was the orator of lawyers. Gladstone, that Saxon Nestor whose winged words are wont to bleach the sordid politics of England in a night, is the most facile of parliamentary polemics. Free from the limitations of these, Castelar adds to their various gifts a cosmic range of conception, a brilliance of expression wholly his own. He is the orator of the universal. Edmund Burke, the Bacon of political generalizers, talked to sleeping senators and empty benches. Castelar, with a passion for general truth more varied, because it is the passion of the poet, holds his audiences bound as with a spell.

The resources of learning which feed the flame of his tongue appear inexhaustible. The data of science and history are at his instant command, employed not as by other orators for rhetorical adornment, but woven in the woof of his thought. So prolonged, so accurate, so minute has been his examination of the past that every age appears to have exhale to him its secret. As one hears him speak, the winds of the centuries seem blowing across his fervid spirit as over an æolian harp, issuing in solemn music from his lips.

Describing his own consciousness in the presence of the Parliament, he has said: "I no longer see the walls of the chamber; I be-

hold only distant peoples and ages which I have never seen." From Rome, Egypt, Assyria, Palmyra, or Carthage he plucks his arguments and symbols, as if antique empires were but things of yesterday. His prodigious learning is no less at home with the present. The politics and policies, the histories and secret diplomacies, the arts, the literatures, the systems of economy of the European states,—his familiar studies of the closet,—fused in the glowing alembic of his brain, are poured out at will in the amazing flights of his oratory.

Many of the occasions of Castelar's eloquence have been as scenic as the effects of his oratory itself. It was on his visit to Italy in 1875, after having left Spain for the second time in the previous year, that he stood in a magnificent banquetting-hall in Rome. Italy had only recently achieved that scheme of unity and independence born in the dreams of her mediæval poets. An entombed nationality risen from the dust, a specter ripe-veined with life, aglow with color as the dawn over the Apennines, she stood erect, a miracle confronting history. In that Roman banquetting-hall the great chiefs of her resurrection and independence, headed by Mancini, Depretis, and Crispi, had assembled to do honor to the Spaniard. Over them swung the kissing banners of the Italian states mingled with the colors of Spain. To the enthusiastic address of welcome from the lips of the Roman chiefs, Castelar began his memorable response: "Gentlemen, the dream of fifteen centuries is realized. You have done what the Roman Caesars could not do, nor the Ostrogoths nor the Lombard kings. What Frederic of Suabia and his illustrious descendants could not effect by their death-struggle with the Guelfs and the Angevins,—that which neither Dante nor Petrarch saw in spite of invoking the Emperor of Germany to make the sword of the Holy Empire the axis round which Italy revolved,—that which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts,—that which Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Machiavelli by giving himself to the Devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one; you have made Italy free; you have made Italy independent."

On a field night in the Cortes, in the discussion of a proposed constitutional clause establishing universal religious toleration, Castelar was charged by the clerical faction with atheism. The orator sprang to his feet, and advancing to the very front of the chamber startled the deputies by holding in his uplifted hand the fragment of a human skull gathered from the moldering heaps of dust of those victims who had been burned on the grand

plaza of Toledo by the order of the Inquisition in the reign of Philip II., while he invoked the spirits of the countless martyrs to religious intolerance, and with volcanic flashes of eloquence drew the picture of Spain desolated under her centuries of superstition. The occasion was dramatic almost beyond oratorical precedent, and the effect indescribable. The session of the Cortes was abruptly suspended.

Castelar's greatest triumphs in eloquence have been mainly achieved like this one before the Spanish parliamentary assembly. He has long been the acknowledged first orator of that presence. Every deputy readily makes way for him. "Place to Castelar!" is a motto of the assembly. His eloquence has been familiar to Spain now for twenty years, but it is still considered an event in Madrid to hear him speak. His friend, the Italian Edmondo de Amicis, in his "Spain and the Spaniards," has thus graphically described him as he appears before the Cortes: "On the day he is to speak . . . the President arranges matters so that his turn comes when the tribunes are crowded and all the deputies are in their places; his newspapers announce his speech the evening before, so that the ladies may procure tickets. . . . Before speaking he is restless and cannot keep quiet one instant. He enters the chamber, leaves it, reënters, goes out again, wanders through the corridors, goes into the library and turns over the leaves of a book; rushes into the café to take a glass of water; seems to be seized with a fever; fancies he will not know how to put the words together, that he will be laughed at or hissed; not a single lucid idea of his speech remains in his head—he has confused and forgotten everything. 'How is your pulse?' his friends ask smilingly. When the solemn moment arrives, he takes his place with bowed head, trembling and pallid as a man condemned to death, who is resigned to losing in a single day the glory acquired with so many years of fatigue. He gives a glance around him and says, 'Señores.' He is saved! His courage returns. His mind grows clear and his speech comes back to him like a forgotten air. The President, the Cortes, the tribunes disappear. He sees nothing but his gestures, hears nothing but his own voice, and feels naught but the irresistible flame which burns within him, and the mysterious force which sustains and upholds him." His eloquence is music; he has harmony in his mind, and follows it. One must hear him in order to credit the fact that human speech without poetical measure can so closely approach to the harmony of song. His heart is that of an artist as well as his intellect. "He speaks by the hour, and not a single deputy leaves the room; not a person

moves in the tribunes, not a voice interrupts him; not even when he breaks the regulations has the President sufficient courage to interrupt him. He displays at his ease the picture of his republic clothed in white and crowned with roses, and the monarchists do not dare protest, because, so clothed, they too find it beautiful. Castelar is master of the assembly; he thunders, lightens, sings, rages, and gleams like fireworks, makes his auditors smile, calls forth shouts of enthusiasm, and goes away with his head in a whirl."

Like Cavour, Castelar has drawn his inspirations of liberty from the English Constitution. Solitary among continental statesmen, he understands the genius of the United States—that absolute spirit of liberty which is not Celtic but Saxon, which does not persecute and is without fear. Of this spirit he became, in the epoch after the flight of Isabella, the illumined expositor and apostle, filling Spain with the light of its teaching.

Such is Castelar's place in the history of his country. And not in Spain alone, but in all Europe he has implanted conceptions of democracy which will not die. To him the Continent has been at school. Castelar's dream is the Federal Republic of Europe.

In Spain they never tire of repeating passages from the splendid outbursts of his eloquence during that formative epoch succeeding the Revolution.

"I would wish," he said, "for my country the art of Italy, the thought and science of Germany, the genius and universal spirit of France, the liberty and labor of England, the democracy and the Republic of the United States."

It is against the Spanish priests, and the mighty influence of Rome in his native land, in their hostility to progress and free government, that Castelar has waged his most tremendous warfare. In framing measures of reform he has a hundred times beaten them back, terrifying them into silence in the Parliament, with scorching rebuke. Closing his address in the debate already alluded to, on religious toleration, he gave utterance to one of his most soaring periods: "God is great in Sinai. The thunders precede him, the lightnings attend him, the earth trembles, the mountains fall in fragments. But there is a greater God than this. On Calvary, nailed to a cross, wounded, thirsting, dying, he prays, 'Father, forgive my executioners, pardon my persecutors, for they know not what they do!' Great is the religion of power, but greater is the religion of love. Great is the religion of implacable justice, but greater is the religion of pardoning mercy. And I, in the name of that religion,—I, in the name of the Gospel,

appeal to you, legislators of Spain, to place in the front of your fundamental constitution liberty, equality, fraternity with all mankind!" Then, facing the clerical deputies, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, you are at war with the Head of your church! Were I a priest, I would pray, 'God bless these legislators, who are enacting on earth thy justice and thy grace!'"

The utterances of Castelar, as strong and rhetorically surpassing as they must be acknowledged to be in any tongue, lose something of their proper cadence and effect in translation. His diction, converted into English, has frequently the appearance of redundancy, and even of hyperbole. He should be heard and read in Spanish. No language but the sonorous and poetic speech of Castile, majestic as Homer, musical as the plashings of the Mediterranean on the shores of his native land, could fitly voice his eloquence.*

In the temperature of his opinions Castelar belongs both to the older and newer time. As a mere artist of expression he bears traces of kinship to three literary men of modern Europe besides Victor Hugo. These are Lamartine, Henri Taine, and John Ruskin. His diction more than theirs, however, is instinctively that of the forum. But his utterances, like theirs and unlike the froth of reputed eloquence, will go into the history of literature.

Compared with Gambetta, his only contemporaneous rival as an orator, it may be

said that Castelar's genius is far less purely administrative and political than was Gambetta's.

If the effects aimed at by the oratory of Gambetta were more immediate, those produced by Castelar are farther reaching. If there was more terror in the Gaul, there is more grandeur in the Goth. Gambetta spoke always to France; Castelar to the world. The Frenchman was the embodied genius of political force achieving instant ends by the weight of a mighty and aggressive personality; the Spaniard is a scholar, a poet, a philosopher who entrances his fellows with the spell of ideas.

As a statesman Castelar is marked not only by the catholicity but by the sanity of his intellect. With an imagination as radiating as light, a tolerance liberal as air, and a spirit of deathless insurgence against every form of unrighteous authority, he has not been led to the Utopias. He has said, "I have never believed that to dethrone the kings of the earth it was necessary to destroy the idea of God in the conscience nor the hope of immortality in the soul."

Defending his favorite idea of government — the government that shall "accord liberty to every manifestation of the human spirit" — he exclaims: "We must have an end of all persecution of ideas. I condemn the governments of France and Prussia when they oppress the Jesuits; I condemn the government of Russia when it oppresses the Jews; I af-

* The following description of Castelar's personal appearance is given by Colonel John Hay, in his "Castilian Days": "On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was well-nigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful, convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damasked with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in the delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, 'It was not the tor-

rent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully.' This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not conned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under proper discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

"His action is also most energetic and impassioned. It would be considered redundant in a Teutonic country. If you do not understand Spanish, there is something almost insane in his gesticulation. I remember a French diplomat who came to see him in one of his happiest days, and who, after looking intently at the orator for a half hour, trying to see what he was saying, said at last in an injured tone, 'Mais! c'est un polichinelle, celui-là.' It had not occurred to me that he had made a gesture. The whole man was talking from his head to his feet."

firm that to persecute ideas is like persecuting light, air, electricity, or the magnetic fluid,—because ideas escape all persecution; when repressed they explode like powder." But he has ever repelled that delirium of liberty which is the dream of the communist, the socialist, and the intransigent.

Nothing has more marked the public career of Castelar than his friendship for America. He neglects no opportunity to express with glowing words his admiration of the institutions of the United States. There are single sentences in which he has analyzed to the core the history and character of our Anglo-Saxon democracy, and which contain the most masterful descriptions ever drawn of our national life.*

In addition to the numerous volumes of his speeches, the literary works of Señor Castelar, consisting of novels, dramas, reviews, and essays on government, composed in the hours seized from public duties, constitute a small library in the Spanish language. Those of his writings accessible in English are his essays contributed to English and American magazines, his papers on Byron and Dumas, and a portion of his notable *Recuerdos de Italia*, translated some years since by Mrs. Arthur Arnold, under the title of "Old Rome and New Italy."

In these latter years the utterances of

* In a recent letter to an American residing in Madrid (as correspondent of the *New York Herald*), answering his request for Señor Castelar's views on the proposed commercial treaty with the United States, he says:

"It pleases me as regards the United States, the nation of my predilection being, as I am, republican, for its stipulations tend toward fuller politico-economic relations, thus inaugurating a new and progressive mercantile policy with the nation which discovered the New World, and which, by reason of that discovery, should justly exert great influence therein. . . .

Castelar are listened to by his partisans in Spain with almost that worshipful enthusiasm accorded to those of Victor Hugo in France. It is conceived of him by his countrymen what Cicero said of Ennius, "that with him will die an art of word-painting which no coming man can restore!" The more memorable of Castelar's recent public appearances are the occasions on which from time to time he has delivered addresses before the Royal Academy of Madrid, and those of his speeches on his tours through the provinces.

Like Cavour and Gambetta, whom in so many respects of person and career he resembles, Castelar is a bachelor. In a quiet street of Madrid he keeps his modest home, supporting himself, at the age of fifty-three as at thirty, with tireless literary labors. The service of his country has left him rich only in honor. Every worthy book issued from either the English or American press, as from that of the Continent, he acquires for his ample library.

Nine years ago, moved with a consciousness that he might again be of service to his countrymen, Castelar returned to Spain from a two years' absence on his second wanderings over Europe, and took his seat in the Cortes, deputy elect from the republican city of Barcelona. Making a vow to accept himself no office under any form of government save that

I believe that the United States will esteem Spain the more as their relations with us, here or in the New World, increase. . . . These are my hopes and my desires; for, as when slavery was abolished in Porto Rico during my administration and preparations made for doing away with slavery in Cuba which could not be realized for want of time, and as when initiating and concluding the negotiations in the celebrated *Virginian* case, it has ever been my purpose as a liberal, as a republican, as a democrat, to strengthen more and more the constant historical friendship between our people and the American people."

* * *

Los Estados

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blemas como republicano
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* * *

Emilio Castelar.

of a republic, with the keen sagacity of a practical statesman he allied himself with Sagasta, chief of the dynastic Liberals, to regain such liberties for his country as were possible under the monarchy of the restored Bourbon. Once more the thunders of his eloquence, rising above the walls of the chamber of the Cortes, rang over Spain in appeal for the lost rights of the Revolution. By that

spiral law of history which he confidently invoked, the appeal has been measurably answered. Led by the Latin Gladstone, Sagasta, and cheered on by the Republican chiefs, the forces of Liberty in Spain have made undoubted progress,—though again and again this progress has been doomed to undergo temporary eclipses under such reactionary administrations as those of Cánovas.

William Jackson Armstrong.

REMINISCENCES OF CASTELAR.

MUCH as an enthusiastic collector of art-treasures possesses some inestimable gem, to be carefully guarded from profane touch and exhibited on occasions for the applause and, it may be, the envy of less fortunate collectors, Spain has its Castelar. Next to Cervantes, his name has become known abroad better than that of any other Spaniard. To the people of the United States, especially, it has become endeared; for Castelar is in our eyes the embodiment of the republican idea, in a land where traditional religious faith and ingrained obedience to the extremest tenets of absolutism offered an unpromising soil for the development of democracy. In this stony ground Castelar has long been a tireless worker, but the sowing of the seed has been done by other hands. Orense, Figueras, Pi y Margall were the creators, the prime movers of modern Castilian republicanism; but to the marvelous eloquence of Castelar is due most of the fructifying growth that culminated in the Republic of 1873, and, unfortunately, in the communistic excesses that undermined it to its fall.

Spaniards call him "the glory of the Castilian rostrum." In a land where fluency is a national trait, where the cafés with their nightly crowds are nurseries of debate, where the political clubs are the scene of maturer flight, and where the populace judge of the merits of candidates for municipal and national representation almost wholly by their merits as public speakers, it is no slight triumph to tower above all, and stand alone and unapproachable, as the one great orator. Athens, say the Spaniards, had its Demosthenes, Rome its Cicero, and we have our Castelar. As one of this godlike trinity, the world at large is invited to admire him. No stranger has seen Spain who has not seen Castelar.

Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla.

It was my good fortune to meet Castelar in the autumn of 1869, when he was flushed with the triumph of "the greatest effort of his life," his fervid speech on the Spanish Constitution. The first impression one has on seeing him is that nature has exhausted herself in building a perfect machine for human vocal utterance. Slightly above the middle height, and stoutly built without positive corpulence, his notably erect carriage gives to his splendidly rounded chest seemingly titanic proportions. The effect is enhanced, perhaps, by his habit of wearing a low-cut waistcoat and a slender necktie, leaving a snowy expanse of linen, on which a rare ink-spot at times attests the absorbing character of his studious pursuits. A low collar shows the prominent sinews of a neck of almost taurine contour. Square, powerful jaws enframe a large, straight-cut mouth. The lips, slightly sensuous in their fullness, are half-hidden by a heavy moustache of wiry, dark-brown hair, curved enough to relieve it from the suspicion of bristliness. He is always clean-shaven as to cheek and chin, which makes the clearness of his slightly florid complexion more noticeable, and brings into relief a rounded button of a mole just below the left corner of his mouth. I saw no trace of stubble on his face, even in the saddest days of the Republic, when he, the responsible head of its power, saw the inevitable end approaching, and, like poor Lincoln after Fredericksburg, might have said, "If there is a soul out of hell that suffers more than I, God pity him!" His head, thrown well back, tip-tilts his nose more than nature intended. It might be a better nose, but he seems to be satisfied with it. The eyes are limpid, neither strikingly large nor dark, but they have a way of looking one frankly through and through, as with self-consciousness of integrity of convictions. Well-rounded brows slope upwards into a somewhat receding forehead,

made more conspicuous by baldness. One looks, and sighs for the superhuman frontal bulk of Webster. Castelar's chin, too, is inadequate. It is delicately rounded, but there ought to be more of it. If he had possessed Serrano's forehead and chin, the Spanish Republic might have been a living thing to-day.

But his voice! Like Salvini's, once heard it is never to be forgotten. Whether in the softly modulated tones of conversation, when the peculiar Andalusian accentuation is now and then characteristic, or rising to the sober force of demonstrative declamation, or trembling with feeling, or sweeping all before it in a wild Niagara of invective, it is always resonant. His slightest whisper pierces to the farthest corner of the Hall of Deputies, his fiercest Boanerges-blast is never harsh. This orator found his chiefest implement ready fashioned to his use. He never had to fill his mouth with sea-shore pebbles.

I saw him make his famous speech on the bill for Cuban emancipation. Madrid was agog for weeks beforehand. It was announced that Castelar was to make the grandest effort of his life. Tickets for the galleries were eagerly sought. Every deputy was in his seat, every nook was filled. The initial proceedings interested no one. A Spaniard said to me, "All Madrid has come to a Castelar *matinée*."

His gestures, like those of most Castilian speakers, were ceaseless and somewhat exaggerated. Some seemed to be peculiar to himself. I remember one in particular, when, with fingers loosely interlaced and palms upturned, he seemed to winnow a double handful of nothing for a minute or two. It accompanied a passage of marvelous pathos, descriptive of the sad condition of the slave. Another, which is, I think, a national gesture, consists in taking an idea, as it were, between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, holding it up, turning it around, showing it on this side and that, above and below, as if it were a gem with many facets, and at the last releasing it, high in air, like some living thing, to speed through space. This generally accompanies some didactic demonstration. At times the redundancy of gesture is almost pantomimic. One would, perhaps, then recall Salvini's description of his escape in "La Morte Civile." The grandest part of that emancipation speech was the apostrophe to Lincoln. Step by step he drew the picture of the great emancipator's life and life-work, "until, at the last, that nothing might be wanting to his glory, not even martyrdom, like Socrates, like Christ, like all redeemers, he fell at the foot of his finished work, *his work*,

upon which humanity will forever shower its tears and God his benedictions!" And the prolonged thunders of applause that followed did an American heart good.

The speech accomplished little. It passed as a splendid pageant. Castelar advocated immediate emancipation in Cuba and Puerto Rico; the measure for gradual enfranchisement prevailed. Oratory like Castelar's is mostly on the side of the minority, and not, as a rule, to be measured by results. Its faculty seems to be critical and subversive, rather than creative and conservative. If Castelar were not in opposition, he would not be Castelar.

Perhaps the most vivid association I have of Castelar belongs to the memorable night after King Amadeo's abdication, when the Spanish Republic was formed. The Senate and House met in the Hall of Deputies and coalesced, with doubtful constitutionality, to form a Constituent Assembly. The result was known to be a foregone conclusion, and as the hours wore on in routine and in needless debate, the impatience of the Assembly and auditors increased. Castelar spoke but little. As reporter of an appointed committee, he presented a finely turned address to Amadeo, accepting the renunciation of the crown. Later he spoke, urging moderation and the adoption of federal organization. It was late at night when the vote was reached, to choose between the Republic and the monarchy. It was overwhelmingly for the Republic, 259 yeas, 32 nays. Estanislao Figueras, the grand, consistent Federalist, to whom more than any man Spain owes what it has of true democratic teaching, was elected President of the Executive Power of the Spanish Republic. The cabinet was chosen too, Castelar being Minister of State. One by one, as their names were announced, they left their seats in the Assembly to range themselves on the Blue Bench where royal ministers had sat. There was silence in the auditory, save a brief applause as each name was called, but it was a silence of emotion, and strong men hugged each other and wept because the Republic had come at last. And the main figure in my recollection is that of Castelar, more erect than ever, his eyes brimming, his hands tightly closed, moving down the central passageway from the seat he modestly occupied on the left at the rear, and entering the Blue Bench next after Figueras. His dream had come true!

A few days later General Sickles was formally received by Figueras as envoy of the United States. The President was surrounded by his cabinet, after the traditional Spanish fashion, Castelar on his right. The speeches made and hands shaken, Castelar violated all

rules of ministerial decorum by hugging me, in the odd Castilian way, patting my back with one hand, and crying, "We have lived to see this day at last!"

We lived to see other and darker days for the Republic. Administration succeeded administration with the shifting indistinctness of a nightmare. The phantasm of Carlism loomed ominously on the northern horizon. The work of framing a Constitution aroused hopeless dissensions in the party. Castelar's idea was a true federation, each of the old kingdoms of Spain to be a sovereign state, and all banded in a common pact. Of the ultra states-rights doctrine was born the hydra of communistic secession. It was Castelar's fate to be chosen President in season to confront the Commune of Murcia. His rule was undeniably weak. Contrary to all the teachings of his life, he found himself reduced to the obnoxious resort of a centralized military autocracy, and compelled to lean for aid on generals of royalist proclivities. To add to his perplexity came the disastrous incident of the *Virginus*. He did his best to avert a rupture with the United States, but at the cost of prestige at home and in the Antilles. At length, outvoted in the Assembly, he retired to private life with unfeigned relief, and with him the Republic fell. It would have been better for him had he never felt the burden of responsible power.

Since then Castelar's position in the political world of Spain has been anomalous. Opposed by his own party in Barcelona, he has been returned to the Chamber through the toleration of the monarchy. Abstaining from all revolutionary plottings, he has proclaimed himself a "Possibilist," unprepared to actively combat any government which may bring constitutional peace to Spain. Formerly a bitter opponent of army power, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the absence of a great standing army in the United States, he came to advocate a military government like that of Germany as the highest human achievement, and contrasted the compulsory service of the Landwehr and Landsturm with that of England and the United States, whose soldiers he said were "mercenaries and hirelings." Once

steadfastly opposed to the death penalty in the army, he later urged it because, he said, "the soldier would not face death unless certain death were behind him if he recoiled."

Castelar does not appear to have been regarded by the royalist governments of later Spain as a dangerous opponent. On the contrary, there has been something akin to and perhaps overpassing toleration, in his conservation of a place in the passive minority. He speaks as of old, but rarely, and is ever "the glory of the Spanish rostrum."

Of the character of his oratory it is not easy to speak. His discourses do not bear close analysis. Cánovas, Alonso Martínez, Sagasta, Mártoz, and many others are his masters in debate. In fact, Castelar is not a good debater. Set speeches are his peculiar province. I have heard it said that they are written and committed to memory. Taken unawares by a shrewd logician, whom florid generalities will not silence, he does not show to advantage.

His style is, to our more sober Saxon thinking, redundant, and laden with tropes and metaphors. His reasoning is essentially poetical; imagination outweighs logic, and similes and illustrations take the place of argument. His rhetorical manner may be evidenced by a sentence I find in an album,—and, by the way, I know of no man more ready than Castelar to give his autograph, with a sentiment attached:

"Faith," he writes, "may change its aim, but ever remains in the depths of human nature as the supremest virtue, impelling to supreme acts. Life is, and will ever be, a stormy ocean. To cross this ocean, in Faith, and in Faith alone, must we embark. In this bark the prophet Columbus set sail, and, at his journey's end, found a New World. If that World had not existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the waves, if only to reward the faith and constancy of that man. We shall yet behold throughout the world that liberty and equality whose dawns already shine upon the pure brow of America the virgin, because we are resolute in our search thereof and possess assured faith that we shall find it."

Alvey A. Adee.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for our Cities.

WHAT De Tocqueville saw so clearly forty years ago is evident now to the wayfaring man, though not a philosopher—the fact, namely, that the crucial problem of American civilization is to be worked out in the cities. If in 1848 the size of our cities and the nature of our population constituted “a real danger,” what must be true of them to-day? The most populous of our cities has nearly trebled its population since then; the same is true of Philadelphia and Cincinnati; Brooklyn and St. Louis have increased sixfold; San Francisco has sprung from fifteen or twenty thousand to three hundred thousand, and Chicago from about the same numbers to six hundred thousand; while scores of cities, populous, noisy, full of the most intense and turbulent life, like Minneapolis and St. Paul and Kansas City and Omaha and Denver, had not even a name when De Tocqueville was our honored guest. Less than three millions of our people were then living in cities; now more than twelve millions find their homes in cities whose population exceeds eight thousand. Since 1848 the population of the whole country has trebled, and the fraction which describes the proportion of the urban population to the whole population has been doubled; for then the cities held only one eighth of our people, and now they contain nearly one fourth of a population threefold greater. The size and number of our cities would astonish the French publicist, if he could return to our shores to-day. As to the nature of the population, there is not much reason for believing that it has improved. It is less homogeneous and less orderly now than it was then; the extremes of wealth and poverty are farther apart; discontent is deeper and more threatening; vicious politics are more strongly entrenched; the domination of the rum-power is more arrogant and more absolute; the spirit of mercantilism has constantly encroached upon public spirit, and the men of intelligence and business standing who take active part in municipal politics are relatively fewer now than they were forty years ago. In 1848 our millionaires might have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and we had almost no paupers; now we have millionaires by the hundred and paupers by the hundred thousand, and both these classes are almost confined to the cities. The new rich, with all the vices of their class, with none of the cultivation and discipline which are traditional in a hereditary aristocracy, and with a boundless contempt for everything that money cannot buy, are making a figure in our city life to-day that would have amazed the grandees who were flourishing about the middle of this century. At the other end of the social scale vast multitudes of our city people are huddled together in districts, of which the population is more dense than that of any precinct of Pekin—in tenement houses where the physical conditions make health and comfort and morality and even common decency impossible. It is out of these compost heaps of humanity that the fungi of communism and nihilism spring;

and the extent to which these notions have spread among the poorer classes is not, probably, realized by our prosperous and fortunate people.

On the whole the outlook for our great cities is not reassuring; and it is not strange that a congress of churches was lately gathered at Cincinnati to study the problem, and to discover, if possible, some remedies for the increasing evils. The congress is itself a hopeful sign; the disposition to look the facts steadily in the face, to know the worst of the ills that afflict us, is the first condition of successful work for their removal.

Two or three facts may be assumed as fundamental in dealing with this great question. The first is that the unfortunate condition of our cities is aggravated by the absenteeism which is becoming so prevalent. Thousands of the men who are making their fortunes in the cities make their homes elsewhere. Their business enterprises draw together vast numbers of mechanics, operatives, shop-girls, clerks, messengers, who must live in the cities; and they themselves flee to the suburbs and leave the social life of the cities to be shaped by the keepers of the saloons and the proprietors of the theaters and the dance-houses. The class that escapes to the country is, very largely, the class that is most needed in the cities—the “upper middle class,” the men of sound sense and steady habits. Their reasons for removing their families to more healthful homes and more quiet neighborhoods are obvious and cogent. The absenteeism of capitalists and employers is affecting the social and political life of our cities and manufacturing towns in much the same way that the absenteeism of landlords has affected the social and political life of Ireland. If men make their gains through the massing of these populations, they are bound to see to it that the people thus gathered together for their profit take no detriment from their associations; and the saving influence can only be exerted by those who live in the midst of the multitudes to be saved, and who helpfully address themselves to the problem of improving the social life of the cities.

The urgent need of a more active and energetic participation in the social, philanthropic, and political life of the cities by the business men now living in them is also obvious. The charitable work of the cities has been left, for the most part, to ministers and women. Some parts of this work can best be done by those to whom it has been surrendered; but there are other departments of it in which the firm judgment and the trained faculty of men of affairs are indispensable. The rapid growth of a pauper class in all our great cities calls for clear thinking and resolute effort.

The same thing is true of the work of the churches. The men of business have been liberal in their gifts of money to the churches, but they have bestowed very little of their time and thought upon their work. The great majority of the male members of the churches take no part in their life beyond the payment of their pew-rent and the attendance upon one service every Sunday. What plans the church may have for extending its

influence, for reaching the outside multitudes, for shaping, through its vital forces, the life of the community, they scarcely know, save as they hear them alluded to now and then from the pulpit. Now, here is an agency that ought to be most efficient in restraining the evils of society and in improving its conditions. In its origin this agency claims to be divine; but, like every other social institution, its usefulness depends upon human coöperation. The church can never be the power that it ought to be while so large a part of the intelligence and the enterprise of the community is withheld from its active service. It is not only in the management of its finances that the church needs these men of affairs, but in the development of its spiritual life and its benevolent work. A more business-like religion—one that takes hold in a practical, common-sense way of the problems of city-evangelization—is a crying need of these times.

The responsibility of the citizens of intelligence and property for the right government of the city is a tiresome commonplace. Nevertheless, it must be constantly reiterated. The power of these citizens to control the government, when they cast off the fetters of party and unite in the interest of public morality, is not doubted. So long as party lines are rigidly maintained in municipal politics, the rascals will always rule; they know how to combine, and they are thus able to control the nominations of one of the political parties, if not of both. But when the honest citizens unite, they always put the rascals to flight. This has been done in all our largest cities—in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia, in New York. The trouble arises from the fact that these uprisings of the people are spasmodic and occasional; they soon go back again to their buying and selling, and leave the field to the bad politicians. The fact to be urged upon citizens of intelligence and property is that they cannot keep the benefits of free government unless they are willing to pay full price for them. The whole duty of the average citizen cannot be discharged in the half hour that is required for the depositing of his ballot once or twice a year, nor by the check wherewith he pays his taxes. Citizenship in our American cities means more than this. Its obligations cannot be honored without devoting a great many hours in every year to study, and consultation, and difficult and disagreeable work.

Cheap Books under International Copyright.

CHIEF among the objections urged against International Copyright has been the allegation that it will make books dear: the people want cheap books, is the cry. The people want cheap beef and cheap bread, but this is not used as an argument for the denial of the protection of the law to the butcher and the baker. At first sight there may seem to be a certain plausibility in the assertion that the granting of copyright to the foreigner will make books dearer. The foreigner whose books we most often reprint is the Englishman, and certain kinds of English books are published originally at high prices. An English novel, for example, is generally issued in two or three volumes at from five to eight dollars; and a few of the lighter books of travel and biography are also published at a prohibitive price. This is because Great Britain is a small, compact country, with a highly organized system of circu-

lating libraries. The English publisher does not expect to sell a novel at seven dollars to a single reader; his large and sure customers are the circulating libraries, who lend it to the reader. But these high prices, even for books of this class, are apparent only and temporary. A successful novel is republished within six months in one volume at from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. And whether republished or not, second-hand copies are generally sold off by the circulating libraries in less than a year at from a quarter to a half of the published price. The English system of high prices is applied only to certain classes of books, and even as to these it is temporary. Professor Lounsberry, after an experience of years in buying for the library of Yale, declares that in the long run English books are cheaper than American books.

There is no danger that English publishers will try to impose on American readers the traditional methods of British bookselling, wholly unsuited to our tastes, to our customs, and to the vast extent of our country. The English are a book-borrowing people; we are a book-buying people; and any attempt to establish in these broad United States the English system of circulating libraries would surely fail. We have no right to assume that any English publisher who should venture to enter the American market would be so foolish as not to adopt American methods and to conform to American conditions. It would be their loss if they did not, and the loss of the English authors whose books they might publish; and they would very soon return to reason. There are now two great English publishing houses having important branches in New York, and both of these carefully adjust prices to suit the American demand and the traditions of the American trade. One of these houses has published a novel of Mrs. Oliphant's in London in three volumes at seven dollars and a half, and at the same time in New York in one volume at a dollar.

The passing of an International Copyright Bill will not make American books any dearer, nor will it in any way affect the prices of books already published; therefore the Greek and Latin classics, the great literatures of Italy, Spain, France, and Germany, the whole of English literature to this year of grace, and all that part of American literature which was in existence in 1844, will be just as cheap as it has been. There will be no change of any kind as far as these things are concerned; and exactly how great a proportion of the books worth reading are included in these various classes it is impossible to say, but it is quite nine-tenths, not to say ninety-nine hundredths. The passing of an International Copyright Bill can raise the price only of the future writings of foreign authors, and these only when they are suitable for republication here in the cheap pamphlet libraries. Now, it is only the lesser part of the work of foreign authors which is reprinted here in the pamphlet libraries at from a dime to a quarter. In the main these pamphlet libraries contain novels, and novels only. In all probability new English novels will not be quite as cheap after international copyright as before. But it is only new English novels which may be any dearer, and these new English novels cannot be much dearer, because they must be published in competition with all the great novels of the past on which there is no copyright, and with the increasing novels of the brill-

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that American school, which have frequently been sold as cheaply as fifty cents.

Rising from details like these to a consideration of the general question, it is not difficult to show that the extension of copyright will not seriously increase the price of books. France, for example, is the country giving perhaps the fullest copyright protection to authors of all nations, without distinction. Literature prospers in France, and French authors are rewarded and honored; there are perhaps half-a-dozen French novelists who can be sure of a sale of fifty thousand copies for any new novel they may write. Yet nowhere

are books cheaper than in France; and books have been cheap in France since Michel-Lévy wrought his literary revolution, now nearly half a century ago. A French novel appears generally in one volume at seventy cents, and it is often reprinted later in cheaper form for twenty cents. All the tales of that most delightful of story-tellers, the elder Dumas, can be bought in Paris for twenty cents a volume. American publishing methods are more closely akin to French than to English; and in America as in France the reading public has formed the habit of cheap books, to which no publisher would now dare to run counter.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM PRESBYTERIAN DIVINES.

From Rev. Dr. Crosby.

THE Rev. Dr. Shields has prescribed a very simple remedy for church separation among Protestants; namely, union on the basis of the Protestant Episcopal liturgy. Coming from a Presbyterian, this is very complimentary to our Episcopal brethren, and very magnanimous for a Princeton man. We have heard of other easy schemes to the same end, as, for example, union on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant.

But the plan is too easy and simple; that is, it is so easy and simple for one denomination that it would be very hard for the rest. The one denomination that would have to do nothing would enjoy the operation, but those that had to do all the changing might find it a very severe process. We only know of two Presbyterian ministers who could be counted on as venturing on this one-sided consolidation—Dr. Shields himself and my excellent friend Dr. Hopkins. I know a little about Presbyterians, and of them only I speak. They are not in love with the Episcopal liturgy. They cannot extol it in the panegyric of Dr. Shields. They like parts of it very well, and count most of it excellent English, but they object to a great deal in it, and could never make use of it.

1. They object to the breaking up of prayer into little fragments, each beginning with an invocation and ending with a formal peroration. They consider this style of prayer too artificial and leading to a mechanical worship.

2. They object to the open-eyed reading of prayer, as tending to withdraw the mind from the unseen.

3. They object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent.

4. They object to the Litany *in toto*, as putting the believer far off from God, calling on him to *spare* him as a miserable sinner, when, as an accepted child of God, he should reverently call upon God as a dear Father near at hand, ready to bestow his gifts abundantly. The Litany has no feature suited to the "heir of God or joint-heir with Christ." Many of the features of the Litany (like the prayer against sudden death) are but relics of Romanism, and its repetitions are unmeaning.

5. They object to the absolution *declaration*, which is only a toning-down of the Roman absolution *bestowed*. No minister is authorized to pronounce an absolution on the penitent, any more than one who is not a minister. That grand truth is for everybody to know and to proclaim. The minister has no prerogative here, as this section of the prayer-book would imply. It is a remnant of the priestly idea of a Christian minister, while Presbyterians hold that all believers are equally priests, and that a minister is only an ordained leader and ruler.

6. They object to the repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, as if it were a magical formula, which was effective by frequent repetition.

7. They object to the clear remnants of transubstantiation in the Communion Service and of baptismal regeneration in the Baptismal Service—two doctrines which Presbyterians abhor.

With such objections on the part of Presbyterians (in which, I doubt not, Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists would largely concur), how can Dr. Shields's plan of union on the Episcopal liturgy be of avail?

The truth is that Christians cannot be made to agree on the points referred to, nor on secondary matters of doctrine and church government, nor is it desirable that they should agree. Down deep in the fundamentals of Christ's divinity, incarnation, sacrifice for sin, the gift of the Spirit, faith, repentance, the new life, Christians of all evangelical creeds and customs agree, and on these they can unite, but on nothing else. A visible union can be brought about only with the liberty of each Christian or group of Christians holding his or their differences in creed and custom. The union would be by periodical congress for prayer and conference, and by coöperative work in Christian associations and alliances for general effort against falsehood and infidelity. This union is feasible, and is, indeed, beginning to be a fact through more enlightened Christendom.

I am an out-and-out Presbyterian, but I find it a delight to work with my Episcopal friends in their admirable Church Temperance Society; I have worked side by side with Baptists and Methodists in City Missions and in Young Men's Christian Associations, and it never occurred to any of us to think of denominational differences; I am a member of two ministerial organizations where ministers of all the Protestant

denominations meet every week or fortnight, and the ties of friendship and esteem are equally strong between all. Here is Christian union of the highest sort. In maintaining and fostering such brotherhood we shall arrive at the perfection of Christian union, without touching the individual differences of view regarding the non-essentials of religion; and, furthermore, such a course will inevitably operate in making us all slough off such differences as are inimical in their spirit to true Christian fellowship. It will promote a spirit of yielding as against the spirit of mere prejudice, and establish true liberty in conjunction with solid and effective union.

The liturgy scheme is very pretty, but there is no substance in it. It is too romantic for plain people who wish for reality. It is a holding together the beams of a house with Spalding's glue. It looks very fair while it sticks, but a breath of the zephyr will bring chaos. We must have something that works from the heart outwards if we would have strength and permanency. That which is plastered on from without is deceptive and transitory.

Howard Crosby.

From Professor Hodge.

THERE are only two generically distinct doctrines of the Christian Church. The first maintains that it is essentially an organized society, its outward form as well as its informing spirit determined by the constitution originally imposed upon it by Christ, and this outward form preserved, through the succession of its officers, in unbroken organic continuity from the days of the Apostles until now.

The second doctrine maintains that the Church is a general term for the whole body of regenerated men, whether of past, present, or future generations. These are constituted one spiritual body by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, which unites them to Christ their head, as all the various elements and members of our natural bodies are constituted one by the indwelling of a common soul. The many members of this body being many are one body; and it is all the more one because of the infinitely various relations which the several members sustain to their Lord and to each other, determined by their various natural faculties, historical conditions, and gracious endowments.

A very slight knowledge of history proves that the doctrine of the Church first stated is impossible. It is simply absurd to pretend that any one of the various competing churches of the present or of any former age since the second century is identical in outward form with the societies founded by the Apostles, or that it has preserved its organic continuity intact by an unbroken succession of officers under an unchanged constitution from that age until now. It is, moreover, precisely in the case of those extant churches which most emphasize the absolute necessity of an identity of external form, and of an uninterrupted continuity of succession, that the absurdity of the claim is rendered the most conspicuous and certain, by the facts of their history and the wide contrast existing between their ecclesiastical order and forms of worship and the apostolic literature and monuments. The more thoroughly this theory of the Church, therefore, is put to the test, the more it is found to be inconsistent with all the providential facts of the case.

On the other hand, it is evident that the second doctrine of the Church as above stated is the one which alone justifies the application to it of the common predicates of apostolicity, catholicity, infallibility, perpetuity, and sanctity. The spiritual body is always faithful to the genuine apostolic doctrine in all its essentials; is infallibly preserved from all fatal errors of faith or practice; is set apart from the world as consecrated and morally pure; and endures through all conflicts and changes, as indestructible, and unchangeably one and catholic, embracing in one spiritual union all saints in all parts of the world, in all successive generations.

It is no less visible. When consummated, it is to be the most conspicuously glorious of all created objects, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." It is visible in its essential nature, because it exists in part of men and women living in the flesh, and because these possess a peculiar spiritual nature which is manifested in their lives, so that by the very force of their saintship they are set apart in contrast to the mass of mankind, as "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." Moreover, it belongs to the essential nature of this spiritual church, as composed of intrinsically social beings, who by reason of their saintship are loyal servants of their Master in a hostile world, that it everywhere and always tends to express itself in some external organized form, and so render itself the more definitely visible.

This tendency to self-organization is intrinsic, and therefore constant and universal, and acts always spontaneously, springing from the social nature of man, and from the common needs and aspirations of all its members. All the various forms which thence result have been comprehended in God's design, and are necessary for the spiritual development of the Church, and for the accomplishment of the great tasks it has been commissioned to perform. Yet the permanent results of biblical interpretation unite with the history of his providential and gracious guidance of the churches in proving that Christ never intended to impose upon the Church as a whole any particular form of organization. Neither he nor his apostles ever went beyond the suggestion of general principles, and the actual inauguration of a few rudimentary forms. The history of the churches during all subsequent ages shows that these rudimentary forms have been ever changing in correspondence with the changes in their historical conditions. And in exact proportion to the freedom and fruitfulness of the Church's activity in the service of its Master, the more rapidly and flexibly are these organic forms adapted to the conditions of the sphere in which their especial work is appointed. These various denominational forms of the living Church are all one in their essentials, and differ only in their accidents. These accidents have been determined in each case by conditions peculiar to itself, especially by those resulting from national character, and from political, social, educational, and geographical circumstances. Some have sprung from transient conditions, some from the idiosyncrasies of their founders, and some even from the follies and sins of selfish partisans. Other differences are rooted in far more permanent distinctions of nations and classes, and represent persistent rival tendencies in the thoughts and tastes and habits of man. All of

these, since they exist, and are used as instruments of the Holy Ghost, have in that fact a providential justification. And each one, even the least significant, emphasizes some otherwise too much neglected side of the truth, and is therefore, in its day, necessary to the completeness of the whole.

It is evident, therefore, that while the Church of Christ necessarily tends to self-organization under ordinary conditions, and to different forms of organization under different conditions, nevertheless organization itself is not of its essence. The Church exists antecedently to and independently of any organization, and its far larger part, embracing all mankind of all centuries dying in infancy, extends indefinitely beyond all organizations. All the more it is certain that no special form can be essential to the existence or even to the integrity of the Church.

As the outward form should express the true character of the informing spirit, of course, in an ideally perfect state the essential unity of the Church, as well as all other permanent characteristics, must find expression. All radical diversities, all irreconcilable oppositions, all bigotry, jealousy, alienation, and strife must be eliminated. But all unity implies relation, and all relations imply differences, and the sublime unity of the Catholic Church, of all peoples, and of all generations, implies the harmony of incalculable varieties. The principle of the union is spiritual and vital, and hence must be the result of an internal growth. The more perfect the inward life, the more perfect will be its outward expression in form. The final external form of the Holy Catholic Church will never be reached by adding denomination to denomination. It will come as all growth into organized form, alike in the physiological and in the social world, comes, by the spontaneous action of central vital forces from within.

All living unity implies diversity, and just in proportion to the elevated type and significance of the unity will be the variety of the elements it comprehends. In the barren desert each grain of sand is of precisely the same form with every other grain, and therefore there is no organic whole. The life of the world results from the correlation of earth and sky, of land and sea, of mountains and plains. All social unity springs out of the differences between man and woman, parent and child, men of thought and men of action, the men who possess and the men who need. No number of similar stones would constitute a great cathedral. No number of repetitions of the same musical sound would generate music. Always where the most profound and perfect unity is effected, it is the result of the greatest variety and complexity of parts. This law holds true through all varieties of vegetable, animal, and social organisms, and is revealed equally through all the pages of the geologic records.

Certainly God appears to be preparing to make the ultimate unity of the Church the richest and most comprehensive of created forms in the number and variety of its profound harmonies. It would have been a very simple thing at the first to form a homogeneous society out of the undifferentiated family of Adam, numerically multiplied. But for thousands of years God has been breaking up that family into a multitude of varieties, passing all enumeration. In arctic, torrid, and temperate zones; on mountains, valleys, coasts, continents, and islands; in endlessly drawn-out suc-

cessions of ages; under the influence of every possible variety of inherited institution; in every stage of civilization, and under every political, social, and religious constitution; through all possible complications of personal idiosyncrasy and of external environment, God has been drawing human nature through endless modifications. All these varieties enter into and contribute to the marvelous riches of the Christian Church, for her members are "redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." And all these are further combined into all the endless varieties of ecclesiastical organizations, monarchical, aristocratical, republican, and democratic, which the ingenuity of man, assisted by all complications of theological controversy and of social and political life, has been able to invent.

Who then shall guide all these multitudinous constituents in their recombination into the higher unity? Shall it be accomplished by a process of absorption into some ancient society claiming to be *the Church*? Shall it be helped forward by the volunteered offices of some self-authorized "Church Congress"? A time can never come when many of these differences so evidently designed will be obliterated. But undoubtedly a time is soon coming when the law of differentiation, so long dominant, shall be subordinated to the law of integration, when all these differences so ardently won shall be wrought into the harmony of the perfect whole. The comprehension of so vast a variety of interacting forces must be left to God. His methods are always historical, and his instruments are all second causes. He alone has been contemporaneous with the Church under all dispensations, and omnipresent with the churches of every nation and tribe, and with Him "a thousand years are as one day."

The sin of schism is unquestionably very common and very heinous. In its essence it is a sin against the unity of the Church. If this unity were external and mechanical, then all organic division or variety would be schism. But since the principle of unity is the immanent Holy Ghost binding all the members in one life to Christ its source, schism must consist in some violation of the ties which bind us to the Holy Ghost, or to Christ, or to our fellow-members.

Hence all denial of the supreme Godhead and Lordship of Christ is schism. All denial of the body of catholic doctrine, common to the whole confessing Church, and embraced in the great ecumenical creeds, is schism. All sin against the Holy Ghost, every breach of the law of holiness and defect in spiritual-mindedness, tends to the marring and dividing of the body of Christ. All pride, bigotry, and exclusive churchism; all claim that the true Church is essentially identical with a certain external organization or form of organization, or with a definite external succession of officers; all denial of the validity of the ministry and sacraments of any bodies professing the true faith, and bearing evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit, is schism. All party spirit, jealousy, and selfish rivalry; all unnecessary multiplication of denominational organizations; all want of the spirit of fraternal love and coöperation in the service of the common Master, tends to the marring and dividing of the body of Christ.

If this be true, it is evident that the real union of the churches can best be cultivated by promoting the

central spiritual unity of the Church which comprehends them all. For this end all who call themselves Christians must with one purpose seek to bring their whole mind and thought more and more into perfect conformity to the *Word of God* speaking through the sacred Scriptures, and their whole life and activity more and more into subjection to the control of the Holy Ghost dwelling in the whole body and in all its members alike. This process must, of course, proceed entirely from within outward, never in the reverse direction. Organic unity will be the result of the co-operation through long ages of an infinite variety of forces. It cannot be brought about by any system of means working towards it directly as an end in itself. All such unionistic enterprises are prompted by many mixed motives, some of them essentially partisan and therefore wholly divisive in their real effects. But hereafter in God's good time the result will come as an incidental effect of the ripening of all the churches in knowledge and love and in all the graces, and especially of a whole-souled self-forgetful consecration of all to the service and glory of their common Lord.

It appears to us that the very felicity of the title affixed by Dr. Shields to his graceful article renders it all the more illusive. The United States are all similarly organized republics, established in different though adjacent territories. The united churches of these United States, on the contrary, are incongruous ecclesiastical organizations, competing as rivals on the same territory. We differ also from the Doctor in our estimate of the comparative hindrances to union severally presented in the departments of dogmatic profession, of ecclesiastical order and government, and of liturgical culture; and we differ from him seriously in our reading of the tendencies of the age.

In the first place, we believe that doctrinal agreement could much more easily be effected than organic union or liturgical uniformity. Indeed, doctrinal agreement on the basis of a common creed confined to the essentials of the historic catholic Christian faith, relegating all other points of theological opinion to the schools, would be within the limits of English-speaking Protestantism a very hopeful undertaking, if only the great practical questions as to church government and worship were removed out of the way. The most dogmatically conservative and exacting among us freely recognize the common Christian brotherhood of all who cordially accept the essentials of the common faith. This has been practically exhibited on a wide scale, when the simple confession of the Evangelical Alliance received the spontaneous suffrages of all Protestant Christians, whether Lutherans, Arminians, or Calvinists. This dogmatic consensus, although general and confined to fundamentals, must necessarily be in the line of historic catholic orthodoxy. It must recognize a common source and standard of faith in the canon of inspired Scripture, the absolutely and only authoritative and infallible rule of faith and practice. It must embrace not the theories but the great essential facts of the supreme Godhead of Jesus, of his atonement, resurrection, government of the world, of his future and final judgment of all men. There can be no honest mutual toleration between those who hold and those who deny the supreme Godhead of our Lord. If they are right, we are the most gross of idolaters. If we are right, "they have made God a liar, because

they believe not the record that God gave of his Son." And the whole scheme of doctrine and life depends upon the conception we form of Jesus, and the consequent attitude we assume to him.

We believe that the difficulty will be found far greater in the department of ecclesiastical constitution and government; and that not because it is felt to be more vitally important than that of dogmatic faith, but because it is concrete and practical, and because it is the very thing involved in this *organic* union it is proposed to bring about. The several competing principles of church constitution involve antagonistic dogmatic principles, which in this sphere of organic union cannot be ignored, while the very situation demands their practical application. It is worth noticing that the most prominent and confident advocates of organic union are Congregationalists or Episcopalians, representatives respectively of the extremes of the utmost possible organic indeterminateness and independency, and of the utmost possible hierarchical authority and organic immutability. Each of these parties appear to believe that the union of the churches can be effected only by the assimilation of all other bodies to their own. On the same principles, the centers being changed, we would all advocate organic union. It is quite certain that neither extreme will prevail in the universal Church. It is safe to predict that the historic Church will never admit the principle of independency, and that the churches of the Reformation will never organize upon any principle that involves the repudiated dogmas that the Christian minister is a priest, that grace is mediated essentially by sacraments, and that the apostolic office is perpetual. In this I am sure that I speak for the forty million non-Episcopal Protestants of the English-speaking world. It appears to be as certainly true, on the other hand, that communities loyal to historic Catholic Christianity can never organize upon any principle involving the exclusion of the children of professing Christians from church membership. In this I am sure that I truly represent the seventy million Catholic and Pedobaptist Protestant Christians in the English-speaking world.

As to the prospects of union in the department of liturgical culture, we think that Dr. Shields has been misled by his tastes and wishes when he judges it to be the tendency of all denominations in the United States to adopt liturgical forms, and predicts that ultimately all will adopt in common the liturgy of the English Episcopal Church. It is not to be denied that such a tendency may be discerned among certain classes of the inhabitants of our large towns. But a wide induction of the changes which have taken place during the last two hundred years among the entire English-speaking population of the world leads to precisely the opposite conclusion. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Protestant inhabitants of the home of our race in Great Britain who adhered to the use of the national liturgy as compared to those who rejected it were in the ratio of five to one. Now, after nearly two hundred years, they stand in the same island in a ratio of rather less than one to one, in the colonies of the empire in the ratio of one to three, and among the "united churches of the United States" at a ratio of a little less than one to twenty-eight. This tendency prevailing among Protestants uniformly

wherever the English-speaking race extends, and for so long a time, seems to render it certain that the churches will not be united through the common use of the liturgy of the English Church.

It is undoubtedly true, as Dr. Shields asserts, that the specific varieties which have subdivided the great generic churches are gradually disappearing, being merged in their respective general masses. But it is also true that the great generic distinctions between the churches, as between Prelatic and Presbyterian, as between Baptist and Pedobaptist, as between Lutheran and Reformed, as between Independents and Churchmen, remain as sharply cut and as rigidly maintained as ever. At the same time new, distinct varieties are being generated among the Africans in our Southern States, and among all the nations of the earth with whom the labors of our missionaries are now beginning to meet with a world-transforming success.

A. A. Hodge.

Timber Famine and a Forest School.

SAVAGES live lavishly as long as their stock of food lasts, although they know they will have to starve afterwards. We say they can never climb out of savagery until they learn to save and to provide for coming want. Yet with respect to the forests—which are, no doubt, the most indispensable product of the soil—we have acted very much as the Comanche does with respect to his store of food.

The value of our forest products is not less than eight hundred millions of dollars a year. Our store of white pine is rapidly approaching exhaustion, and other valuable species will be as ruthlessly wasted when the pine is gone. When the resulting timber famine comes, it will for several reasons be a more serious calamity than would be the failure for ten consecutive years of any other of our crops.

First. No other product has so great a money value.

Second. Any other crop requires only a short time, usually a year, to reach maturity, while a forest needs from thirty to one hundred years.

Third. We know how to raise other crops, but to superintend financially profitable timber-growing requires a long and severe special training, such as is afforded in the state forests of continental Europe and in the professional schools connected with them.

Fourth. Failure, or even great scarcity, of working timber involves the derangement or total ruin of a vast number of important industries which wholly or in part depend upon the forest for their raw material. Some of these are metallurgy, building, wood-turning, tanning and the manufacture of articles made of leather, the making of wagons, carriages, furniture, musical instruments, sewing-machines, etc. In short, almost everything one uses needs wood directly or indirectly for its production.

Fifth. Destruction of the forest, especially upon steep hillsides, causes irregularity in rainfall and other climatic changes very harmful to agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and health, besides the loss from floods, of which during the last few years we have had such sad experience. It is estimated that the last

year's great flood in the Ohio cost sixty millions of dollars; and if the harm done by the much higher water of 1884 was less, it was only because that of 1883 did not leave so much property within reach of inundations.

But we shall never keep the hillsides wooded merely as a preventive measure. We must learn how to make timber-culture in such localities profitable; and that can never be done without skilled labor and such professional training for the superintendents of that labor as the forest schools of Europe afford.

The German Empire has nine such schools of a high grade; and France, Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden have all made similar provision. In most of these countries there are also schools for training the forest officials of lower grades as well as the workmen.

In Germany graduation from a gymnasium, which is equivalent to the training given in most American colleges, is required before one can enter these higher forest schools. The course lasts from two and one-half to three years, and is so severe that only young men of more than common talent and industry can keep their place in the classes.

Then come ten years or more of hard study and practice in subordinate positions, after which, if one has acquitted himself well, he may hope for an appointment as district forester, but generally will have to wait longer before a vacancy occurs.

This long and arduous novitiate secures, of course, a high social rank for those who pass through it, and this creates so eager a desire for the position that there is never a lack of applicants, many of whom are from the best families. A few years since there were not less than thirty-three barons and knights employed in the crown forests of Prussia.

There are, too, many heirs of large landed estates who take this course so as to be fitted to take charge of their own forests, or at least to see that they are properly administered. Then there are many corporations organized for timber-culture, as it has been found that to be done to the best advantage it must be upon a large scale, since aside from other reasons it is only when so carried on that the services of properly qualified superintendents and workmen can be afforded. People of moderate means, therefore, must associate, if they would compete in the markets with rich proprietors and with the state.

A few words as to the nature and scope of the studies pursued in these schools.

First. Physical sciences. Here come in general and special chemistry, both inorganic and organic, physics, and meteorology, with thorough work in geology and mineralogy.

After this investigation of the "stuff" from which organisms are built comes botany in general and that of forests in particular, with microscopy. Next is zoölogy, vertebrate and invertebrate, with special attention to entomology, since insects are perhaps the worst enemies of trees. Withal, the art of making "preparations" of animal organisms must be mastered.

Second. Besides this work in natural science, which takes up about one-third of the school course, about half as much time is devoted to special mathematics, geodesy, interest and rent accounts, measuring wood, surveying, leveling, and plan-drawing.

Third. After these physics and mathematics, which

fill about half the course, come in such branches as public economy and finance, the culture and implements, the protection, usufruct, and technology of forests, appraising their value, making up statistics, construction of roads, etc.

Fourth. Then follows jurisprudence, civil and criminal, as applied to forests. And in connection with the entire course there are excursions to the woods, so that the knowledge gained shall not be too exclusively bookish.

When shall we treat nature's sylvan gifts with such appreciation as this? We are rapidly nearing a terrible reckoning for the breach of natural law involved in our wasteful treatment of the woods.

We have a great deal of second-growth woodland which, although it may be of value as a means of regulating climate and the flow of water in springs and streams, is producing very little of the timber which we are beginning so sorely to need. If we had a forest school, with a large tract of woodland under its care, it would be easy for farmers' sons to learn in a few weeks of observation, study, and practice how to do the pruning and thinning necessary to change these unsightly and nearly profitless wood-lots into rich and permanent sources of gain. If the proposed Adirondack Reservation is made, as it should be, to yield a large revenue instead of being a heavy and increasing burden and peril to the public, a thoroughly equipped forest school will be one of the first requisites.

S. W. Powell.

"Ex-Presidents."

THE REV. H. L. Singleton, of Baltimore, writing to us on the suggested life-senatorships for ex-Presidents, holds that, as the Senate is a representative body containing in the official persons of the two senators from each State the States themselves, an ex-President has no more right or relevancy there than any other private citizen. He adds that if an ex-President represents anything — which he does not, however — it is the executive branch of the government; if while President he possessed no rights in the Senate, there are no possible grounds on which those rights could be conferred after he ceased to be President.

In the same communication Mr. Singleton protests against the growing disposition to call the Senate the Upper House, as if it were a House of Lords. The Senate and House, he writes, perfectly maintain the double representation which is essential to a popular government, and can maintain it only by preserving their equality. The integrity of the States is manifest in the Senate, the voice of the people in the House. That the most recent expression of the people's will may be obtained, the membership of the House changes more frequently, and for this reason the authors of the government gave to the House the right and duty of deciding Presidential elections and of electing Presidents, when the electoral votes are not decisive. This, he adds in conclusion, is certainly as high a prerogative as any the Senate holds.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

MOST disputes can be settled by hearing both sides and believing neither.

TO LOVE applause is praiseworthy; to seek it is weakness.

IF "ignorance is bliss," I am more convinced every day there is a great deal of happiness in this world.

SUPERSTITION is the first thing to attach itself to, and the last thing to release its hold upon, man.

THE devil goes for the busy, but the idle meet him half-way.

WHOEVER heard of a miser who was anything else than a miser?

THE days of miracles and martyrdom are over; patent rights have taken the place of miracles, and live men the place of dead ones.

ANY man who can show me a better book can have my Bible.

ABOUT half serpent and half dove is the right mixture for a man; for woman, I would suggest leaving the serpent out.

WE all expect to be remembered long after we are dead, but not one in a thousand of us can tell for what.

Uncle Esek.

Hog-Killin' Time.

You kin talk 'bout yer watermellion red as any rose,

Wid de rin' jes' as green as any grass;
An' de black seeds a-stickin' in de pulp lik' crows,—

But gimme de shoat an' apple-sass.
Fur yer mellion so scrump'shus I wouldn't gib a dime,
But how dis nigga's wishin' fur de hog-killin' time!

You kin argy 'bout yer buckwheat cakes, an' butter mighty hot,

An' 'bout de tas' ob chickens on de spit;
You kin preach 'bout yer possum when you lif' him f'm de pot,—

But yer talk doan' alterfy de ting a bit.
You kin put it in de reg'lar way, or put it in de rhyme,

Dat dis heah nigga's waitin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Jes' tink 'bout de puddin', an' de glo'rous tender chine,

De sassidge an de hominy, an' dat;
Reflec' upon de subjec' ob de spar'-ribs,—my! dese fine,—

An' talk 'bout de bacon lined wid fat.
Dere's udder things dat's mighty good, dere's meat dat's mighty prime,
But golly! how I'se longin' fur de hog-killin' time!

Duvva Morgan-Smith.

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"SPERRITS."

"MY GREAT GABRIEL! LOOK AT DEN LEGS A-WAGGLIN'.—DOAN NEBER TELL ME TURKEYS AIN'T GOT NO SPERRITS."

A Rhyme for Priscilla.

DEAR Priscilla, quaint, and very
 Like a modern Puritan,
 Is a modest, literary,
 Merry young American:
 Horace she has read, and Bion
 Is her favorite in Greek;
 Shakspeare is a mighty lion
 In whose den she dares but peek;
 Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
 Since of lions she's afraid,—
 She prefers a playful spaniel,
 Such as Herrick or as Præd;
 And it's not a bit satiric
 To confess her fancy goes
 From the epic to a lyric
 On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
 With a sentimental mind,
 Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,
 And to Milton isn't kind;
 L'Allegro, Il Penseroso
 Have some merits she will grant,
 All the rest is only so-so,—
 Enter Paradise she can't!
 She might make a charming angel
 (And she will if she is good,
 But it's doubtful if the change'll
 Make the Epic understood):
 Honey-suckling, like a bee she
 Goes and pillages his sweets,
 And it's plain enough to see she
 Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla,—just the person
 For the Locker whom she loves;
 What a captivating verse on
 Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves
 He could write in catching measure,
 Setting all the heart astir!
 And to Aldrich what a pleasure
 It would be to sing of her,—
 He, whose perfect songs have won her
 Lips to quote them day by day.
 She repeats the rhymes of Bunner
 In a fascinating way,
 And you'll often find her lost in—
 She has reveries at times—
 Some delightful one of Austin
 Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,
 Writing of you makes me think,
 As I burn my brown Manila
 And immortalize my ink,
 How well satisfied these poets
 Ought to be with what they do
 When, especially, they know it's
 Read by such a girl as you:
 I who sing of you would marry
 Just the kind of girl you are,—
 One who doesn't care to carry
 Her poetic taste too far,—
 One whose fancy is a bright one,
 Who is fond of poems fine,
 And appreciates a light one
 Such as mine.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Music-Stool.

A WEARY old man with a puzzled face
 Went wandering up the market-place,
 And he muttered, "I won't be made a fool,"
 And tightly he grasped a music-stool.

He entered a stately furniture-store,
 And he set the music-stool down on the floor,
 And he said to the clerk, "You may think you're
 funny;
 But here's this cheat, and I want my money!"

"What's the matter, my friend?" asked the gra-
 cious clerk;
 "Is anything wrong? Can't you make it work?"
 Said the ancient customer: "What did you say?
 I did not buy it to work, but to play.

"It was ticketed plain—why, any fool
 Could have read the ticket, 'A music-stool,'
 And I bought it yesterday afternoon,
 For we're all of us fond of a right good tune.

"I took it home careful, as you may see,
 And they all were pleased as they could be,
 And I thought there was nothing at all to learn,
 So I set it up and I gave it a turn.

"And I tell you, sir, that, upon my word,
 A squeak like a mouse's was all we heard!
 The missus, she looked a little vexed,
 But she says, quite pleasant, 'Let me try next.'

"Well, to cut it short, we all of us tried—
 There's six of the children—and some of 'em cried;
 We worked all the rest of the afternoon,
 But I'm blest if it gave us the ghost of a tune!

"And I tell you, it's no more a music-stool
 Than the old woman's wash-bench. I'm perfectly
 cool,
 But you needn't talk none of your butter and honey;
 Here it is, I say, and I want my money!"

Said the clerk with much gravity, "Let me explain."
 "No, sir! you'll please give me my money again!
 I haven't a doubt you can talk like a book,
 But I am not so verdant, my friend, as I look!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

Banished Love.

O SHEPHERDS! have ye wandering seen
 A winged boy with blinded eyes?
 I drove him from me yestere'en,
 Despite his tears and pleading sighs.

He bears a pretty bow, and keen
 Tipped arrows in his quiver lie.
 O shepherds, tell me, have you seen
 This banished Love come wandering by?

Why shines the sun, regret to mock,
 Why flaunt the flowers in hues so gay
 Why skip with joy the snowy flock,
 When poor lost Love is far away?

Unfeeling shepherds, wherefore smile
 And point toward my breaking heart?
 What! close behind me all this while?
 O sweet! we two no more shall part.

Virginia B. Harrison.

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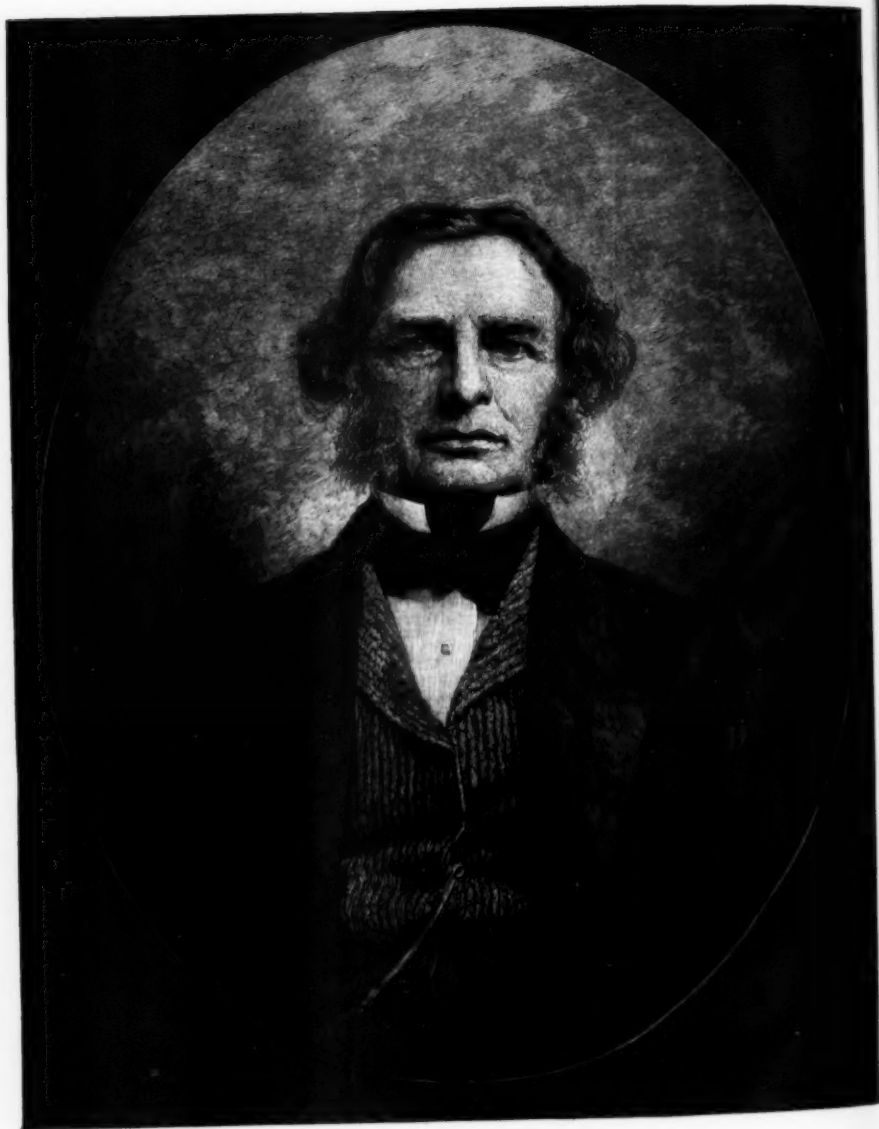
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Henry W. Longfellow

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